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November 28, 1925

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

"The Hard-boiled Kind"

by

Lucian Cary

and

on page eleven

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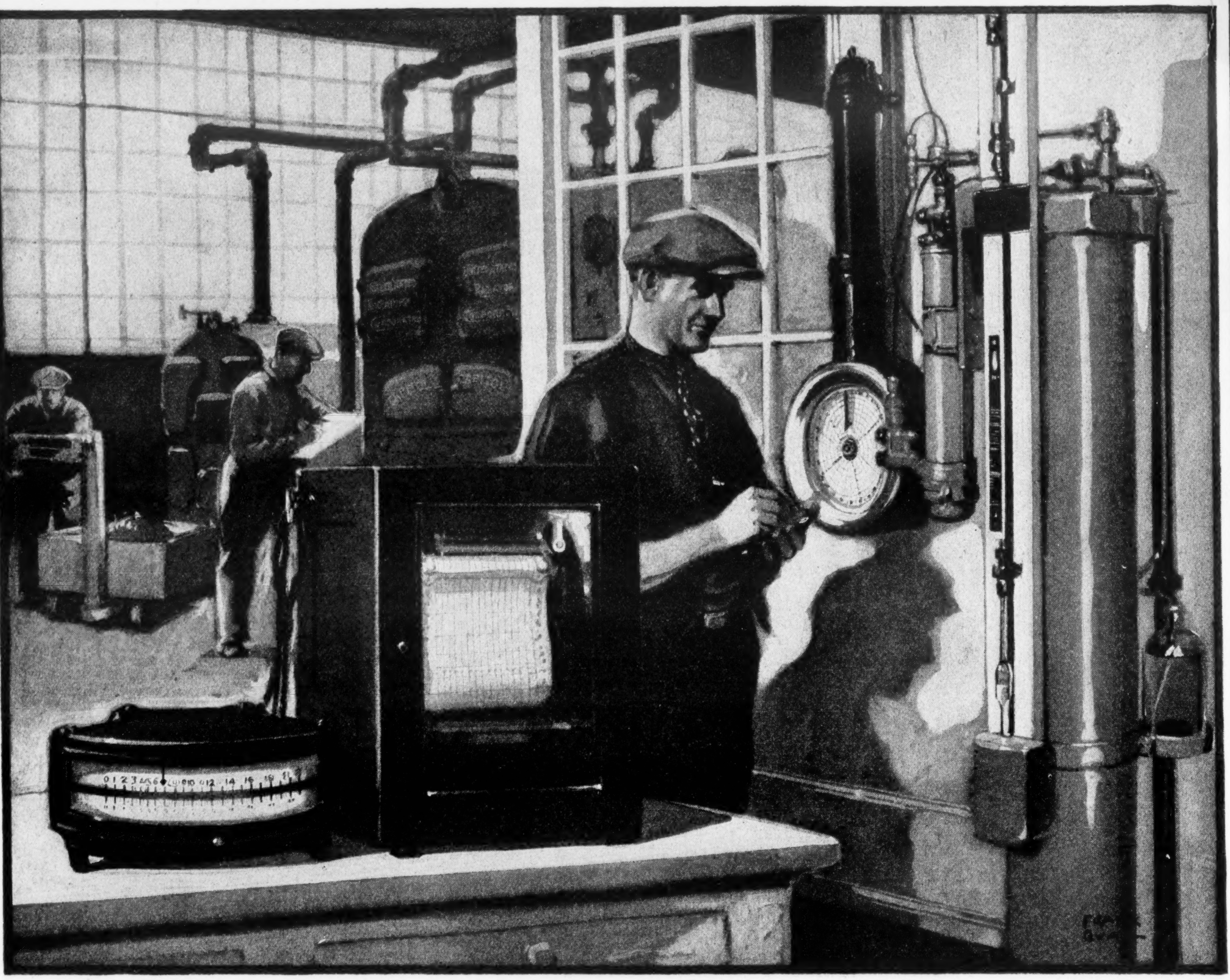

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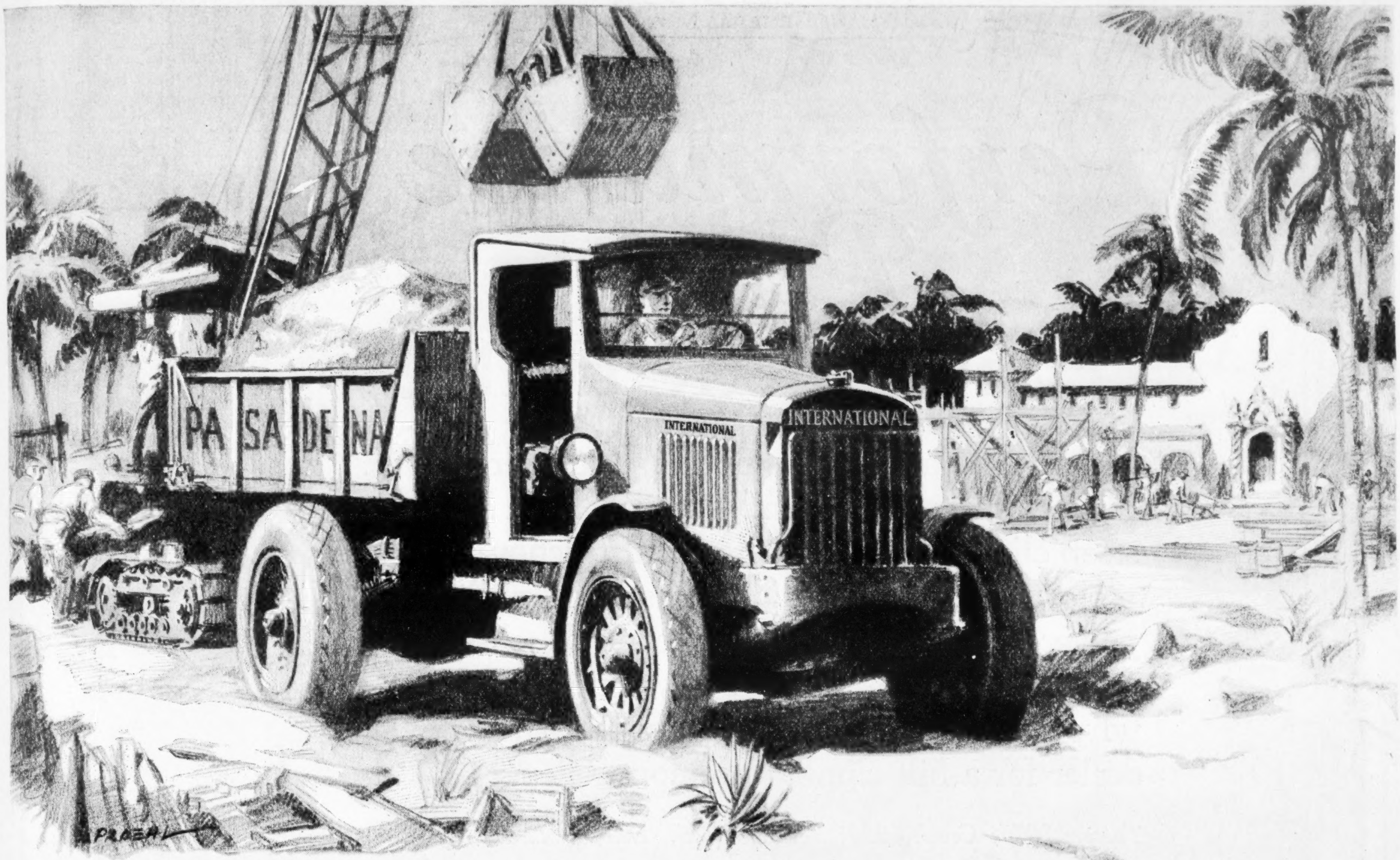

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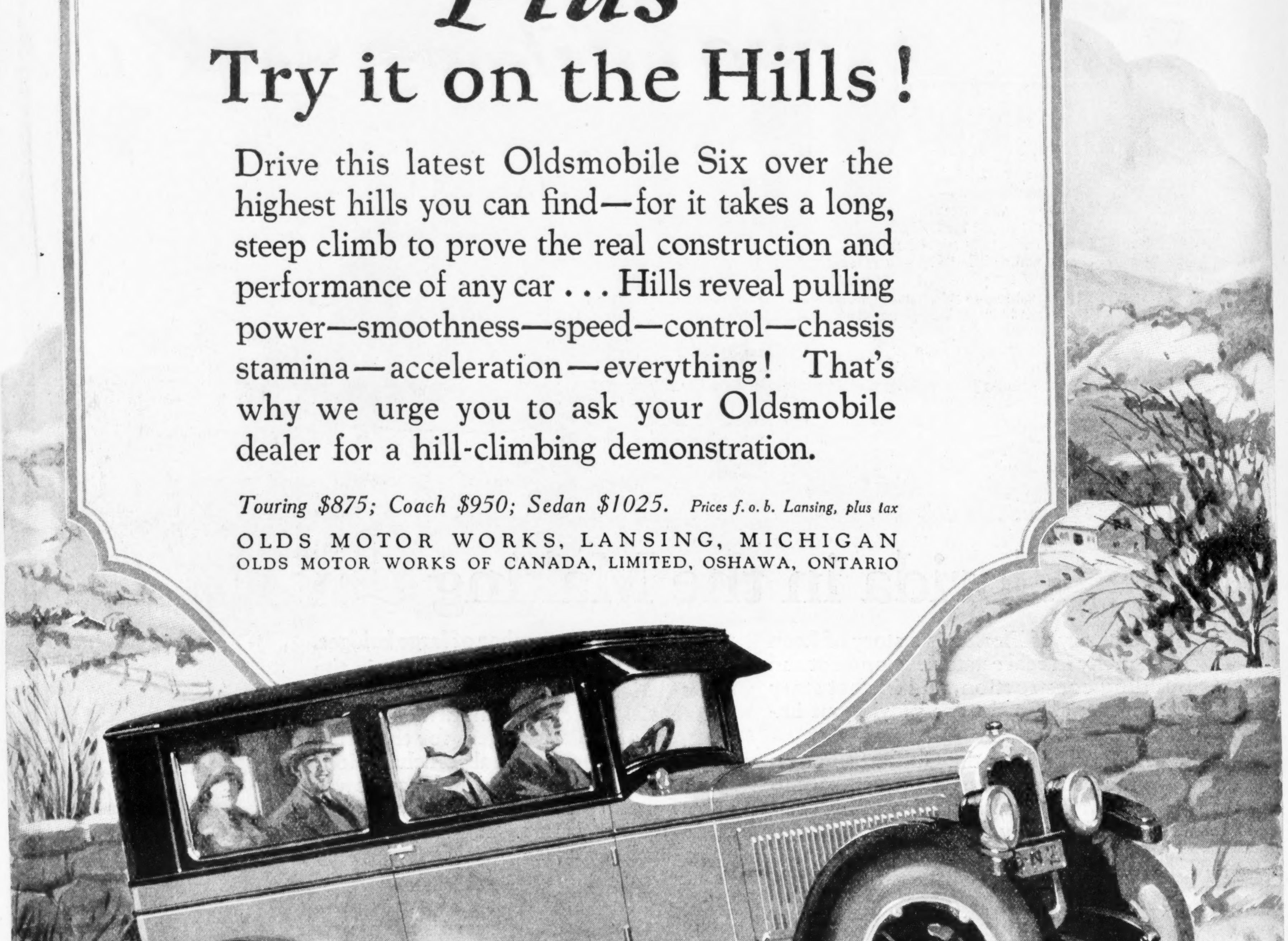

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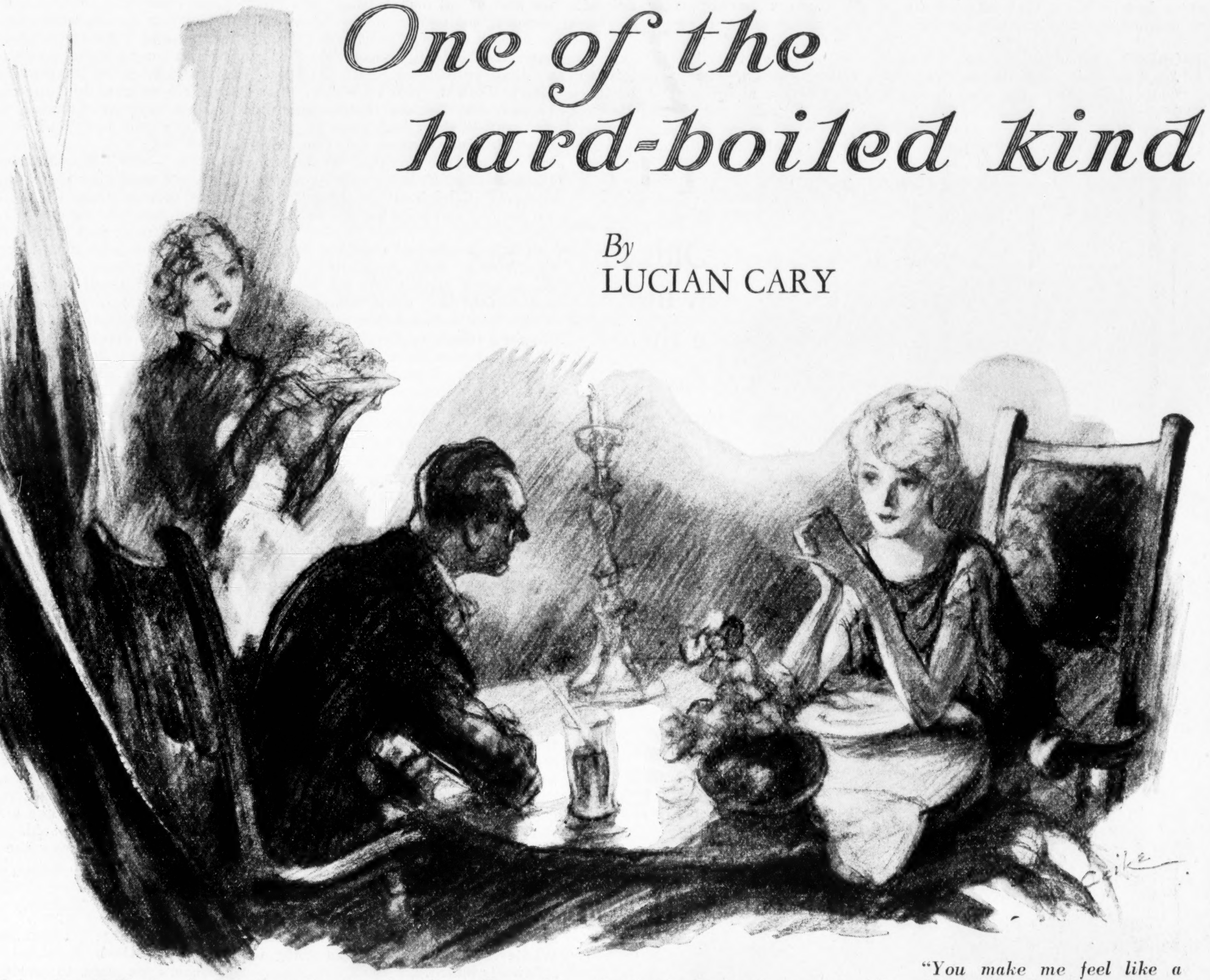
One of the hard-boiled kind

By
LUCIAN CARY



"You make me feel like a fairy godmother," Pluma Gogg said. "I know the answer"

"LOOK here," said Borden, in the city room of the Planet, "you fellows remember George Wishart?"

They did of course. George Wishart had died earlier that summer after a long illness. He had been for more than twenty years one of the two or three consistently successful managers on Broadway. He had left several millions of dollars—and a curious double reputation about women. Wishart, Broadway said, had used his powerful position in the theatre to exploit actresses in all the traditional abominable ways. He had had as many mistresses as Casanova. And yet every year or two he had discovered some girl out in the sticks—a girl with a pretty voice or pretty legs or even that indubitable gift, whatever it is, that makes an actress—and taught her and encouraged her and borne with her until he had written her name in electric lights on a theatre. He had been an able, exacting, bitter man with the fine moral feelings of a tomcat.

Borden threw down the sheets he had been reading.

"Wishart's press agent has just sent in the story of the old man's will," Borden explained. "It creates the damnedest trust fund I ever heard of."

Old Jack Lawson got out his reading glasses and picked up the sheets from the Wishart offices. Joe Wilkie sat on the city editor's desk and lit a cigarette.

"He left a good deal of his money tied up in his business," Borden explained. "He did some handsome things by old servants and old friends and old flames—Elsie Wing, for instance, gets fifty thousand dollars. And then he put aside half a million dollars in order"—Borden paused dramatically—"to help girls leave home."

"What!" said Wilkie.

LAWSON looked over his glasses at Wilkie. "That's just about what it comes to," he said. "The hard-boiled old son of a gun!"

"Who are the trustees?" Wilkie asked.

"The names won't be given out until the will is actually probated," Borden answered. "What we are getting is an advance story on what the will is to be and why."

"It's a good story," Wilkie said. It was just the kind of story that Wilkie did well, using the bald facts as a springboard for a dive into human nature.

"Read his explanation out loud," Borden suggested.

Lawson turned back a page, and began to read.

"In the statement of his intention which accompanies his formal will, George Wishart said: 'I am aware that people nowadays think that it is about as easy for young women to get away from home as it is for young men, and that if they have any special ability they will find a way. This is not true, and it is more especially not true when the theatre is their goal. A girl who isn't born in a theatrical family usually has a harder time getting her parents' consent to go into the theatre than she does getting a job from a manager. Lots of young women never make the first and hardest step—the step from the home town to New York.

" 'It has been my privilege on several occasions in the past twenty years to discover in a town so small that nobody ever heard of it a girl of talent and to give her a chance at Broadway. It has been said of me that I have made more money importing amateurs from the sticks and teaching them to walk across the stage than I have in the more usual ways of a theatrical producer. Tnis does not happen to be true. But if it were true I should have no apologies to make.

" 'It has also been said of me that I have exercised a certain amount of patience and skill in teaching young women to act. This is true. But the thing that has really made the difference between getting there and not getting there is a little money. I do not believe that more than one or two of the twenty-odd actresses I am credited with discovering would ever have got to Broadway if I hadn't come along with a railway ticket and three meals a day. It takes a lot of courage for a girl to leave home and try to make her way in the big town against her parents' wishes. What I should like to do is to use my money so it would take a lot of courage on the part of her parents and friends to keep her from going.

" 'The idea of the trust fund I have created is to do just that in the case of twenty or thirty girls each year. I am sorry I cannot work out the details of

Table of contents will be found on page 50

administration with the trustees. I can only hope that the trustees will not be too pernickety, and will not refuse the help of the fund to the most promising girl in the lot merely because she has run away from home.' "

Lawson looked up.

"That's the end of Wishart's statement. The rest is press-agent blah about how Wishart sank into coma as he finished dictating the last sentence."

BORDEN turned to Wilkie. "Well, Joe," he said, "what do you think?"

"The old boy may have been dying," Wilkie said, "but he hadn't lost his sense of what gets into the papers. If his idea doesn't do anything else it'll keep the name of Wishart in the headlines for a long time to come. And every female from Boston to Hollywood will beat it for New York."

"Lawson," Borden said, "suppose you run uptown and see if you can dig up anything." He turned to Wilkie. "Have you any hunch, Joe?"

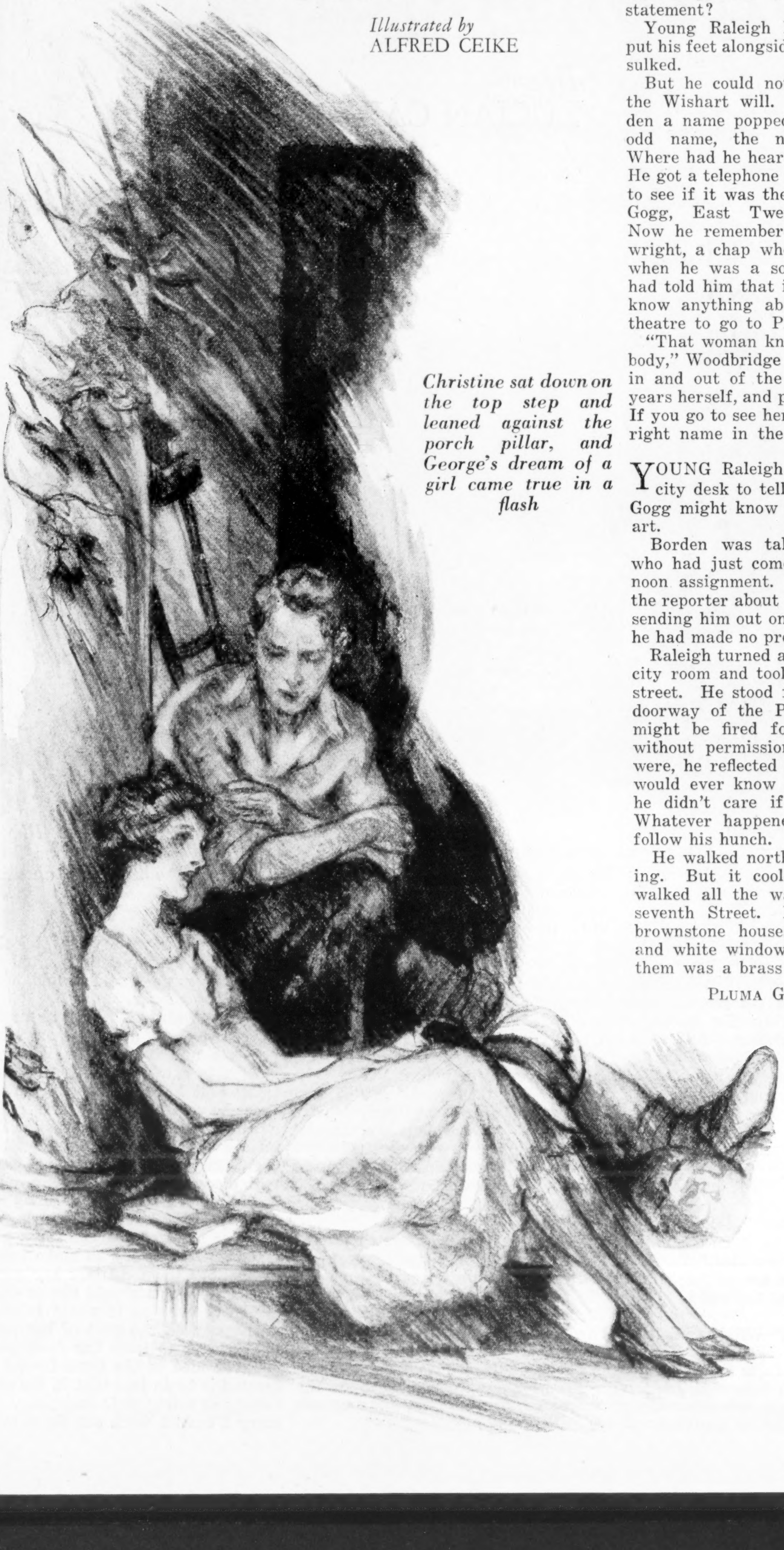
Wilkie shook his head.

"Not unless his old partner, Schweitzer, has something to say. He lives out in Great Neck."

"All right, go to it."

Young Raleigh, who existed in the hope of a first assignment, stood there as the two older men left. He was trying to look eager instead of hurt.

"Raleigh," Borden said, and his tone was kindly, "if I can think of any other angle I'll send you out on it."



Illustrated by
ALFRED CEIKE

Christine sat down on the top step and leaned against the porch pillar, and George's dream of a girl came true in a flash

Raleigh walked dejectedly back to his desk and sat down. For the moment he was too sore to think about anything but the fact that he couldn't go out on the story. It was the kind of story that interested him—a story with human-interest possibilities. He hated the sort of old man Wishart had been, imposing his will on women because he had the power of medieval seignior over them. Hard-boiled was far too mild an epithet for him. And yet—didn't Borden, didn't Wilkie, didn't Lawson see that the interesting thing was why Wishart had made so curious a will? Didn't they get the malice toward parents in that explanatory statement?

Young Raleigh lit a cigarette and put his feet alongside his typewriter and sulked.

But he could not keep his mind off the Wishart will. And all of a sudden a name popped into his head—an odd name, the name Pluma Gogg. Where had he heard that name before? He got a telephone directory and looked to see if it was there. It was—Pluma Gogg, East Twenty-seventh Street. Now he remembered. A young playwright, a chap who had been a senior when he was a sophomore at college, had told him that if he ever wanted to know anything about anybody in the theatre to go to Pluma Gogg.

"That woman knows all about everybody," Woodbridge had said. "She was in and out of the theatre for twenty years herself, and people tell her things. If you go to see her, you'll tell her your right name in the first five minutes."

YOUNG Raleigh started toward the city desk to tell Borden that Pluma Gogg might know about George Wishart.

Borden was talking to a reporter who had just come in from his afternoon assignment. Borden was telling the reporter about the Wishart will and sending him out on the story, just as if he had made no promise to Raleigh.

Raleigh turned and walked out of the city room and took the elevator to the street. He stood for a moment in the doorway of the Planet Building. He might be fired for leaving the office without permission. But the chances were, he reflected bitterly, that nobody would ever know the difference. And he didn't care if they did fire him. Whatever happened, he was going to follow his hunch.

He walked north. It was hot, walking. But it cooled his temper. He walked all the way to East Twenty-seventh Street. He found a row of brownstone houses, with white doors and white window frames. On one of them was a brass plate announcing:

PLUMA GOGG, Studios

He remembered Woodbridge had said Pluma Gogg owned four houses, largely inhabited by illustrators. He rang the bell under the brass plate. A white-capped maid answered the door.

"I'm Raleigh of the Planet," he said. And just saying those words, which he hadn't had a chance to say before, made him feel that he was a reporter at last. "Is Miss Gogg at home?"

"I'll see, sir," the maid said.

Young Raleigh smiled. At least he was going to see Pluma Gogg.

The maid returned promptly, and led the way into a room with the elegance of an older day and the intimacy that comes of being lived in. He had just time to note a handsome white marble mantel in the Italian style, and a high-backed chair beside it, when Pluma Gogg came in. At first sight she was older than he expected—her hair was white—and the next moment she seemed young: she was so slim and carried her head so proudly and her tawny eyes gave him the illusion that there were flecks of flame in them.

"Have you had your dinner?" she asked.

"Why—why," he stammered, embarrassed to remember that it must be just about seven o'clock.

"You needn't stammer," said Miss Gogg. "You're just in time for Sunday night supper with me. There's no one else to-night."

He found himself seated opposite Miss Gogg in a little dining-room that opened on a tiny walled garden and eating cold chicken and drinking iced tea and telling her what it was like to be a cub reporter and never be sent out on an assignment. She seemed so interested that he went on to tell her about the Wishart story and what had been done about it and how he had remembered her name and why he had slipped out of the office without saying anything to anybody.

"So," she said, "you came to see me on your own."

"On my own hunch," he said.

"Just what was it you hoped I'd know about George Wishart?"

"I hoped you'd know what was behind that will. It's an extraordinary thing—leaving half a million dollars to help girls leave home. I hoped you'd know why he did it."

Pluma Gogg smiled at him as if she thought he were very young indeed.

"You see," he explained, "I thought if you didn't know no great harm would be done in asking you. And if it did just happen that you knew—why, it would be perfect for me."

"You make me feel like a fairy godmother," Pluma Gogg said.

"You mean you know the answer?"

"Yes," she said. "I know the answer.

"YOU know, I suppose," she began, "that George Wishart was the son of one of those fanatical revivalist preachers we used to produce in the Middle West in the seventies and eighties—a man who seriously believed that anybody who danced or played cards or went to the theatre would go to hell. George's life was one long rebellion against his father and the thing his father represented. His father died years and years ago, but George went right on rebelling.

"He never had any friends as a boy. He thought that was because his father was always being transferred from one town to another. They never stayed in one place long enough to make friends. But the real reason was that George was an odd boy—so full of hate and so full of ambition. He told me that he couldn't remember the time when he hadn't been fascinated by the theatre and dreamed of New York and going into the business. He was always scheming and planning to go to a show without his father's knowledge.

"And like most boys who are at odds with the world he dreamed of a girl who would be all the things he wanted a girl to be and despised the girls he actually met.

"He thought they were stupid and silly and utterly uninteresting. I suppose he had his heart set for a girl who was as gracious (*Continued on page 38*)

The King of Pleasure

HENRI LETELLIER is often called "the Great Lover," but actually he is a great financier, the most interesting man in Europe. His are the brains behind Europe's "sucker syndicate." He is the mayor of Deauville, and the only thing in that capital of sin and gayety that doesn't pay him revenue is the ocean. Wherever he goes there is beauty and laughter, but he seldom laughs; there is food and wine, but he eats little and drinks less. Watch him here as he moves about his glittering world—a sad and mysterious figure.

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Letellier not only designs his houses and his hotels, but the gowns and hats and shoes of his Yola

Wide World

"EXTRAORDINARY fellow, Henri!" My friend's eyes followed the slim, tired shoulders, out of which grew the long neck and eagle head of the Sad Man of Ciro's.

"Henri?"

"Yes, Henri Letellier."

I had known the Sad Man for years. I had seen him nightly in this restaurant in the Rue Danou. I knew him for what he was, and is—the saddest man I ever saw—but never before as Henri Letellier, financier, sportsman, millionaire owner of famous newspapers, "the Great Lover," the most interesting man in Europe!

I saw him first before the war—at the very table where he now sat—a lank man, so ugly he was beautiful. His hair, black and shiny like the satin on his collar; his eyes, in their setting of gray hard face, like an open fire in a cold house. We chose the same dishes, the same drinks, the same incomparable waiter.

But there was one major point on which we differed. In those days I was always alone. And the Sad Man most decidedly was not! The girl was slim and young; the Sad Man, emaciated and ageless. The girl, living gold; the Sad Man, black and gray. The girl always chattering; the Sad Man always listening. They were like that until the war.

Then, after the interval in which no one dined in the giddy restaurant, they appeared again in their corner. As if nothing had happened to the world! As if Julian, the courtly head waiter, had never been in a German prison camp! As if René, the wine boy, had not died on a hill outside Verdun. The girl chattering; the Sad Man listening, solemnly amused. Then one night the Sad Man sat in his corner—alone. Gaspard, the nice waiter we had in common, raised his fine eyes to heaven. And I knew that the girl was dead.

An Explosion of Girls

FOR a long time—months, perhaps years—the Sad Man sat alone: solemn but not amused. Then, suddenly, as if someone had set fire to a forgotten fuse, there was an explosion of girls in the Sad Man's corner—slim and young and gay and golden. In these things they were like the chattering girl that was gone. But in other things they were different. Where she was soft they were hard; where she was bubbling like a spring they were merely effervescent—like charged water out of a glass siphon. One was Peggy Joyce, multimarried, multijeweled. One was Jacqueline Campbell, "the beautiful girl from Biarritz." They wore diamond bracelets, lots of them, hiding their wrists, crowding their elbows, clattering, not chattering. And the Sad Man —Gaspard could see it as well as I— was not even solemnly amused. Until this night of which I speak, when he came in with Yola!

For three years now the Sad Man has been as faithful to Yola Henriquez as he was to the chattering little dinner companion of long ago. And with the same solemn, amused, almost fatherly devotion! I saw them this last summer at Deauville, the cosmopolitan pleasure place which Letellier founded on the Channel Coast; dining at the Normandy, playing at the Casino, strolling on the Digue.

The Sad Man is fifty-seven, Yola nineteen. He loves her—as any lover of beauty loves a beautiful thing. And Yola *is* beautiful—slimly, frailly, exotically beautiful—like a baby orchid. Yola couldn't help being beautiful. Letellier has unimpeachable taste. He not only designs his houses, his hotels, his automobiles, but also the gowns and hats and shoes of his Yola. So far as possible, he designs the girl herself. He runs to verticals. He always has, and poor little Yola hasn't eaten a square meal or tasted a glass of wine since she met him!

Henri is equally fastidious about his own appearance. He has more suits of clothes than the Prince of Wales and he changes them oftener. With the help of three valets he is always at least one crease ahead of the tailors. He has nine powerful and luxurious automobiles. In a restaurant where he does not know the chef—or employ him —he first visits the kitchen and picks out his lobster or chicken. His wine cellars are famous among epicures. He owns a private vineyard and a special mark of cognac.

But all these things are for his friends. He himself eats little and drinks less. He has kept his figure— and he keeps his head! At his magnificent home in Paris he loves to give parties. "Orgies," the newspapers call them. He gave one last winter to the Eighteen Hoffmann Girls, nimble young Americans who have made a tremendous success on the Paris stage. But it wasn't much of an orgy. Henri not only invited the girls—he invited their eighteen mothers and chaperons! And the morning after the party—like the morning after every party—Henri was up at seven o'clock, bathed, breakfasted, valeted, ready for a business day.

The Sucker's Vanity

HENRI does a man's job managing the Letellier estate. His father, Eugène Letellier, architect and engineer, was the brains behind the French attempt to build the Panama Canal. He left his son taste, talent, industry and money; and he made him sole administrator of his vast estate. One item, perhaps the most interesting to Henri, was Le Journal, the great Paris newspaper, the third greatest in the world. Its daily circulation is 1,350,000 copies. Henri sold the Journal during the war, but people said the purchaser, Charles Humbert, borrowed part of his money from Bolo Pasha, the corrupt defeatist—so Henri bought it back. Now he has sold it again to a syndicate headed by the owners of the Havas News Agency for the reported sum of 51,000,000 francs; but, inasmuch as his friend Cornuche is understood to play a prominent part in the new company, it is safe to say that Henri has not allowed his most important business plaything to escape altogether from his skillful hands. Even if he has, he is not without influence and prestige: he has just been elected mayor of Deauville!

Deauville is Letellier's pet—next to Yola, his greatest love. He designed its beautiful, green-gabled hotel. He did more than any other man to make the Casino at Deauville a glittering monument to what he naïvely calls "sucker psychology." The famous Greek Syndicate, the biggest of all the big winners at the Deauville tables, plays, according to Letellier, with a mathematical percentage in its favor of 2½ per cent. "But," he adds, "their percentage is really 3 per cent, the same as that of the roulette tables at Monte Carlo, for an additional half per cent must be given to playing ability and sucker psychology."

Pressed for a definition of the latter factor, he raised his tired shoulders ever so slightly—and almost smiled. "It's hard to define. I think it consists principally in the vanity of throwing good money after bad. Your real sucker will never admit that he is beaten. The man who will lose and go away is not the man the profits of Deauville were built upon."

A thousand francs a day is considered a minimum to ask from the summer visitor at Deauville. If he gets away from Letellier and his friends, having spent less than that sum, he is a good man, the kind Henri would like for a partner. The season is only three weeks—and the annual profit is said to be between twenty and twenty-six million francs.

The one thing at Deauville that

International

And then came Jacqueline Campbell, "the beautiful girl from Biarritz"

doesn't pay revenue is the sea. Anybody can bathe in it; and nobody can charge admission. This has been very annoying to Henri, but at last, after years of earnest cogitation, he has found a way to render unfashionable the custom of bathing in the unproductive ocean. He is planning a Roman swimming pool in marble and mosaic *on the beach!* He figures that many society beauties, who do not bathe in the sea because it is too rough or too cold, will welcome the opportunity to display their Callot bathing costumes without getting sand between their toes.

American Human Vanity Helps

MAYBE he is right—for he has not earned without deserving the reputation of being the brains behind the so-called "sucker syndicate."

"The Great Lover in the Sucker Syndicate" sounds like Rudolph Valentino in a Potash & Perlmutter movie; and Henri Letellier's life would make an excellent plot for such a cinema mélange. But I like to think that "the Great Lover" is a little hard on Henri, and that Tourist Trust or Vanity Trust would be fairer titles for the business enterprises with which his name is sometimes associated.

There undoubtedly exists in Paris a group of men—and Letellier is one of them—who make livings and fortunes by exploiting human vanity, especially American human vanity. There is Eugène Cornuche, master of play at Deauville and Cannes, sometimes called the general manager of the gambling interests, a kindly, stumpy, little old man who started as a dishwasher in Weber's Café on the Rue Royale, and, thanks to "The Merry Widow," made a fortune overnight at Maxim's.

Another trusted lieutenant of Letellier's is George Andre, co-administrator of Deauville and Cannes, director of Paris' biggest gaming club, the Cercle Haussmann, and of the new resort, La Baule, which is seeking to take the Deauville August crowds to Brittany for September and October. A third man is Georges Aubert, the genius who consolidated several of the big Paris dressmakers, including, I believe, Paul Poiret, Agnes, Lenief and Rolf. Aubert has a stitch in almost every gown in Paris. A young man from Marseilles, Jacques Carmona, attends to the department of drinks. He imports Angostura Bitters, Turin Vermouth, and distributes Heidsieck Monopole Champagne, the best-selling mark in France, along with a famous French fizz water owned by Lord Rothermere, head of the Harmsworth newspapers. And, towering about all these men, in intellect, in prestige, and in the wide sweep of his interests, is Letellier himself.

These five, with George Vagliano, an Athenian shipowner whose ships have all passed in the night; Frederick Zographos, a young Greek who is considered the best baccarat player in the world, and two other men whose names escape me at the moment, are said to comprise the Greek Syndicate that banks so successfully on what Letellier describes as "playing ability and sucker psychology." They figure with the Volterra brothers in the exploitation of the Abbaye de Thélème; with Foucret in the Moulin Rouge; with others in the big sporting arena where most of the Paris prize fights are staged.

Associated with the Letellier group, socially, if not financially, is Pierre Wertheimer, whose specialty, like Aubert's, is the vanity of women. He makes it pay him by way of a famous mark of perfume—and pay him so well that he was able to sink a race-track fortune bringing Epinard, the French colt, to America. Letellier and his friends have restaurants, hat shops, dressmaking establishments, bars, hotels, casinos, strewn across Europe from the Channel to the Black Sea, from Monte Carlo to Riga; and they have not overlooked the Wagons Lits, the sleeping-car company that furnishes bed and board to pilgrims en route from one resort to another.

I do not say that Henri Letellier, or any other of these men, is in every one of these enterprises. It is difficult sometimes to establish their exact relationships. Frequently they act through dummies. But wherever there is "sports" money, "tourist" money—to use their own language, "sucker" money—Letellier's friends are there—*first*.

Letellier knows to the last centime how much the average American tourist spends in France and where and how he can best be induced to spend it. He knows—they all do—that when the American tourist leaves his own country for France his psychology subtly changes; he is going to a country where he doesn't know the values or the verbs; he has saved up so much money for the trip, and he will be disappointed if he doesn't spend all of it; generally, he spends more. I wish I had a gold mark for every westbound cable during June, July and August that contains an appeal for more money—quick—to pay into the coffers of the Great Lover and the Sucker Trust!

"A Run for Their Money"

A STRANGE business, according to our Anglo-Saxon standards, for a distinguished gentleman like Henri Letellier—but Henri, whatever else he may be, is not Anglo-Saxon! And it should be remembered that he does not live in an Anglo-Saxon country. In America, since the passing of Richard Canfield, "Honest John" Kelly and their associates, gambling has become the sordid dissipation of the poor.

Millions of Americans bet every day on baseball games, horse races, prize fights, six-day bicycle races, tennis tournaments, golf championships. Just the other day professional operators tried to influence the result of the semi-finals in an amateur golf tournament by telegraphing one of the contestants, just before the game, that his father was dead. Operators of policy games and petty lotteries vie with bootleggers in piling up huge bank balances. But the American gamblers who supply these funds out of their savings—sometimes, out of their stealings—are manicurists, motormen, waiters, barbers, bookkeepers, salesgirls, petty clerks, people who cannot afford to lose their money and whose suicides and peculations make gambling in America a nation-wide curse.

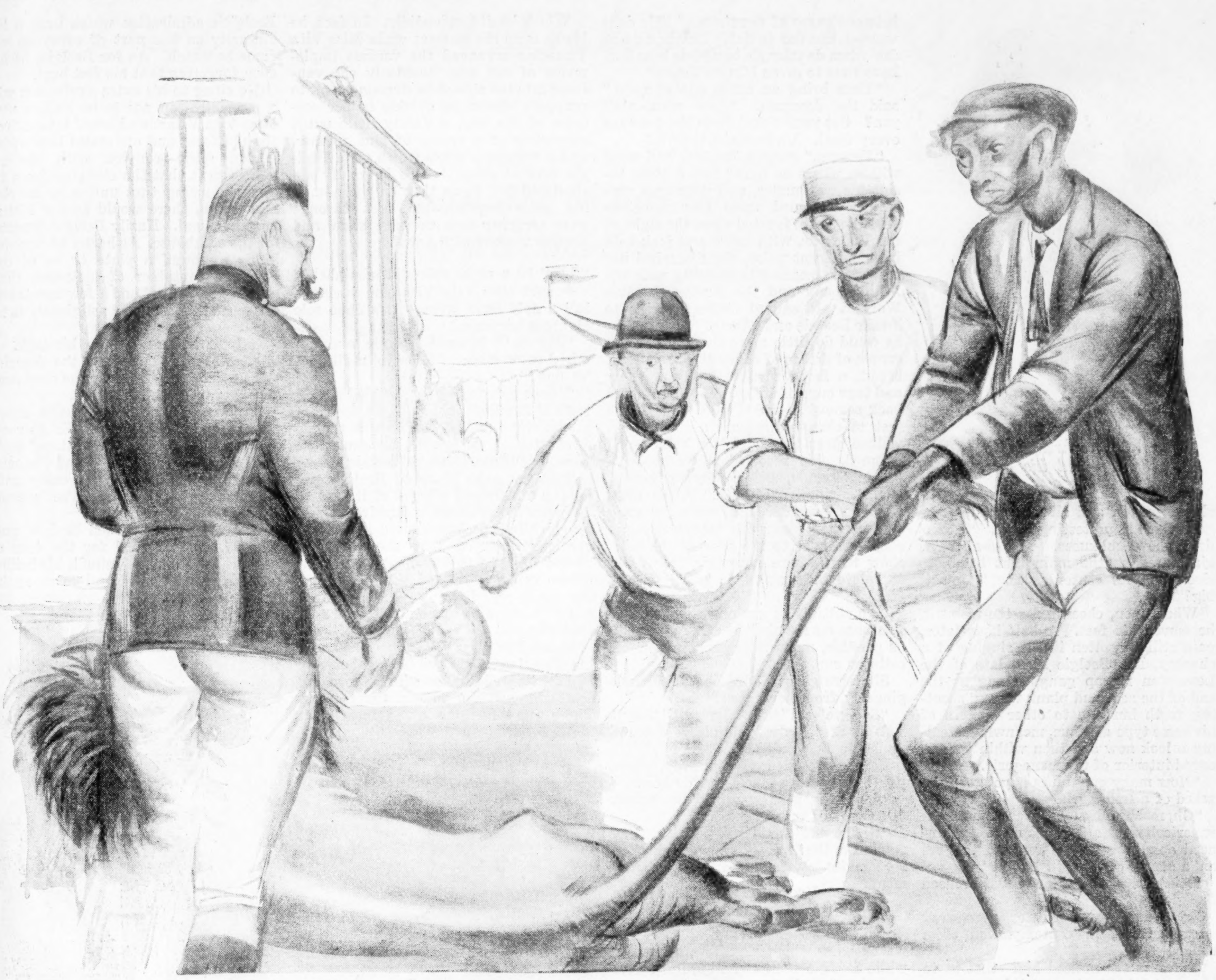
But in Henri Letellier's country things are not like that at all: gambling is an amusement of the rich and great, and the gambling casinos, which are to be found in every French watering place, often operated by the municipality itself, are the gathering places of princes and cabinet ministers, ambassadors and kings. The money that is lost over the green tables in Henri Letellier's halls of play may be "sucker" money, but it is not "poor sucker" money. It is not even considered "tainted" money according to the social and moral standards of the community in which he lives.

There are other differences besides those involving moral turpitude between gambling in a Tonopah saloon and gambling in a French casino. Rickard used to say: "Give them a run for their money." Letellier says, in effect: "Give them a run, and give them the most luxurious places in the world to do their running." The Tonopah loser goes out and shoots up the town, or himself. The Deauville

(*Cont'd on page 36*)

De Mirjian

His party to the 18 Hoffmann Girls wasn't much of an "orgy"—he invited their 18 mothers and chaperons!



The foots tool

Beelgie, shimmying with fright, grasped the tail and managed to hold on

Introducing Beelgie, of the screaming bunions, and Miss Vita Vitamine, one of the attractions of the circus—and, in fact, the principal attraction, in Beelgie's eyes

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

MR. LASSARUS TROOST leaned close, with heavy import, "Boy, Ah ca'ies a gun!"

"But iffen Ah giv' you' de money, how's Ah gwine git mah foots fittsed?"

"Didn' Ah tole yo' Ah ca'ies a gun? Gimme 'at money!"

Then Beelgie grinned.

"Oh, Ah done un'stan'. Yo's keepin' it fo' me!"

"Jis' so!" He glanced again up the street. "Gimme 'at money, quick!"

It was the rush act. A few more quick sentences, and a tightly tied handkerchief changed hands. Mr. Lassarus Troost stepped from the curb.

"Now," he said as he prepared to flag the owl car, "jis' trus' in me. When yo' gits riddy t' have 'em foots fixed, jis' say de wo'd."

"Dat's right." Beelgie May, happy in the security of his money, wiggled his obstreperous feet. Suddenly, however, as the car began to slow, he called excitedly: "Lookyeah! How's I gwine fin' you?"

Mr. Lassarus Troost waved his synthetic diamond.

"Oh, jis ax aroun'—" he began.

"Aroun' whah?"

"Oh, heah an' theh! Jis' heah an' theh!" Then he swung to the platform, and the car started onward, leaving only Beelgie, a vague, suddenly distressed Beelgie, standing on the curbing, nursing his bunions—which had been the cause of everything!

Because of them Beelgie had been able to do only sittin'-down work with the riprap gang at Lexington, concerned with the eternal problem of restraining the cantankerous Missouri River from roaming all over the landscape. And so Beelgie's pay had amounted to two dollars a day instead of four. The foreman had said that if Beelgie would come to Kansas City and enlist the services of a foot fixer he might be raised to higher forms of endeavor, so the gangling darky had emigrated via the good ship Chester with his entire savings, to avail himself of the magic of a "chir'podis'." But now here he was on the curbing in the cold gray dawn, penniless, suddenly realizing that "heah an' theh" might mean the whole tremendous expanse of Kansas City. Added to this was the fact that Beelgie was hungry—a condition which created new thoughts and miseries. At last a policeman made his appearance across the street, moving slowly in the direction of the vacant lots where now were faintly visible the myriad activities of a circus in its daily setting-up exercises.

"Boss Man!" he called in high-pitched tones. "Ah done been hol' up!"

"Held up?" The patrolman halted, idly swinging his club, "What of?"

"De money!" whined Beelgie. "What I kum wif from Lexumton fo' to git mah foots fittsed."

"How much?"

"Well"—Beelgie spread a hand, grabbing one by one at his fingers—"dey was de dolleh at de shack stan': dat's one dolleh. En dey was de fo'-six bits I losen in de crap game: dat's fi' dolleh an' six bits, an' 'en dey was de' eight dolleh an' fo' bits what I gin him fo' to keepen fo' me. Dat's—"

"But when did he rob you?"

"When Ah gin him de money!"

"Applesauce!" came the cold-blooded rejoinder. "You can't get robbed when you give things away. Chase yourself along."

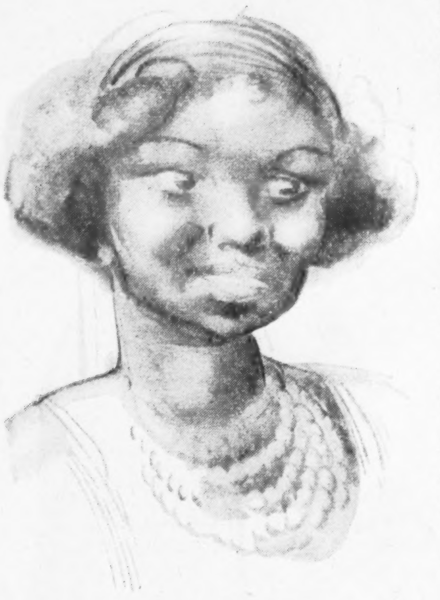
"Ain't got no place fo' to chase at," came miserably from Beelgie. "Ah ain't got nuffin'."

"No money?"

"No nuffin'. Ah ain't even got no bre'kfas'."

"Humph!" The patrolman swung his club again. "If you need breakfast, the circus down there might help you out. An advance agent said they were looking for men."

"De sukkus?" Beelgie looked, grinned,



The Vision thrilled Beelgie —even affected his appetite

shook himself and all of a sudden forgot even his protesting foots. "One o' dem show sukkuses. Ya-a-a-ah!" he ejaculated as the main tent began to rise upon its center poles. "Ain't it big?"

Whereupon, cheered for the moment, he moved his feet. A half hour later, pain still forgotten in the singing of a chantey, Mr. Beelgie May, late of the Lexumton riprap gang, swung at the end of the seat and plank wagon, shooting forth burdens to other singers of his same type and hue, meanwhile stealing a look now and then within the becaged interior of the menagerie.

"How many ephulunts is yo' got?" he asked of a fellow laborer.

"Oh, mebbe a hunnerd," came with the superiority of a long contact. "Hunnerd ephulunts an' a hunnerd taggers an' a couple o' hunnerd liyuns."

"Ain' dis yere a big sukkus!" mused Beelgie.

He suddenly paused for a moment open-mouthed, in contemplation of a vision.

Not that she noticed him—that is, to any especial extent. But this naturally did not prevent him from rolling his eyes with pleasure or from halting in his work that he might feast himself upon beauties so thoroughly apparent. It was not until she had sailed magnificently by, grandiloquent clothes swishing and her white-topped patent-leather shoes treading the spots where there was the least dust, that Beelgie came to himself again—aided somewhat by the roaring voice of the boss—and began once more to pitch forth seat planks.

THAT operation ceased almost as suddenly as it began, as the sound of a clanging triangle came from the distance, announcement of hot food in the cookhouse. Exercise had not diminished Beelgie's appetite, and with bunions screaming heedlessly he covered the distance from the wagon to the cookhouse, slued wildly as a hand caught at his arm, then halted. A door tender was holding him—and scowling.

"Can't crash this gate!" came surlily. "Gimme your ticket."

"Ah ain' git no ticket," gasped Beelgie excitedly. "Ah wuks heah!"

"That's what I want—your workingman's ticket."

"Who? Me?" Beelgie felt the bottom dropping out of his whole world. "Ah ain' git no—"

Whereupon he ceased, at the sound of well-defined giggling, and turned, to stand again open-mouthed. Once more it was the Vision, head slanted coquettishly and one hand to her lips.

"Da's right, Mistah Moleen," she said between gasps of merriment. "He done wuk—I test'fies to dat. But he run so fas' when de triangle bangs, de boss don' have time to given him no ticket."

"Then bring an extra one at noon," said the doorman. "New man, ain't you? Get your ticket from the boss for every meal. Understand that?"

"Yessum," gasped Beelgie, and went within, where he found him a place beside his workmates, and with eyes constantly fastened upon the side-show table he again feasted upon the sight of the Vision as, with knife and fork held in magnificent poise, she disturbed her breakfast, meanwhile chatting with the Albino Lady and the Armless-Legless Wonder. It caused strange thrills to invade Beelgie and affected his appetite; he could do little more than consume a couple of dishes of oatmeal, six slices of bread, a few generous hunks of ham and four cups of coffee. Then he leaned back somewhat at his ease, wiggled his feet to change the hurt a little, rose, walked past the side-show table—and grinned. He received in response a courteous smile, such as only a person of her standing could give. After that, was it any wonder that, when the gang was relieved from its labors, Beelgie should wander to the rear of the side-show tent, where a certain fair milk-chocolate lady was struggling with a trunk?

"Ah suttinly is gratefum fo' yo'-all's 'ssistence dis mo'nin," he said as grandly as possible, meanwhile grabbing off his tattered cap.

She straightened, holding her hands gingerly from her sides.

"Say yo' so!" she beamed. " 'En if 'at's de case, jis' wiggle dis yere trunk under de side wall."

Beelgie wiggled it manfully, then, panting, gazed about the side show.

"Ain' dis yere gran'?" he asked. "Doos yo'-all wuk in heah?"

"Dat's me," said the Vision, and pointed to the top of the trunk, where in bold, white letters blazed the announcement:

VITA VITAMINE
TASMANIAN
FIRE EATER

Following which Miss Vita Vitamine, while Beelgie with one wiggling finger picked out the letters and put them together, touched lightly at her back hair.

"Um-humph! Dat's me—I does all de fiah eatin'."

"Ain' 'at gran'?"

"Uccose," she continued with the confidence of one trouper to another, "dat's jis' mah stage name. Mah reg'leh name's Lancey. Ah cum from right aroun' heah—down by Wav'ly."

"Say so!" burst forth Beelgie. "Ah jis' cum f'm Lexumton."

"You is!" said Miss Vita Vitamine. "Ain' dat splendid? Yo' ever know Linnie Cott'nham?"

"Does Ah? Ya-a-a-a-ah!" Beelgie's wide mouth parted, and the gabfest was on, not to halt until the blaring of the side-show band began on the ballyhoo stand out front, and Miss Vita Vitamine straightened with a sudden air of business.

"Hit's de fust run-in," she announced. Then, as grandly as ever, "By de way, Ah is fo'tunem in meetin' up wif you'. Ah's been needin' a man—"

"Wha' fo'?"

"Well, fo' to holp me. Yo' see, dey's a great deal mo' to fiah eatin' den jis' eatin' fiah. Dey's de sellin' of de pictuahs. Now—"

"Wha' all Ah do?"

"Oh," said Miss Vitamine, "jis' stan' aroun' an' so't o' admiah me. Liken yo' was jis' about to buy one o' my photograms. Ah c'd affo'd t' pay fitty cents—jis' fo' de aft'noon an' de evenin', outsiden what yo' makes reg'leh."

"Go on 'way f'um me!" blurted Beelgie. "Ah done admiah yo' fo' nuffin!"

Which he did, splendidly. In fact, he began it on the moment while Miss Vita Vitamine arranged the various implements of her act. Suddenly she vanished into the side-show dressing tent, to reappear almost as quickly in her costume of the day, a dainty little outfit consisting of a crown of blue plumes, and a hula-hula dress which gave Beelgie several gasps before he really assimilated it. From then on the admiring grew heavier—the first throngs were trooping into the side show and Beelgie worked with a will.

"YO' IS a right splendid admiaheh!" said Miss Vita Vitamine during a lull a half hour later. "Ah's done sole eighteen pictuahs!"

"Say so!" beamed Beelgie and admired some more. "Doos yo' really eat 'at fiah?"

" 'Cose not, foolish boy! Ah jis' preten's t' 'similate it. Now, de feory of hit is: when de hot wax tech de tongue de watteh on de tongue, hit causen de wax t' spluff up afoah yo' feel de hot—"

"Ain' 'at gran'?" asked Beelgie, not having understood a word of it. "Ain' 'at gran'?" he asked a hundred times over, while chocolate-colored ladies and gentlemen agreed that she was and moved forward to buy photographs, at fifteen cents apiece, of Vita Vitamine, the onlay-y-y, living-g-g-g, breathing-g-g-g Tasmanian Human Furnace in captivity.

Meanwhile Miss Vitamine swallowed gasoline flames, chewed boiling-hot wax and ate lighted candles with a verve and éclat she had not known for months. There was something in the sincerity of Beelgie's admiration which bred a like sincerity on the part of everyone who came to watch. As for Beelgie, he had even forgotten that his feet hurt.

He clung to his extra profession with a concentration not to be broken until Miss Vita Vitamine herself leaned from the platform and undazzled him with a golden smile—coupled with the announcement that the clanging from the distance meant that unless he hurried, right then, there would be for him no noonday meal. Hazily Beelgie departed for the cookhouse. As hazily he wrapped himself around a plate or so of co'n bread, a container of molasses, three slices of roast beef and a few vegetables. After that he returned religiously to his admiring.

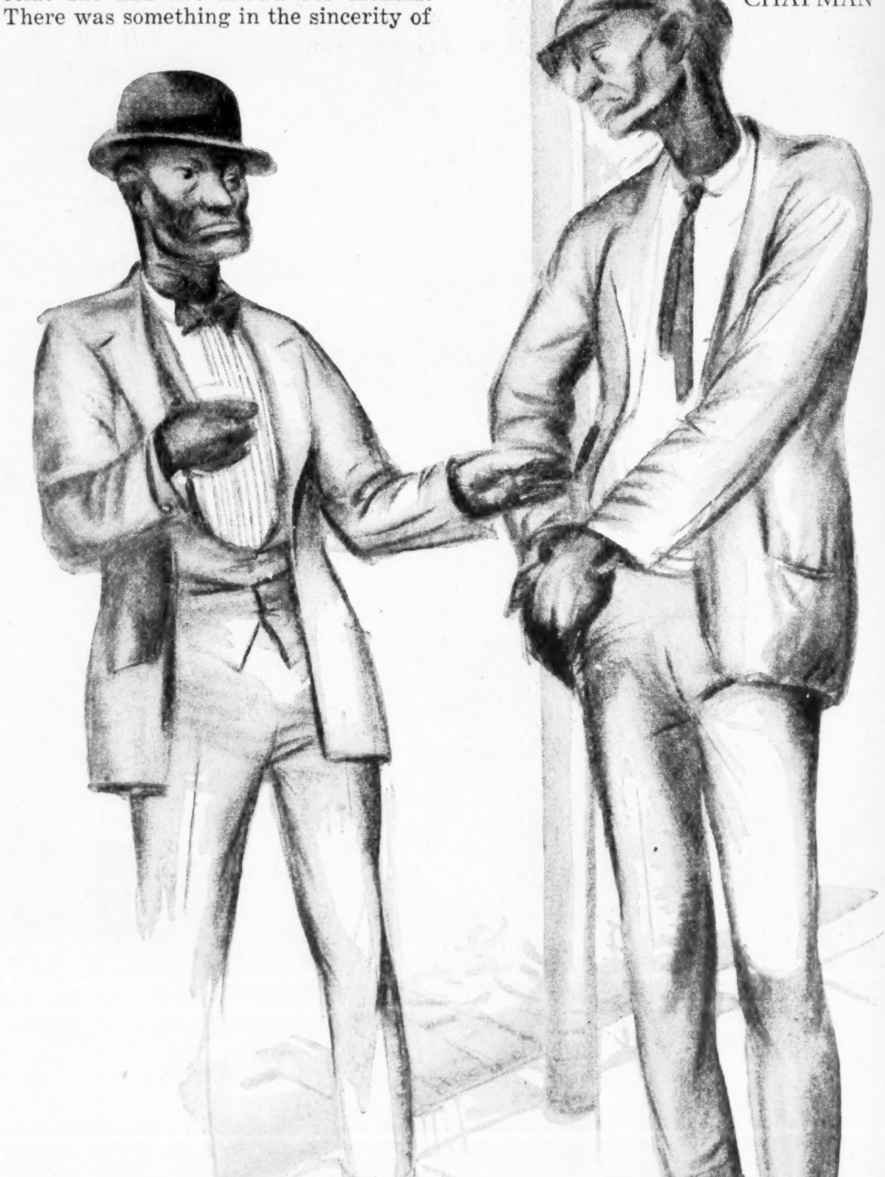
Only to be retorn from his task. A bugle was sounding from the dressing tents and Miss Vita Vitamine once more brought him from his trance.

"Ain' yo' in de entry?" she asked. " 'Cose yo' is, foolish boy! Jis' go roun' de big top to de dressin' tent an' dey'll tooken care o' yo'. But"—and she mesmerized him anew with a creamy smile —"yo' hu'y back, 'causen I'se 'spectin' yo'."

"Ain' 'at gran'?" asked Beelgie, and, behazed anew, turned for the door of the tent, only to pause, shuffle his boiling feet, scratch his head and go on again, muttering

(*Continued on page 40*)

Illustrated by
PAUL
CHAPMAN

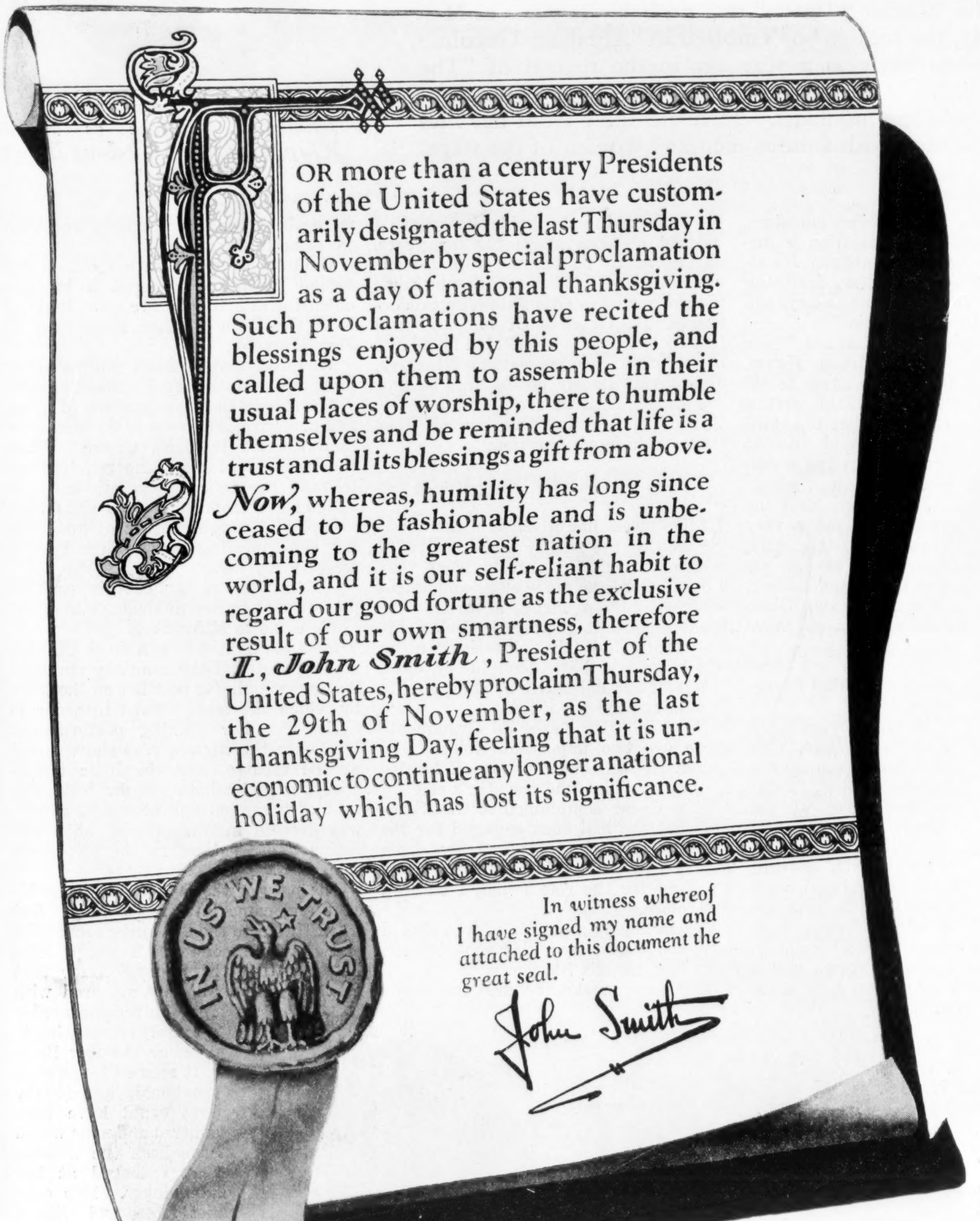


"But iffen Ah giv' yo' de money, how's Ah gwine get mah foots fittsed?"

Abolish Thanksgiving Day?

Early in November, in the year 1956, President John Smith issued from the White House this last Thanksgiving proclamation—

By
BRUCE BARTON



FOR more than a century Presidents of the United States have customarily designated the last Thursday in November by special proclamation as a day of national thanksgiving. Such proclamations have recited the blessings enjoyed by this people, and called upon them to assemble in their usual places of worship, there to humble themselves and be reminded that life is a trust and all its blessings a gift from above.

Now, whereas, humility has long since ceased to be fashionable and is unbecoming to the greatest nation in the world, and it is our self-reliant habit to regard our good fortune as the exclusive result of our own smartness, therefore **I, John Smith**, President of the United States, hereby proclaim Thursday, the 29th of November, as the last Thanksgiving Day, feeling that it is uneconomic to continue any longer a national holiday which has lost its significance.

In witness whereof I have signed my name and attached to this document the great seal.

John Smith

COMMENTING on this unusual proclamation, the Chicago Leader indulged in a bit of sentimental retrospect:

A Quaint Old Custom Passes

The startling proclamation issued by the President yesterday marks the passing of an interesting American holiday; in fact, *the most American* of all holidays. Many nations share with us in Christmas and Easter. Our celebrations of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln do not differ from the anniversaries in which other peoples do honor to the memory of their heroes. The Fourth of July is not essentially different from the date in the same month on which the French remember the fall of the Bastille.

But Thanksgiving Day was distinctively American; and now it has gone.

Students of our history will recall that the holiday originated with the Pilgrims, whose influence we have fortunately outgrown. They were solemn folk, who had undergone unhappy experiences in the old home land and had a hard time getting across the ocean. A savage wilderness was on one side of them, a stormy sea on the other. Behind was the memory of persecution; before them the possibility of starvation or murder by the Indians. Small wonder that they were solemn.

Yet having gathered a reasonably good harvest in 1621, they thought it proper to relax a little and they proclaimed a day of thanksgiving, with such attendant pleasures as their stern code allowed. The Indians came, friendly and curious. The Pilgrims marveled to see them nearly naked in November. That month, they thought, must be very different in this new world from England in November. Autumn by autumn thereafter, when the warm, hazy days came and lingered, they associated the pleasant weather with the visit of the Indians and said, "The Indian summer has come again." We still say it.

Governor Bradford sent out young men to kill wild fowl, and they brought back enough wild turkeys to feed the settlement. Miles Standish mustered his microscopic regiment to exercise in arms. The Indians played their games; and there was, of course, the inevitable service in the meeting house.

It is interesting to recall that the turkey is the only friend of man to be domesticated in modern times. The horse, cow, dog, sheep, goat, the duck and goose and hen all allied themselves with the human family centuries ago, but the turkey is America's own. So likewise is cranberry sauce. Noah Webster did not go the length of old Sam Johnson in inserting his own little oddities into his dictionary, but when he defined "sauce" in the sense in which Americans use the word he added in small type, "The best sauce is made from cranberries." So we owe to the Pilgrims two good things which will remain with us.

President Smith is unquestionably right in abolishing this holiday. The cost to the nation in stopping all productive work for twenty-four hours amounts to many millions of dollars. The day is a reminder of old-fashioned mental processes and ideas. As the President so aptly says, "humility is unbecoming to the greatest nation in the world." America is able to take care of herself; let the world take notice.

THUS vanished one of the most significant mementos of the nation's early struggles and ideals. A few old men shook their heads sadly, but the younger generation laughed at them.

"Look at what we have accomplished since we threw over the Puritan influence," one young man exclaimed. "See how wealth has increased, factories multiplied, comfort spread. What good are humility and gratitude?"

"You may be right," an old fogy replied. "You have certainly produced a great deal of wealth. But . . ."

"But what?"

"But are you producing as many great men?"

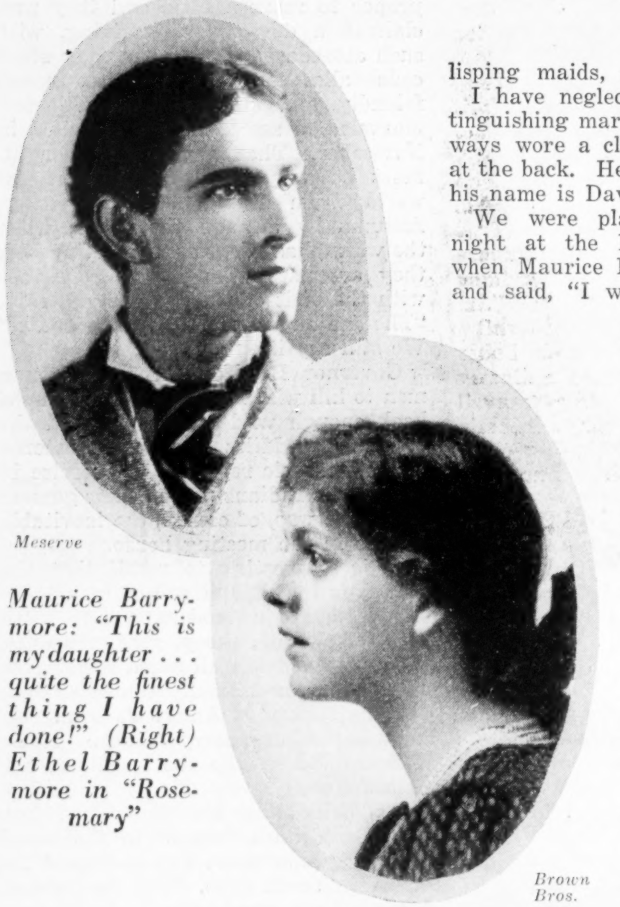
Highlights from the Footlights

By
JENNIE A. EUSTACE

THREE generations have seen Jennie A. Eustace on the stage. Your grandmother may have seen her in "Jim, the Penman" or "Alabama;" your mother perhaps saw her as Queen Gertrude to Forbes Robertson's Hamlet on his first American tour, or as Helen Whipple in "The Witching Hour;" you probably saw her as Mrs. Otherly, the soldier boy's mother in "Abraham Lincoln," or even as lately as a year ago in the revival of "The Blue Bird." One does not act so long without accumulating priceless moments. Here are some from her lifelong contacts with famous men and women of the stage.

Jennie A. Eustace as Helen Whipple in "The Witching Hour"

WHEN I became a pupil in Mr. Franklin Sargent's school of acting one of the popular teachers was a slight, boyish-looking man, dressed always in black, with a thatch of dark, curly hair, beautiful liquid dark eyes and a timid manner. He taught stage direction, and I recall the thrill which we felt when he came into the classroom, quiet, self-contained and apparently unconscious of our presence.


Meserve

Maurice Barrymore: "This is my daughter . . . quite the finest thing I have done!" (Right) Ethel Barrymore in "Rosemary"

Brown Bros.

Without a word of greeting he would make a quick mental inventory of the furnishings of the room, and in less time than it takes to tell it he would have placed a chair here and a table there, have opened a door a few inches to suggest a natural communication with people in the next room, and have thrown up a window to convey the idea of a summer breeze wafting in.

Then, remembering his need of a drapery or some lesser article, he would glance at the pupils and go quickly to one or another and shyly lift a scarf from a girl's shoulder or take a hand bag from her hand or perhaps a book from one of the boys. And these personal things he would employ in the scene, the study of which was to form our hour's lesson.

The scarf became a tapestry, a portmanteau, a jewel chest; the boy's book something quite else. The owners of these simple objects were thrilled; the rest of us envied them. Under his magnetic direction we became tearful wives, lisping maids, sharp, sour spinsters.

I have neglected to mention a distinguishing mark of his attire. He always wore a clerical collar, fastening at the back. He wears one to-day, and his name is David Belasco.

We were playing "Alabama" one night at the Harlem Opera House, when Maurice Barrymore came to me and said, "I wish you would wait a moment after the third act. I would like to introduce to you a particular friend of mine."

I waited, and he brought to me a very beautiful little girl, saying: "This is my daughter," and adding, in a quick aside, "Quite the finest thing I have done!"

This was my first glimpse of Ethel Barrymore.

Mrs. Stewart's, in Wabash Avenue, Chicago, was more than a boarding house, it was an institution of the theatre. It was here I first met Maude Adams, tearful with delight and tremulous with anxiety at the prospect of qualifying as John Drew's leading woman. And here Maxine Elliott and I shared rooms and a bath. We would sit for an hour after supper cozily discussing the future.

Miss Elliott was about twenty at the time, and I recall how, as she brushed her abundant hair, she questioned me again and again as to what people found in her to call beautiful. There was no affectation or pretense in it. Her one enthusiasm in those days was for her little sister, who was at school and to whom she unfailingly sent half of her salary each week. Her black eyes would grow very soft and tender as she talked of that little sister, now Lady Forbes Robertson.

When I first saw Clyde Fitch, how simple-mannered and likable he was! I did not see him again for ten years, during which he became both famous and successful. Then one day he came to rehearse us in Otis Skinner's production of "His Grace de Grammont." And just as simple and unaffected as he had been before, just so extreme, bizarre, almost ridiculously posing was he now—a dandy both in dress and manner. But of his genius, this second time, there could be no question.

Miss Crews' Dressing-Room

HIS success had given him the air as well as the reality of authority. I remember that in scarcely more than a dozen words he made clear ambiguous speeches. By a shrug, a turn of the head, some deft gesture, he put a life and truth into the situations about which we had been doubtful or dark.

But of the old spirit of comradeship I could not observe a trace.

Now, in "His Grace de Grammont" there are two important women, and Laura Hope Crews and myself battled long as to which had the star's rôle.

Miss Crews complained to Otis Skinner that she had been engaged for the leading part. Since it had first been planned to bring Marian Terry from England for the rôle I had, I claimed first place.

It was chiefly a matter of who should have the second dressing-room—the one next best to Otis Skinner's.

For some weeks the dressing-rooms were about equally desirable, and then we came to Scranton.

Finding my trunk in a room on the second landing, I ordered it brought downstairs and placed with that of Miss Crews in a stage room next to Mr. Skinner's.

We proceeded to dress and to apply make-up, maintaining a vibrant silence.

My rôle in the play was one of great and protecting kindness to the character impersonated by Miss Crews. When the business of the scene required me to take her tenderly in my arms or to lead her from dangerous situations, I fancied I caught flashes of humor in her eyes, meeting those which I knew were in my own.

At the fall of the curtain each of us returned to her unpleasant hauteur.

We came to Milwaukee.

Miss Crews had to run on to Chicago on business, and the company manager took great pains to post her on the train by which she must return in order to arrive for her evening performance. But when the curtain rose she was not at the theatre, and the little understudy, a girl whose regular rôle was that of a ragged and begrimed slavey, was dressed in Miss Crews' silks and satins and went on in the important rôle.

The part of the slavey was insignificant and came late in the play. But when I went to the dressing-room at the end of the second act I found Miss Crews sitting there, dressed for that part, rags and all, face smeared with dirt, hair disordered—demurely committing to memory the few lines.

It seemed to me such sportsmanship—for the part could have been omitted and none would have been the wiser—that I looked at her admiringly. Her eyes met mine, and with a shout of laughter we fell into each other's arms. Miss Crews gave a finished performance of the slavey.

We failed to quarrel about dressing-rooms after that.

Daniel Frohman rejected "The Witching Hour," by Augustus Thomas, on the ground that it was "over the heads" of the people. Which reminds me of

(Continued on page 36)

In 1892 Maude Adams was not quite sure of herself

Meserve Collection

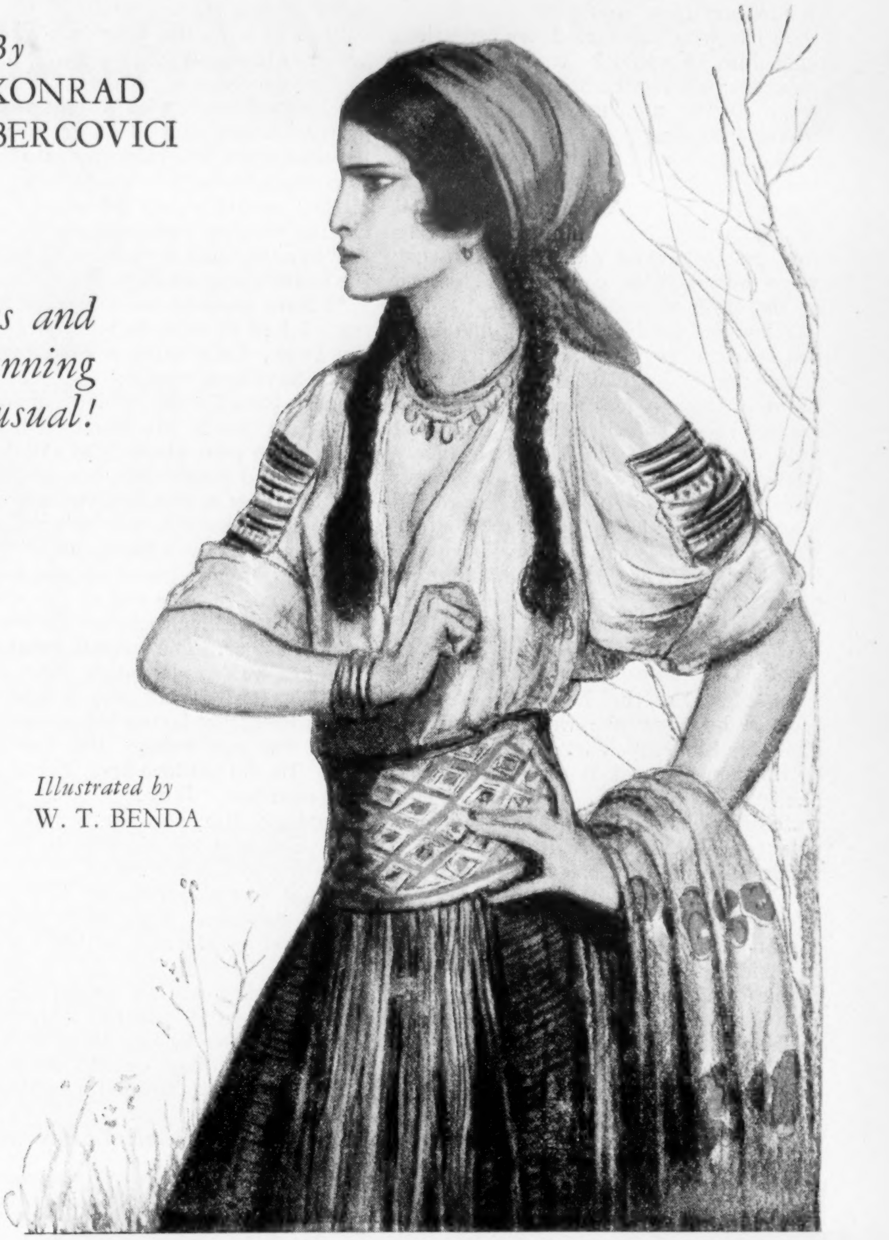
Maxine Elliott wondered why people called her beautiful

SAVA

By
KONRAD
BERCOVICI

Gypsies and smugglers and the course of true love running even less smoothly than usual!

Illustrated by
W. T. BENDA



What did money matter against possession of such a woman as Tira?

THERE were twenty men in Sava's band: twenty resolute, black-bearded, lean, hard men, each one capable of doing whatever was demanded of him under any circumstances. Each one could ride a horse until the animal fell down exhausted; each one could negotiate twenty miles of hills and mountains in torrential rain or heavy snowstorm, and swim across a river with a gun so fastened on the back of the head that the powder in the barrels remained dry. Twenty men who could stand their ground against forty, against fifty, against a hundred, and disappear in the batting of an eye at a given signal, in as many different directions, and know where and when to meet again in the crevice of a rock in the mountains, or in the abandoned dugout of a she bear!

For years Sava and his men had been peacefully smuggling silks from the Hungarian side of the Carpathians over into Rumania, and tobacco and linens from Rumania into Hungary. They carried the contraband on their backs or strapped the packs on the saddles of the small Moldavian ponies they rode. Customs guards and gendarmes on both sides had watched them closely for years without ever catching them.

Big Sava, the leader, was only thirty. And although his gait was as young as that of a man of twenty, the steadiness of his eye and the slowness of his speech gave his lean, dark, smooth face a much older stamp. He could outdo his men at anything, although they were the pick of the gypsy manhood of Rumania.

Sava was the only unmarried man of his band. He danced with all the maidens on Sunday at the inn when he was at home. He laughed and danced and joked and sang with all of them. Many a time when the older men had gone to sleep and the younger ones were yet too full of the joy of life to go home or to leave the circle of dancers, Sava would remain with two of the most beautiful girls of his tribe, one at his right and the other at his left, and amuse himself watching the two women trying to outdo one another in the game of husband catching.

When the game had lasted long enough he would tap his open palms and tell them to run to their homes ere misfortune overtook them. For it would be misfortune to marry a man who did not love them. The women gone, Sava would sit alone somewhere under a tree and wonder when he would feel what love really was like. He would pass in review all the girls of his tribe. They were all beautiful, but there was not one he preferred to another one—not one he longed to see when he was away, not one whose nearness made him want to stay. . . .

His own men watched and hoped every spring. They loved him and desired to see him happy with a woman of their tribe.

That winter Sava and his men had been detained on the Hungarian side of the Carpathians by a terrific snowstorm that lasted two weeks. During those two weeks they stayed at "Marga's," the inn of a young widow who kept the only place of its kind in fifty miles around.

When the storm had abated the gendarmes learned that Sava and his men were at Marga's. They drew a cordon around them, firmly decided to catch the gypsies red-handed in the act of smuggling. Sava resolved to outpatience the gendarmes. He did not explain anything to his men. He just remained there and slept and drank and danced and sang as he had never done before.

SOMEHOW Marga, and even Sava's own men, interpreted his actions according to their own lights. Marga was convinced he remained there because of her. As she was very much in love with the young gypsy she began to cover him with little attentions and whisper in his willing ears all the little gossip she could find out about the gendarmes. At first there were twenty. Then she reported a hundred. In a few days she reported the forest was full of them, two behind every tree. Sava listened quietly and smiled at her.

Besides Sava and his men there were twenty other men staying at the inn. There were heavy-bearded shepherds with sheepskin coats reaching to their soles, itinerant peddlers with feet wrapped in red rags, and two gypsy fiddlers who had stumbled into the inn early one morning, stiff and frozen, as if they had ridden on top of the storm to Marga's door.

After the storm abated the guests began to depart one by one. Ultimately only Sava and his men remained with the two gypsy musicians, the gendarmes still watching.

Daily Sava's men awaited orders from their chief. But Sava seemed to have forgotten their existence and forgotten everything about the gendarmes watching him. With the two musicians at his side, with the buxom blue-eyed widow looking into his eyes as she filled his cup of wine, he was oblivious to everything. Never before had he felt so comfortable as then. Never before had he felt so warm inside and out. He had no love for Marga, and he knew that. But he knew that she felt for him what he had once felt for another woman, whom he had been compelled to forget. He gloated in that bitter-sweet of being loved without loving, as if he were avenging his soul for what had happened once, many years before. He could order Marga around as he wished without fear of losing her. He was master of her soul because he was master of his own.

His men came in and watched the spectacle. The glowing, full-bosomed, round-armed young widow was holding a foaming pitcher to his empty glass, while leaning her cheek against his.

The younger gypsies proposed that they overcome the gendarmes and bind them and tie up the widow or take her along with them if Sava must have her near him. They were long overdue at home. Their wives and their children were weeping and crying for them. Who knew but that Mara and Pania and Fanutza had already married former lovers or other men!

IT WAS the beginning of March. Soon the melting of the snows would not only make the underground passages impossible but even the paths in the woods. The wolves and the bears were traveling in enormous packs. And the gendarmes now entered the inn daily.

One day Sava ordered the gypsy fiddlers to play in the center of the room instead of playing right near him. The gendarmes, half intoxicated, mingled freely with his men, talking and laughing. The carbines of the men of the law were stacked in a corner.

Suddenly Sava snapped his fingers. In a leap each of his men possessed himself of one of the weapons and at the same time directed it against one of the gendarmes. Sava's hands were the only ones free of any weapons. While his men held the gendarmes at the points of the guns, Sava paid his bill to Marga, whispering a few love words to her. And then, turning around to the gendarmes, he said:

"If you stay here quietly for an hour, one hour by my watch, you will find all your guns stacked up at the foot of the mountain near the big white bowlder. And no one will know anything about it. If you come after us, we'll have to use the carbines, and you'll lose them—and lose other things besides. Remember, there are wives and children waiting for you at home, but there are also wives and children waiting for my men."

They placed the carbines near the white bowlder as promised, then they disappeared from the surface into a secret tunnel a hundred feet away from the place where the gendarmes had camped without knowing that it led through the mountains to the other side.

There were loud huzzas and hurrahs when Sava and his men returned early one morning to their village. They had been overdue two months. Pania was already allowing Yorga to come much nearer to her tent. Fanutza and Mara were being considered young widows.

And now Sava and his men were back, the men looking up at him with even greater love and devotion than they had ever done before. It had to be celebrated—with the best wine, the loudest shouting, the wildest dancing.

They were not ready to tell the story of how Sava had taken them away from among the gendarmes. They interrupted themselves in the middle of a tale with: "Oh, that can never be told!"

IT WAS a trick of theirs they had for effect, to tell one half of the tale. They let it be understood Sava was a supernatural being who could do things no one else could do, things they could not even tell about.

They feasted and celebrated for a whole month. There were many dances. And many were the women who turned about Sava, trying to captivate him. Whenever Sava would be near one of the girls who had forced her attentions upon him he would be waiting for that pleasant glow which he experienced when in the nearness of Marga, the widow innkeeper.

She was not as beautiful as many of the girls of his own tribe, but he did not feel in their presence what he felt in hers. She loved him for what he was, not what he did. He felt they were giving him counterfeit instead of the clink of real gold.

When the wind and the sun had dried the roads a Turkish merchant, coming from the other side of the Danube, brought them a load which he wished carried across into Hungary. Sava and half of his men, loaded with heavy packs, disappeared early one morning in different directions. And though the place where they had to deliver the merchandise was miles away from the inn of the widow, Sava found himself quite involuntarily stepping in the direction of Marga's inn.

HE TOLD himself repeatedly he did not love her, that he went there only because he knew she was waiting for him—for him only. . . .

His men thought it was useless audacity to go to Marga, with gendarmes watching about her place. At one point of the road a riding gendarme whizzed by. The gypsies looked at one another and looked at their chief. He answered with a broad smile and a nod of his head. He knew that gendarme was riding at top speed to warn the others of their coming. But the merchandise had already been delivered.

They were all in the inn when he opened the door. He greeted them with loud laughter. His running away had been a game. He and his men had won. Sava offered them wine.

"Let us drink like friends. What has been has been. Wine, Marga."

The gendarmes refused. Yet they were unwilling to pick a fight with the gypsy, fearing that a far greater number than those who had come into the inn were outside ready to pounce upon them if they should attack Sava. They left the inn cursing and swearing.

When they had gone Sava leaned over the counter and spoke to Marga:

"I have come to bid you good morning. I had no time to bid you good-by last time. Let's drink a glass together if you have forgiven me."

"Oh, Sava!" the widow answered, happy to touch his hand. "Let me drink from your glass. Sava! Sava!"

He looked deeply into her eyes as he held the glass to her lips, and asked:

"And if I had told you to come along with me would you have come?"

She raised her eyes to his and he read the answer: "To the end of the world!"

He remained leaning over the counter, looking at her. The warmth emanating from her was so pleasant! Why did he not love her? What was it that prevented him from loving her as she loved him? She was young. She was beautiful! He did not love her. Yet he liked to be near her. Why?

Suddenly Marga awoke from her reverie. She bent Sava's head to her lips and whispered in his ear:

"They have found out the underground passage. They have hidden a number of gendarmes within the tunnel."

Sava looked at her gratefully, and called his men to him for a short conversation. One by one they went out. Sava was the last one to leave. He kissed the widow's lips before going.

The gypsy smugglers disappeared in different directions. But they met a few minutes later near the narrow opening of the underground tunnel in which the gendarmes were hidden. One by one they crawled in, under the eyes of Sava, who remained the last. Then he too crawled in and disappeared in the black hole.

Sava had hardly crawled in when gendarmes who had been hiding behind trees followed the gypsies, crawling cautiously after them.

The gypsies did not remain underground very long. They climbed out from a side entrance to the tunnel a hundred paces from the first. Then they blocked it up. And while half of Sava's men were running at top speed over the forest to close up the other end of the subterranean passage, Sava and the others were hastily rolling huge bowlders and stones to close up the entrance into which the gendarmes had just disappeared.

Leisurely, carrying the bags of contraband which had lain hidden in the forest, the gypsies, headed by loud-singing Sava, marched single file over the broad road across the border. The gendarmes were all safely bottled up.

WHEN they reached their village Sava's men were prouder of their leader than they had ever been, and told how he had tricked the gendarmes and extricated them from their clutches. There were dances on the fresh green grass, while the fiddlers, sitting on empty barrels, were playing until their strings snapped and were singing at the tops of their voices.

When the gayety was at its height a tribe of horse-dealing gypsies joined the merriment. They were from the Dobruja, from the other side of the Danube, where they had earned much gold in trading horses.

The welcome to the guest tribe knew no bounds. The men threw their arms about one another and patted one another's shoulders. The women climbed down from the tent wagons, helped by the women of Sava's tribe, while the young men watched them, and made comments as each one went down.

"Hey, you black-tressed, long-faced beauty! Where did you get your earrings?"

"Hey, you! Did you steal your eyes from the night?"

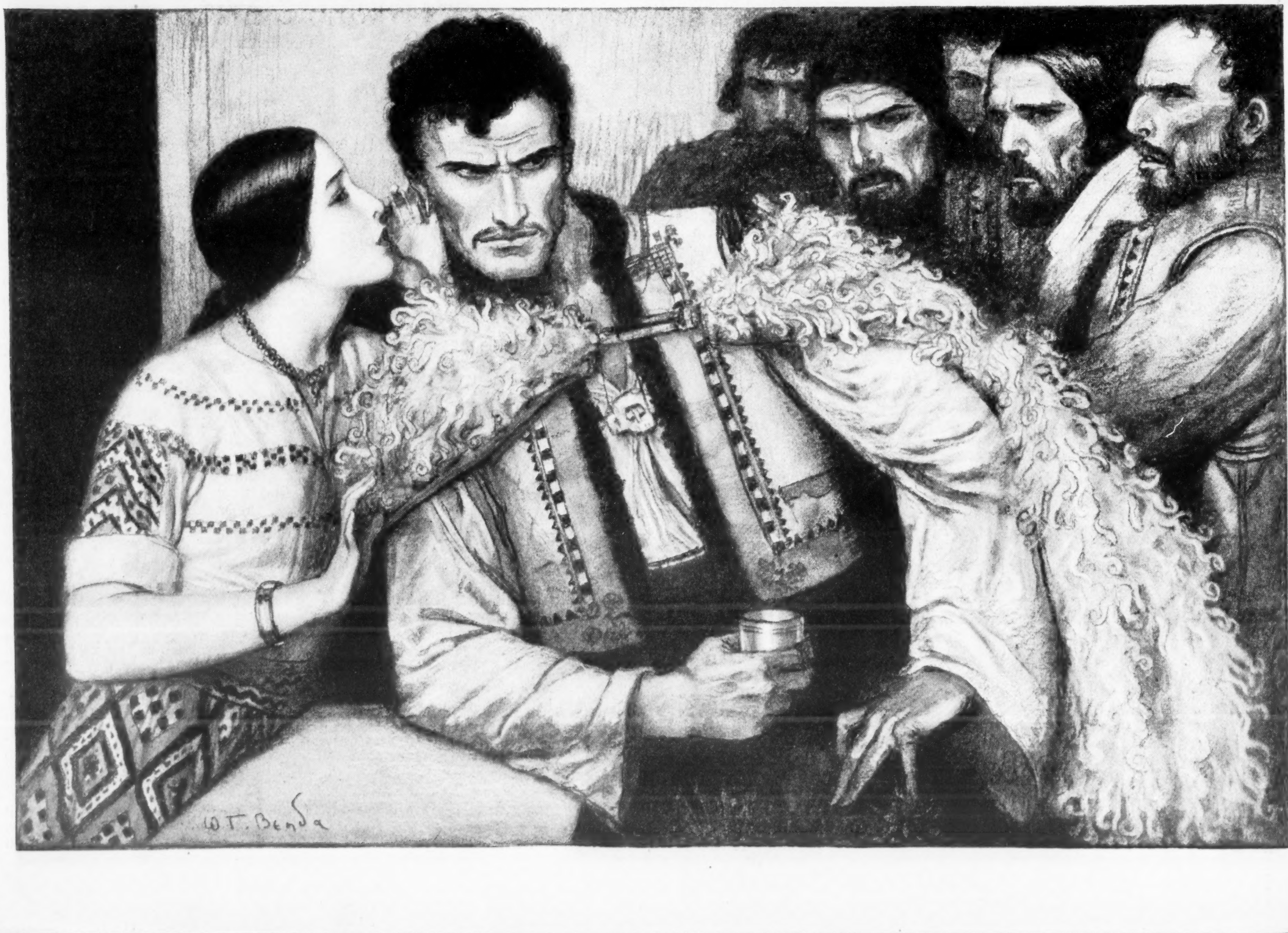
"Oh, there another one climbs down backward from the wagon, as if she were an old woman. Are your feet of glass or are your kneecaps of porcelain?"

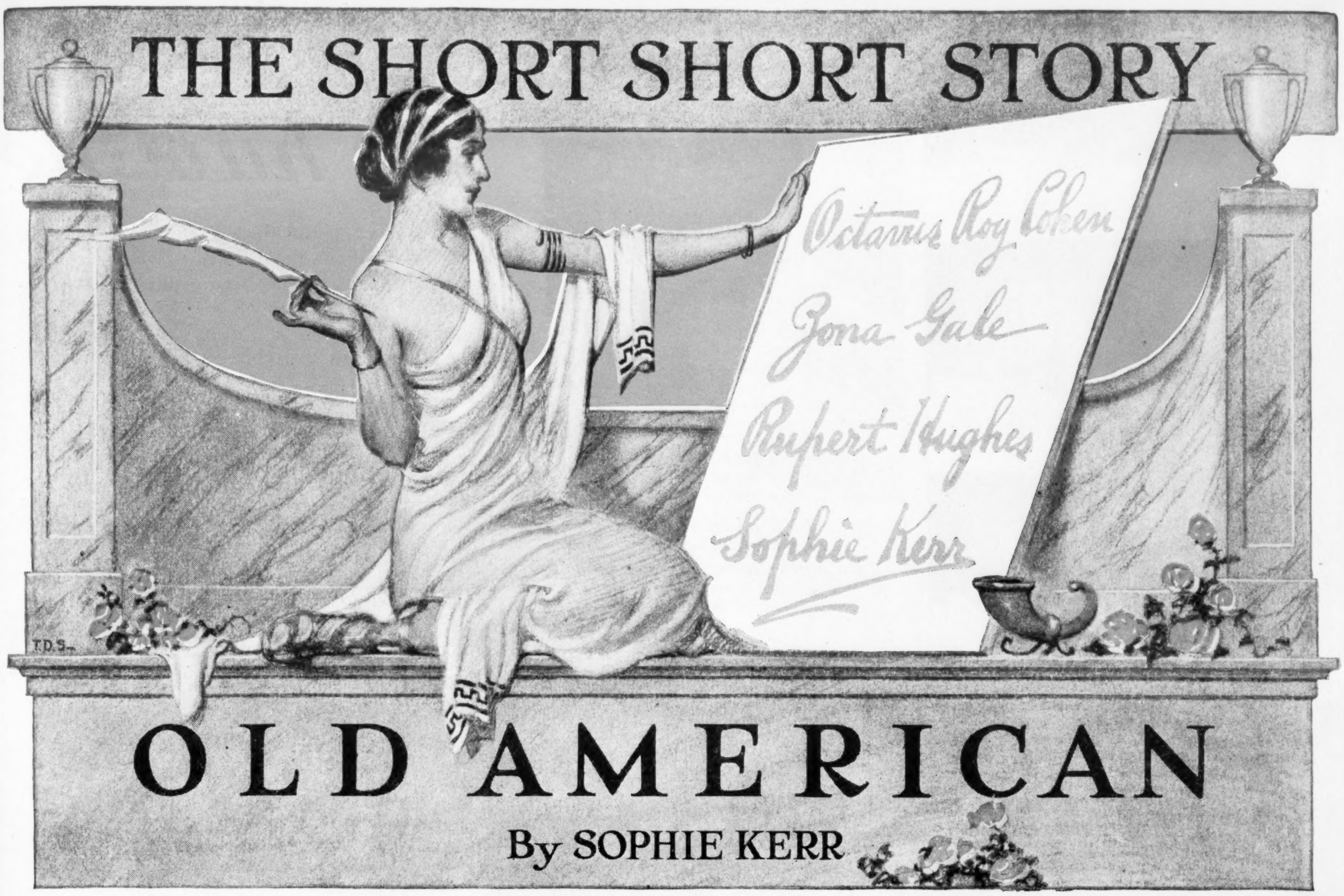
The young women of Sava's tribe received their blood sisters with much noise, fingered their dresses, looked at their jewels and inspected their bracelets and anklets, their bejeweled fingers and necklaces. They tugged at one another's handkerchiefs and waved the fringes of the shawls. The children of one tribe began to get acquainted with the children of the other, vying with each other as to who could turn more somersaults at a stretch. The dogs barked and nosed at the newcomers' dogs, then went out side by side to inspect the camp, for the odor of broiled meats was rising in the air, mingling with the odor of fried oil and garlic in which the tenderer morsels were already being stewed.

Sava was standing near his men, occasionally smiling at a clever sally, but never saying anything himself. When Tira, Chief Mincu's daughter, jumped down from the rear end of her father's wagon there was a cry of wonder from

(*Continued on page 47*)

Suddenly Marga awoke from her reverie and whispered: "They have found out the underground passage and hidden gendarmes in the tunnel"





THE SHORT SHORT STORY

OLD AMERICAN

By SOPHIE KERR

A bang-up English butler cannot be too careful about employers, and Garveson was careful!
Next week: Octavus Roy Cohen

IT WAS so very hard for his caller to reveal his trouble that Lowther Craine, observing this difficulty, reflected that a butler, a really bang-up bred-in-the-bone English butler, probably gives fewer confidences than any man alive. Which made it all the more interesting that the late Lord Mawrdon's treasure had sought him out, saying simply that he'd an overpowering burden on his mind and needed help.

A tall, middle-aged man, Garveson, superlative in respectability, capability and dignity! His voice was respectful but not servile, his accent intelligent. He dropped no aitches.

"You know how it is in England since the war, sir—the big houses are closed, or else they're in the hands of people I wouldn't care to serve. They talk about good servants being scarce, but we who know could tell you that good masters are scarcer. But I've my family, sir, and I've had to carry on. So I decided to come to America, and—well, sir, here I am. I found a situation at once—I'd Lord Mawrdon's letter, sir. The gentleman's named Randall, sir, and he lives in a biggish place on Long Island, as they call it."

He paused, uneasy, troubled, serious. The awful disclosure was about to be made.

"The wages are more than satisfactory," he began. "Oh, quite, sir. And there's a large staff and two cars for the servants; five for the family. One would think—but there's the strangeness! Mr. Craine, sir, there's something fearfully queer about it. I don't know what to do or what to think. This is my first place in America, and if I stay with such people mayn't my future here be ruined, my record get a black mark? That's what I ask myself. And are they financially solid? Mayn't they be in the bankruptcy courts at any moment, and I lose my month's wages, which I can't afford, sir?"

Craine found himself immensely diverted. Could the Randalls be murderers, gamblers, dope fiends, bootleggers? "What do they do that's suspicious, Garveson?" he asked.

"It's not what they do, sir, exactly. It's their—their furniture, sir!"

"Their furniture!"

"Yes, sir. Rickety old stuff our cottagers would be ashamed to use, sir. Old chairs, sir, bare and homely as a cheese box, and I heard the lady say they came out of a barn! If they did, the dining table must have come out of a stable. Old plain rickety pine, sir, a fair disgrace. And there's two sets of corner shelves, most common, that might collapse at any moment, and they're both crammed full of horrible colored glass mugs, sir, and bowls, many of them misshapen and cracked, and old stone crockery such as a farm dairy might use. And the table service is even worse. No fine linen and satin damask, but queer squares in odd sizes of rotten sackcloth with mottoes and alphabets stitched on them, disgustingly faded and worn—samples they call them, or something like that?"

"AND, if that isn't bad enough—*they've got no silver!* Think of me, sir, who am used to the Mawrdon plate, having to come down to setting a table with pewter—pewter, no less. Plates and mugs and spoons and salts and peppers and comports and bowls—everything! Like a very, very low pub, sir. Good Gawd, sir, imagine it!

"All over the house, sir, it's the same. Patchwork quilts in the bedrooms and needlework pictures and china dogs such as my poor grandmother used to have in her little thatched cot—things that the gentry, the real gentry, laughed at! And on the floors strange small squares with crude animals and flowers and ships worked in them, and some of the most hideous and oldest are hung on the walls as if they were tapestries! Lights in tin sconces, and lanterns—tin, sir, and rusty tin at that! And in the drawing-room itself there's a window full of glass shelves like a shop, and if you'll credit it, sir, it's filled with old bottles, all colors and shapes, the most terrible old junk I ever saw. And there's more of that rickety pine furniture and one small table that they positively revere, sir, and will hardly allow the housemaid to touch. A butterfly table, they call it—why, Heaven knows. And there's strange utensils in battered iron and copper grouped round the fireplace, and the doors have hinges on them that might have been made by some down-country blacksmith.

"Mr. Craine, sir, I'm used to Chippendale and Sheraton, Oriental carpets and handsome ornaments, fine silver and china. If Mr. Randall cannot afford such, why does he live in this big house, with the servants and cars of a gentleman, if nothing else? I can't help feeling that with *my* background I'm demeaning myself by accepting service with him, and also that any day the crash may come and I lose my rightful pay."

His voice trembled with his grave concern alike for his gentility and his money. His eyes implored. Craine had a moment of inspiration.

"Come with me," he said.

Presently they were in the studio of an eminent decorator, and a charming young lady took them in tow. "Old American? Of course, everyone's mad about it. We've some wonderful bits. This butterfly table—almost as good as the one in the great Hetch sale, the one bought by Mr. Randall, who has the collection, as you doubtless know. He paid four thousand, but we're only asking three for this. A real bargain!"

"That's six hundred pounds, roughly, Garveson," said Craine in an aside.

"We've some samplers, a few," went on the charming young lady. "A hundred and fifty to three hundred apiece. Oh—you're looking at the pewter! The small plates are a hundred and fifty each—that large bowl is seven hundred—it's unique! And those darling pine chairs—we've only the four—aren't they *exquisite?*—five hundred and fifty apiece. That glass dish is genuine Steigel—six hundred dollars."

Craine turned to the staring butler. "Is it enough, Garveson?"

"Yes, sir—quite—I had no idea—"

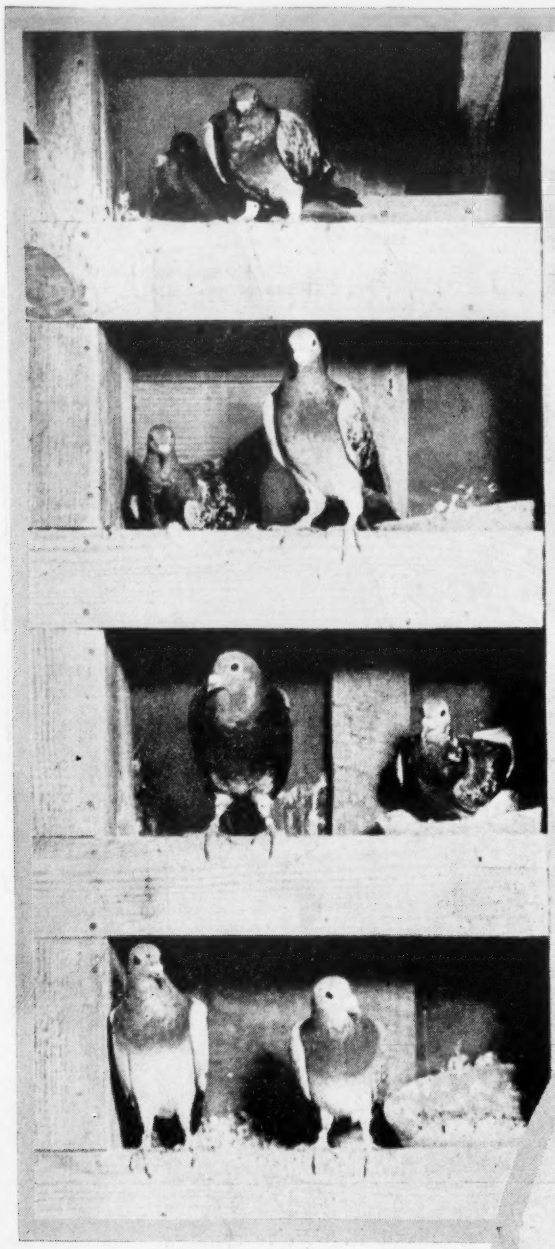
OUTSIDE Craine explained. "You see, Garveson, democracy, equality, thrift, simple virtue and all that sort of thing is quite the fad over here just now. And since it isn't always feasible or comfortable for very wealthy people to be democratic and equal in treatment of those about them, they've hit on the splendid idea of resurrecting all the old furniture that their forefathers used, to show that they are at least democratic and equal to the bygone generations, who will raise no troublesome questions about it. And as there isn't so much of the old stuff left, and I agree with you that much of it is rickety and hideous, its rarity has sent the prices soaring, until only the very, *very* rich can afford to be democratic in this special way, which makes it still more desirable and exclusive. Do you understand me?"

"Not altogether, sir. But I gather that you feel it is safe for me to stay on with Mr. Randall, sir. Thank you, sir." He paused, and something strangely natural and human came through his stiff mask of convention. "Mr. Craine, sir—*Americans are queer!*"

Be it ever so humble

ONLY when the birds and beasts take man for their landlord do they ask for any innovations in their living quarters. Otherwise their motto seems to be "What Was Good Enough for Mother is Good Enough for Me." That's why animal architects are so starvation poor.

For the three best letters of 200 words on "Why I Love My Home"—not your street or the old town, but your own two or twenty and baths—Collier's will pay $25, $15 and $10. Address Letter Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, before December 26th.



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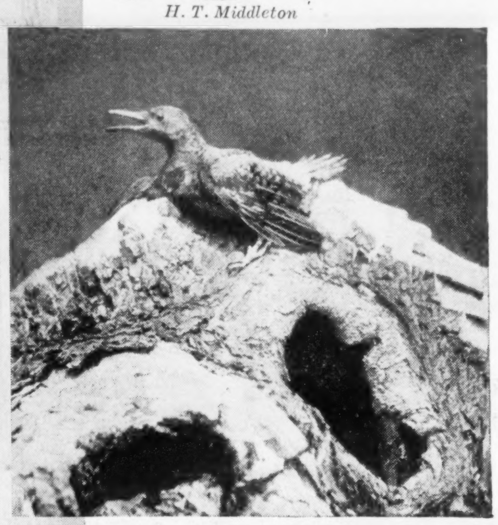
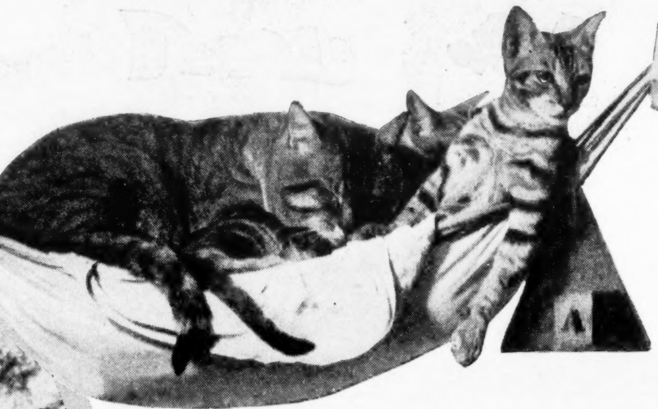
Apartment houses have their faults, but one thing must be said for them: they're grand places for gossip. The tenants of Côte d'Or Arms are listening in on the latest in scandal

H. T. Middleton



This roof sun parlor is what sold the Flickers on their new home (above) in Featherfield, a swell suburb

Wide World



For cat's sake! Look at the accommodations (above) provided for the comfort of Mrs. Leatherneck and her two charges on board the U. S. S. Mississippi. She seems to be just as sound asleep as if she were curled up in front of an old fireplace

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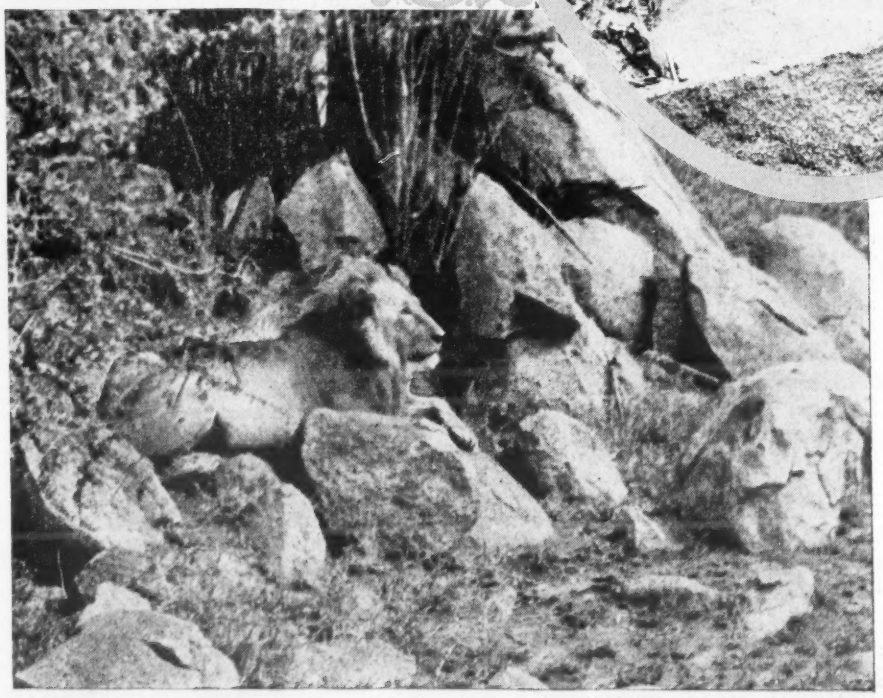
The cameraman had to climb to get this one (above). An unusual picture of Mr. and Mrs. Eagle at home. You would never accuse them of cluttering up their apartment with unnecessary furniture and knickknacks. The egg at the extreme right looks more like an ornament than part of the family. The view they get from home is simply wonderful!

"Don't you dare come in here with those muddy feet," Mrs. Lion has warned her mate. So, the royal den lacking a doormat, the King of the Jungle is waiting on the threshold (below) while Nature takes her course with his feet

Wide World



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Mrs. Polar Bear is very proud, and why shouldn't she be? One more payment and she will own her own den. This is the first glimpse her cubs have had of the outside world. Reckless Johnnie rushes out, but Brother Willie peeks timidly from under Ma's apron

Kadel & Herbert

Being zoo-born has its advantages. These tiger cubs are just as happy as if they were roaming around in the tall grass in the jungle. They haven't learned yet that a basket is something to hide one's light under. They seem to think it's a pretty nice playhouse

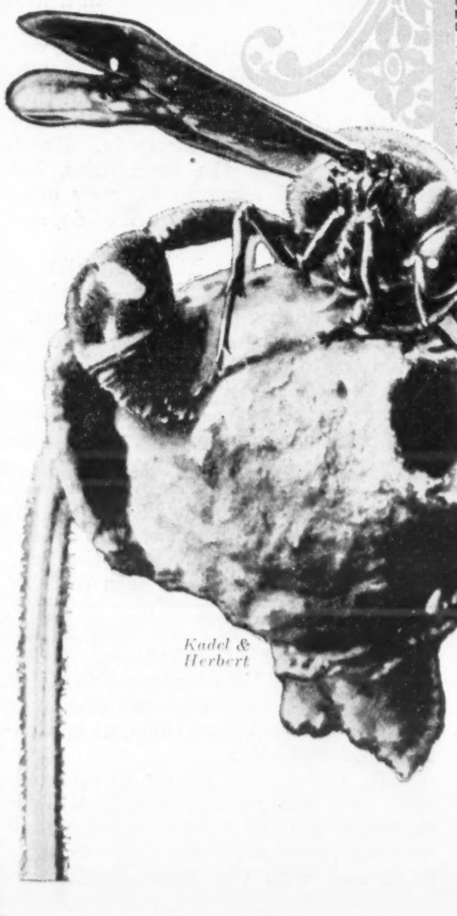
Of all places to build a nest! Nobody but a hawk would ever think of locating in the fork of a giant cactus in the heart of Arizona. Probably some glib real-estate salesman sold it to them with the understanding that it would be within a stone's throw of the railroad station

Wide World

For years the storks (below) have talked about repairs for their house but you know how it is— They have had so many long-distance calls to make that they aren't home long enough to pick out new wall-paper

© Kadel & Herbert

Before a wasp can become a contractor and builder he must learn the pottery business. His clients insist upon having their homes built of multi-colored clay to resemble an old-fashioned cooky jar (below)



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Architects both here and abroad agree that the bank swallow's home is positively the last word in simplicity of design— merely a hole in the wall. It is guaranteed to be absolutely fireproof

H. T. Middleton

Here at the right is a close-up of the celebrated parlor into which the spider invited the weary but wary fly. An X marks the spot where the hostess is waiting for company to come along

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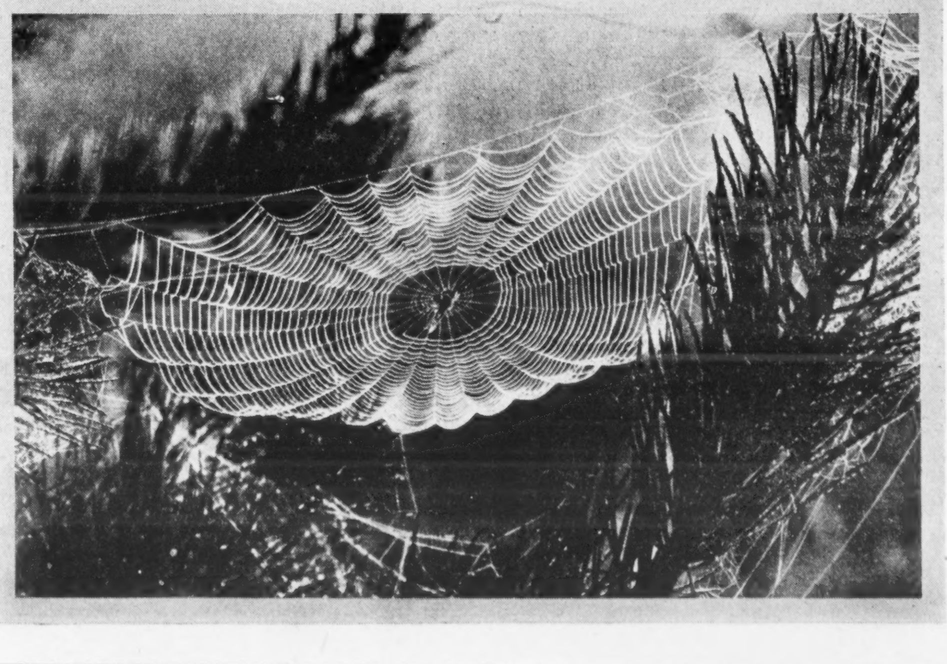
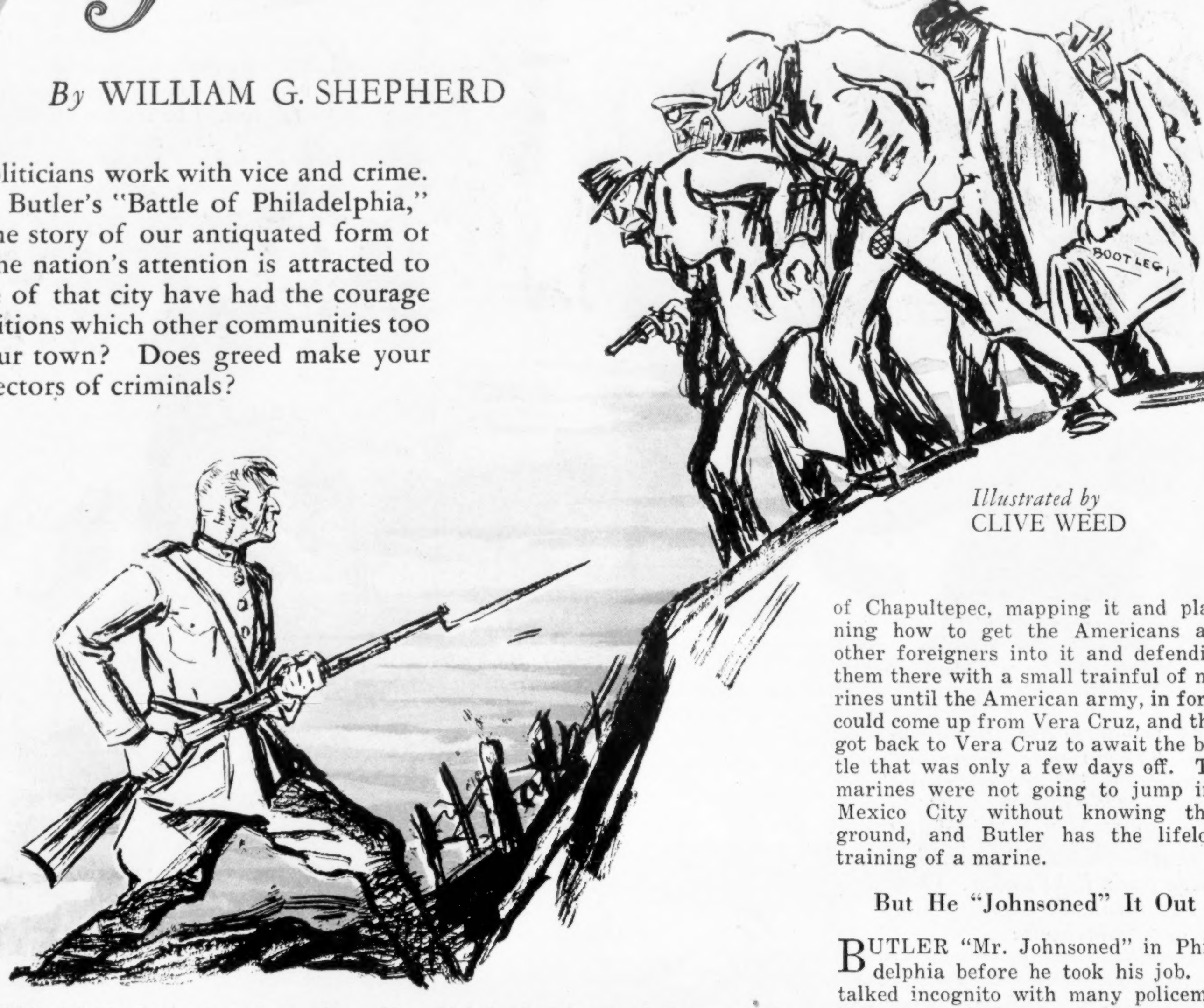


Why criminals are not

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

HERE'S the way grafting politicians work with vice and crime. It is the story of General Butler's "Battle of Philadelphia," but in its essentials it is the story of our antiquated form of city government everywhere. The nation's attention is attracted to Philadelphia because the people of that city have had the courage to wage bitter war against conditions which other communities too often tolerate. How about your town? Does greed make your politicians the friends and protectors of criminals?



Illustrated by CLIVE WEED

I RODE through Noble Street in the Tenderloin district of Philadelphia one afternoon a few weeks ago and saw a sight which I have not seen for many years—girls with painted lips, rouged cheeks and bobbed hair sitting at windows, behind lace curtains, soliciting "trade." Shortly thereafter police raids closed the houses—but they have always reopened after each raid.

In that city a dozen breweries were until recently running at almost full blast, making high-powered beer.

Hundreds of men in that town, of whom recently fifty-two were arrested, have been engaged in diverting industrial alcohol, which cost them 55 cents a gallon, from its proper channels and turning it over, at $6 a gallon, to bootleggers.

Saloons, raided over and over again, are reopened as soon as the saloon keeper gets home from court. There is a record of one saloon keeper arrested three times within six hours.

One harlot in the town, from the Noble Street district, got two years' probation by the courts every time she was arrested. To-day she is said to be on eighty-four years of probation, and every time the Tenderloin district is raided her place is found running at full blast.

Smedley D. Butler, brigadier general of marines, on leave of absence by permission of President Coolidge, heads the police of Philadelphia.

Two years ago Butler, honest as daylight, famed as a brave fighter, started to drive vice and crime out of the town. As he staged several great forty-eight-hour drives against criminals you and I and all the rest of America thought perhaps: "Well, criminals can't stand up against a fight like that."

But they have stood up. And now, you ask, "Why wasn't Butler able to clean up Philadelphia?" It's a fair question. Is the crime army in America one that can't be whipped? Has it come to the point, in lax law enforcement, when American cities must lie down to vice and crime and give criminals their way?

Aren't criminals afraid? If they're not, why not? Read the story of Smedley Butler's battle with crime in Philadelphia:

Politics is "Chief"

HE WAS hunting for a policeman as he sped about the midnight streets of Philadelphia. He kept his eye on the speedometer of his car. He wanted to know how far he must travel to find an officer. Ten miles! Not a bluecoat in sight. Twenty miles! Not a limb of the law in view. Thirty miles! This was an unguarded sleeping city. Forty miles! He gave up the search. It was a January night, and the policemen of Philadelphia had gone from the cold streets into warm places—garages, stores, where not, to keep warm.

And within two days he was to take charge of the police of the city and be responsible, as director of public safety, for the lives and property of the city of Philadelphia; of its boys, its girls, its homes.

Smedley Butler went to bed feeling sick at heart in the early morning dusk that January day of 1924.

What the new mayor of Philadelphia, W. Freeland Kendrick, had told President Coolidge in the White House, at Washington, when he, with a group of Philadelphia citizens, had pleaded with the President to release Smedley Butler to them from the Marine Corps, was true.

"As mayor-elect of Philadelphia," Kendrick had said, in effect, "I am here to-day to lay before you an extraordinary condition existing in our city. The police force has become demoralized. Banditry, promiscuous sale of poisoned liquor, the sale of dope, viciousness, lawlessness of all kinds are rampant."

Philadelphia needed help and, said the mayor-elect, "I know of no man big enough for this task except General Butler. Frankly, Mr. President, if the request is denied, I do not know where to run to secure a man who will be able to cope with this dangerous and unusual situation. Mr. President, two million people in Philadelphia are awaiting anxiously and hopefully your answer."

And here was Butler, in Philadelphia, ready to fight, only to find that his "soldiers" were not on the battlefield, and that vice and crime held the night.

He was to find out in later months that he was not even the "general" of these "forces of public safety;" that *their* general sat behind the seats, "in the back room with the boys," as the politicians put it, and that the city which he had been asked to save from vice and crime apparently did not want to be saved.

"Go ahead and clean up the city," the mayor-elect had told him, "I'll keep the politicians off your back. All you have to do is your duty."

'Tis a tangled world, the world of ward politics, in a city like Philadelphia, and even more tangled are the affairs of a police department of almost 5,000 men, where each man has got his job and keeps it through the favor of some ward politician, and, when he can, follows the orders of that politician. The "chief" of such policemen—his name is "Politics"—has no legal authority over them, but his secret power consists in their dependence upon him for their very jobs.

He Didn't Know Half

HOW to smash his way into this tangled world, get to its center and control its machinery and make that machinery work, was Butler's problem that night he rode through the famous old city, under the giant shadow of old William Penn which tops the City Hall tower at the crossing of Market and Broad Streets. But he didn't jump at his new job blindly. Listen to this story:

Once I met Smedley Butler in the city of Mexico; the hazy picture of a fight with Mexico had ceased shimmering; had become steady and clear. Three weeks later United States troops and Mexican soldiers were to be fighting in the streets of Vera Cruz. I did not know him then as Smedley Butler, or even as an army man. He was in civilian clothes, and he wore whiskers. He was introduced as "Mr. Johnson."

Within a few days he drank with the drink-crazy Huerta, mapped the railroad entrances into Mexico City, did the amazing thing of getting into the Castle of Chapultepec, mapping it and planning how to get the Americans and other foreigners into it and defending them there with a small trainful of marines until the American army, in force, could come up from Vera Cruz, and then got back to Vera Cruz to await the battle that was only a few days off. The marines were not going to jump into Mexico City without knowing their ground, and Butler has the lifelong training of a marine.

But He "Johnsoned" It Out

BUTLER "Mr. Johnsoned" in Philadelphia before he took his job. He talked incognito with many policemen. He went to the homes of old-timers and got them to give him the "inside baseball" of the police organization.

Before the big day, January 7th, the day of inauguration of the new mayor and his cabinet, Smedley Butler knew that all the political powers in Philadelphia expected him to be only a figurehead. "We're for you one million per cent," they told him. "One hundred per cent loyalty was not enough in those early days," Butler told me with a wan smile recently.

On that big day the mayor's office was jammed with flowers and people. The mayor took his oath of office, and then Butler and other members of the new mayor's cabinet were sworn in. Handshaking followed the formalities, but Butler slipped away to his new office and desk. He had fast work to do, and he knew it.

There was an assistant director of public safety to be appointed—his right-hand man during the months to come.

He had heard that the politicians would try to pick this man for him; he must beat them to it.

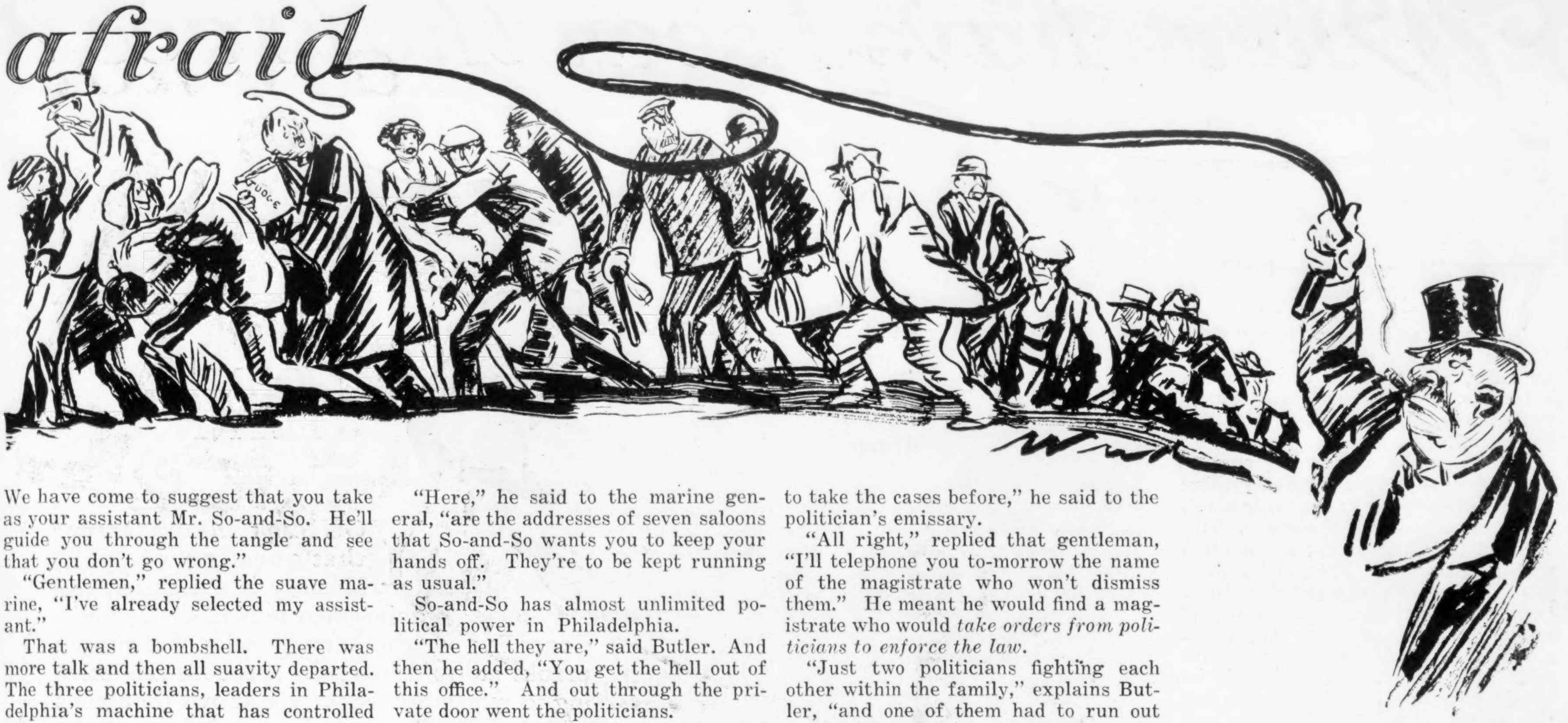
Over in the mayor's office, amid the bedlam, the politicians looked for Butler.

Not finding him, three of them went over to Butler's office. There is a private entrance to this office, with a tiny, almost hidden bell button in the door frame. Butler, who had been director of public safety only fifteen minutes, heard this bell ring. He went to the door to receive his first visitors.

The three politicians stepped in. They shook hands, congratulated the new official and then one of them, as spokesman, dropped this:

"Mr. Director, of course as an army man you will realize that it will be necessary for you to become acquainted with the personnel of the Police Department and with the police machinery.

afraid



We have come to suggest that you take as your assistant Mr. So-and-So. He'll guide you through the tangle and see that you don't go wrong."

"Gentlemen," replied the suave marine, "I've already selected my assistant."

That was a bombshell. There was more talk and then all suavity departed. The three politicians, leaders in Philadelphia's machine that has controlled the city for over two generations, dropped their gentleness.

"The mayor promised that this man should be assistant director of public safety," they said.

The marine got the better of the Quaker in Smedley Butler's make-up.

"I don't give a damn what the mayor promised," he shouted. "I've picked my assistant. *I'm* going to run the Police Department with my own men."

The Miracle of Dry Monday

MANY a hard hour Mayor Kendrick has had with the politicians over Butler's selections; the first of these, perhaps, followed the report of the politicians to him that Butler refused to take in So-and-So, a dyed-in-the-wool political gang member, as his right-hand man. Butler had chosen George Elliott, formerly Fire Department chief, an honest and upright man who knew every crook in the Police Department or in the city government, for that matter.

That day, Monday, the saloons of Philadelphia—and there were hundreds of them—remained closed. Who gave them the signal to do so Butler doesn't exactly know to this day. That night the scores of cafés and restaurants that had been selling booze sold none. The closing was a miracle.

The morning and the night of the first day were dry. But no other mornings and nights have been dry since. Crookdom that first day was making believe that it was afraid. And on that dry evening, in the great Opera House, Butler and the new mayor talked to 2,500 members of the police force.

It was Butler's idea; he was talking to the people of Philadelphia more than to the policemen when he said, in his address: "All you men have to do is to carry out your duties and enforce the laws. You don't need to take orders from any politicians. The politicians are out of it, and the mayor says he's going to keep them off our necks. All we have to do is to be policemen."

On the second day the saloons began to open here and there. Butler spent a busy day in his office. He had announced that, on that evening, there were to be raids on liquor sellers. At five o'clock that afternoon the little private bell rang again; again visitors stood at his private door—politicians. They entered at his request.

One of them had a list of seven addresses.

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Mayor Kendrick needed the inflexible Butler. "You see, I can do nothing with him," he could tell too-powerful favor seekers

"Here," he said to the marine general, "are the addresses of seven saloons that So-and-So wants you to keep your hands off. They're to be kept running as usual."

So-and-So has almost unlimited political power in Philadelphia.

"The hell they are," said Butler. And then he added, "You get the hell out of this office." And out through the private door went the politicians.

The director of public safety slammed on his visored cap—it's always set low over his right eye—and went over to the mayor's office. In effect he said to the mayor:

"I thought you were going to keep the politicians off my neck. Are you going to do it or aren't you?" Then he told the mayor the story.

"I'll fix it up," said the mayor, who had been put into office by these same politicians.

The time was to come when even a stranger demand was to be made on Butler than that he allow certain saloons to run. On a later day that same bell rang in his private office, and he admitted the private secretary of one of the leading politicians of the town.

"Look here," said this secretary, "you keep pinching So-and-So's saloons, but why don't you pinch Such-and-Such's?"

"Why, those two men don't own saloons, do they?" asked Butler, feigning amazement.

"No, no," said the secretary. "Of course not, but their friends do."

Butler sprang a trap. He had noticed that some of the city magistrates had always dismissed liquor charges against certain saloons and pushed those against others. He had arrested one saloon keeper three times within six hours, only to have the case dismissed each time by a magistrate.

"Well, I'll pinch Such-and-Such's places if you'll tell me what magistrate to take the cases before," he said to the politician's emissary.

"All right," replied that gentleman, "I'll telephone you to-morrow the name of the magistrate who won't dismiss them." He meant he would find a magistrate who would *take orders from politicians to enforce the law.*

"Just two politicians fighting each other within the family," explains Butler, "and one of them had to run out overnight and find a magistrate who would help him lick his opponent."

This was Butler's first realization of the fact that city magistrates, as well as the common run of policemen, might also be under orders of politicians. Over and over again saloons were raided—and magistrates set the offenders free.

Butler Reformed Himself Too

ONCE a heavily veiled woman—a woman of station—wept as she talked to Butler in his office in the City Hall.

"General," she pleaded, "can't you close these terrible so-called high-toned night clubs in Philadelphia? Our young people are going to hell in them, and my daughter is going with them."

The marine general went after such places, whereupon he unknowingly hit some of the big real estate owners of Philadelphia straight in the eye. He suddenly found men of fair name on the side of the crooks in their opposition to him.

One day in the mayor's office, to which he had been summoned, he met two outraged real estate owners who had been hit hard by his closing of booze-selling restaurants.

"It's all right to smash at the little ten-thousand-dollar places," one of these gentlemen argued to Butler, in the presence of the mayor, "but we've got hundreds of thousands of dollars tied up in our place."

"Since when, in God's name," asked the amazed marine, "has a one-hundred-thousand-dollar crime been less than a ten-thousand-dollar one?"

Then Mayor Kendrick spoke up.

"You see, gentlemen," he said, waving his hand, "it's just as I told you: I can't do anything with him."

One of the real estate men lost his self-control.

"That man," he said, pointing to Butler, who stood in his uniform with four rows of military decorations on his breast, including two designating Congressional Medals, "has done more to harm this city than any five thousand men."

"If you feel my efforts *that* hard," said Butler, "I'm encouraged and complimented."

After a few months had gone by Philadelphia society ostracized the Butlers.

The once-drinking marine by his pledged word had not touched a drop of liquor since going into office. He had published a list of hotels, some of the finest in the city, where his men had purchased liquor, and the hotel keepers of the town, not wishing advertisement of that sort, had literally blocked liquor selling in the hotels. He had warned the clubs, many of which had extended membership to him, that he would raid them if they sold liquor.

Society folks, like underworld folks, had discovered at last that Butler was in earnest; they resolved that he would not make a good guest when the cocktails were passed and when champagne came up from the cellar.

Wherefore life became uncomfortable for Butler in every direction, which it always is, except for certain high compensations, with all fighters.

To be an enemy of Butler meant, in effect, to be a friend of crooks, bootleggers and out-and-out criminals from whom Philadelphia has suffered a reign of terror.

And, as will be shown in an article next week, the crooks who were not afraid of Butler had friends who were powerful in the city, county, state and even the national government.

Next week: "Crime in the Home of Its Friends"

Where have I seen that face?

By
JOHN T
FLYNN

YOU can't *always* answer that question, can you? Memory is a trickster, and quite often tells lies. Commissioner Faurot, whose strange tales of memory's pranks are told here, has spent his life learning to remember faces. He knows thousands of criminals by the color of their eyes, the curve of their noses, the flap of their ears. But even he doesn't trust memory too far.

WHEN you ask yourself "Where have I seen that face before?" it is just as well to be ready with an answer. If you can't answer that question, you may lose an order, a customer, a client, a vote, a fortune. Under some circumstances your failure to answer might even land you in jail!

Inside you sits a recording angel—your memory—writing down everything it hears or sees, every face, every name, every minute detail, thousands, hundreds of thousands daily; but it often writes indistinctly. Frequently, when you ask what has been recorded, there is no entry in the book. Sometimes it seems that your Recording Angel is a mischievous demon, fooling you with false answers. Now how can it be taught to behave? How can we get this very important identification system of ours on a good working basis?

I was talking of these things one day with a man who has spent his life remembering faces. He is now third deputy police commissioner of New York. But for twenty years he was head of the Metropolitan Bureau of Criminal Identification and later commander of the detective division. Every professional criminal in America knows Joseph A. Faurot. We talked in his office in the big stone building in Center Street—Police Headquarters—from which New York directs its ceaseless war on the greatest array of criminals ever gathered together in one city.

Around the walls I could see innumerable pictures of murderous-looking weapons and more murderous visages, and other grim scraps of evidence in famous criminal mysteries on which Commissioner Faurot has worked. One of these pictures contained the photographic history of the first case in America in which a conviction was secured through the fingerprint system of identification. That very complicated but infallible method of identification was introduced into this country by Commissioner Faurot after a study of it made in Scotland Yard and Paris.

For years this genial, pleasant gentleman has been examining the countenances of the crooks of five continents. He has photographed and measured and hunted for more outlaws than any other man in America. He knows thousands of criminals by the color of their eyes, the curve of their noses, the flap of their ears and the pucker of their lips. Throughout his career he has been hanging the portraits of rogues around the walls of his memory. And he thinks that memory is, at best, a rather treacherous ally.

Criminology's Double Stars

HE REACHED in among his innumerable records and brought out about a dozen photographs. The faces represented almost every type from a grim-visaged, scowling, black-mustached old swindler to an amiable gentleman with a set of benevolent features. It would be impossible to imagine men more unlike than these dozen subjects.

"And yet," said the commissioner, "these are all pictures of the same man taken within the range of a few years." Then he brought out two other photographs. The faces, in both full and side views, were so much alike that I was unable to detect the slightest dissimilarity.

"Not only are these two faces alike," said Mr. Faurot, "but the Bertillon measurements of the two men correspond precisely. Yet they are different men—though brothers. They are Frank and Charles Terry. Fortunately they are not criminals, but two excellent vaudeville performers. Their resemblance to each other constitutes the most remarkable instance of physical duplication I have ever known. Of course all resemblances are not so amazing as these. But our files are full of "doubles." That is why I say reliance on memory, unaided by the more modern methods of identification, is pretty risky business."

After looking at photographs of a large number of cases, I ventured the opinion that mistaken identity must play a rather serious rôle in the work of the police.

"Not nearly so much as formerly. Today the fingerprint system and the portrait-parle system protect us. ["Portrait parle" means the study of the criminal's face until you have a "speaking" mental picture of him.] Take these Terry brothers, for instance. No human being could tell them apart. But their fingerprints are entirely different. Here is a case we had from Chicago where a man was identified by thirty-eight witnesses. Yet his fingerprints proved absolutely that he was not the man wanted.

"Now, in the case of these extraordinary doubles even a very good memory for faces may go wrong. But the police are constantly at the mercy of very bad memories. Not all the cases of mistaken identity involve such amazing resemblances as these. Let me tell you a story. Back in 1896 a celebrated case arose in England. One day a woman visited Scotland Yard and complained that she had been defrauded by a man who represented himself as Lord Willoughby de Winton. Lord de Winton had advertised for a housekeeper. The woman applied for the place, and his lordship called at her home. He painted an alluring picture of his quiet life at his country seat, St. John's Wold, and threw out enough hints to make the guileless lady understand that he was looking not merely for a housekeeper but, if all turned out satisfactorily on both sides, for a mistress to preside over his establishment.

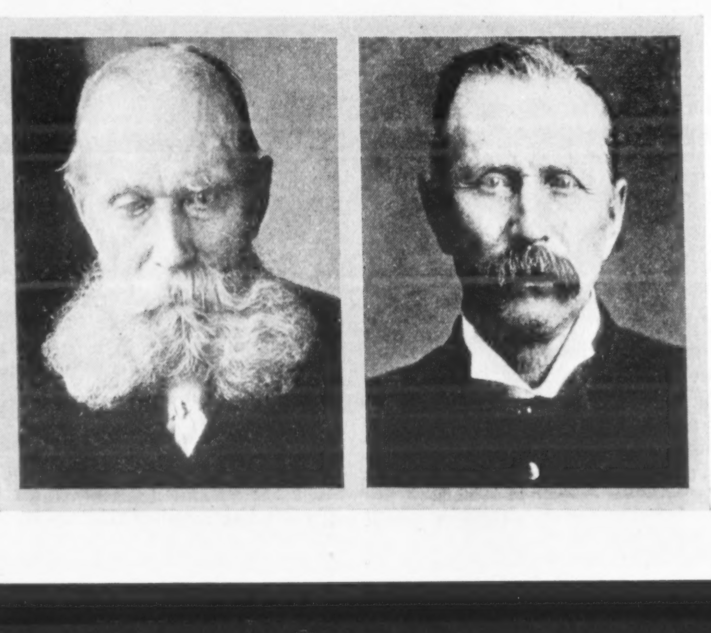
Wrong Ratio: 16 to 1

"AS HE was about to leave he was much embarrassed to find that he had left his wallet behind or lost it. So he borrowed a small sum from his prospective housekeeper and gave her a check. But when she presented the check the bank informed her it had no such depositor. Further investigation revealed that there was no such noble lord in England.

"Within a few weeks no less than seventeen women reported themselves as victims of this fraud. Then one day one of the women saw a man in Victoria Street, identified him as the swindler, and called the police. The man was Adolph Beck. The other sixteen women were summoned, and all, save one, confirmed the identification of Beck as the fraudulent nobleman. He was given fourteen years' penal servitude.

"Now comes the most unusual part of this story. In seven years Beck was paroled and returned to England. About two years after his return another woman appeared at Scotland Yard with an account of a swindle precisely like the one for which he had been imprisoned. The detectives immediately recalled Adolph Beck. While they were seeking him another string of women came trooping into headquarters with similar stories. When Beck was brought in all of the women identified him.

"Then a queer thing occurred which puzzled the police. Another woman appeared and told of being defrauded by the 'noble lord' scheme. This time it could not be Beck, for he was in jail. Then another procession of victims visited Scotland Yard. Finally one woman, more shrewd than the rest, after being swindled, shadowed the rogue and



Look at these two gentlemen! No trouble to tell them apart, eh? Only—they are not two. They are one and the same man. A well-designed set of whiskers, a little hair dye and—presto—we have two men! Hence, if thine eye deceive thee, do not pluck it out too quickly trapped him in a pawnshop disposing of some jewelry belonging to her. She caused his arrest, and at headquarters he turned out to be a criminal named Thomas. All of the recent victims picked him out as their swindler. Then all of the women in the two cases against Beck were brought in.

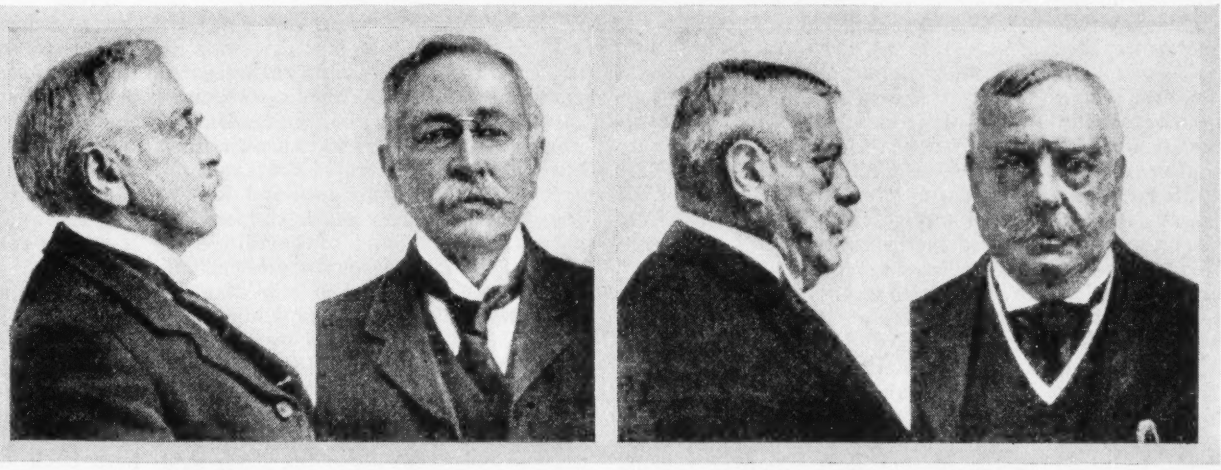
"They at once identified Thomas as positively as they had identified Beck. The old checks were produced and proved to be in Thomas' handwriting. This gentleman was sent into a long term of penal servitude, while Beck was released and voted an indemnity of $25,000 by Parliament. But the strangest thing of all in this odd triangle was that when Beck and Thomas were brought together they did not bear a very striking resemblance to each other.

"So you see how cautious we must be in accepting the testimony of memory. It applies not only to identification but to all sorts of facts. For instance, have you ever heard witnesses in a courtroom giving, under oath, their versions of a sudden accident? Scarcely two of them will agree.

Tricks and Codes of Slight Value

"HUGO MÜNSTERBERG, prominent in this country as a psychologist before the war, who lectured in Harvard and all over the country hundreds of times on the subject of memory, was once the victim of a burglary while he was absent from his home in the summer. His house had been broken into, a fact which he discovered on his return home. He was called as a witness. He testified that the burglars had entered through a window in the basement; that they had done so at night, in proof of which he told of finding candle wax on the floor of the second story; that they intended to return—because he found a clock on the table wrapped in paper.

"A few days later he was surprised to be shown that it was the door of the cellar, and not the window, through which the burglar entered; that the candle wax was on the attic floor; that the clock was wrapped in a tablecloth, and not paper, and that there was only one burglar involved. He admitted that while he had spoken of burglars throughout his testimony he had no reason to suppose there was more than one.



Hero and villain in the most famous case of mistaken identity in history. Adolph Beck (left) was twice imprisoned for the crimes of Thomas (right). Yet they do not look alike, do they?

"Here was a college professor, a psychologist and a keen observer, falling into these common errors. The professor always referred to his experience as an excellent instance of the fallibility of human evidence.

"The amount a man can see and take in correctly during a sudden sweep of incidents is called his 'span of recognition.' And it must be admitted that in most persons the span is very narrow."

The commissioner spoke of training the memory. But I had heard it said that we have not *a* memory but *many* memories, so I asked if memory training means training all the memories separately.

"Yes, we must train them all, one at a time. Professor Woodworth at Columbia University once sought to prove that we have a number of memories. He set himself the task of memorizing as many lines of poetry every day as he could master in eleven minutes. The first day he found he could commit to memory one stanza of Spenser's 'Faërie Queene' in eleven minutes. In three weeks, by daily practice, he could memorize three stanzas in that time. But he also found that his memory for other things was not at all improved by this training. So we must practice separately our memory for names, our memory for dates, our memory for faces, and so forth.

Always on the Job

"DETECTIVES remember faces and names well because they get plenty of training in this. We have men who know practically every pickpocket in the country. Others carry around mental picture galleries of confidence men, others of hold-up men.

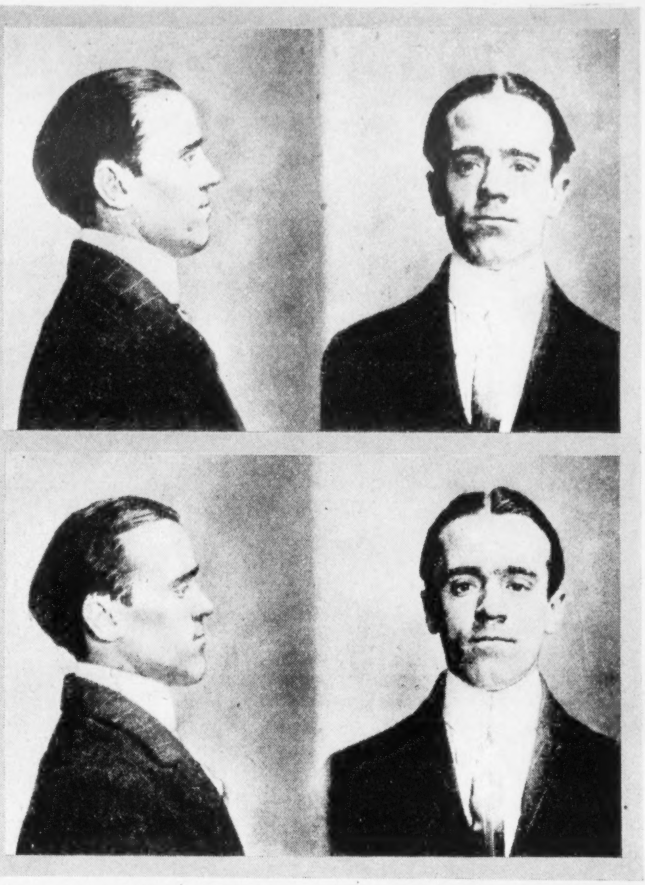
"If you should be in detective headquarters any morning you would see an odd sight. The large police gymnasium is crowded with detectives wearing black masks. On a pulpit among them stands Inspector Coughlan, chief of detectives. Presently a prisoner is brought in and conducted to a small stage, where he is posed with a bright light playing upon him. He is a professional criminal taken the day before. And as he stands there the inspector points out all his facial and bodily characteristics and recites his criminal record. One after another these criminals are brought in—sneaks, gunmen, pickpockets, safe blowers; some looking like princes of the blood, others just battered hulks. That is the line-up. And that is the way the day's drama of crime and man hunting begins here.

"Now there is a lesson in this line-up for the man who wants to improve his memory for faces. These detectives are doing two things: They are making a record of these faces. But they are doing it with a special determination to remember. That is important—the will to remember. Try this little experiment on a friend: Ask him to read some printed matter and later see how much of it he remembers. Then have him read a similar amount but with a firm purpose to remember it. You will be surprised at the result. If you want to retain a lasting impression of the faces you meet you must not only look at them carefully but you must also decide at the moment to recollect them. Press the object against your memory. But also press your memory against the object.

"In this knowledge of criminal faces there is a tremendous potential element of protection for society.

"Some years ago Captain Golden, now head of the Bureau of Criminal Identification, went for a brief rest to a little mountain resort hidden away among the Catskills. Hardly had he got off his train when he noticed that he was being observed by a group of three men. They had spotted him at once. But he too recognized them as practicing burglars. In the next twenty-four hours he saw twelve crooks, all taking their ease as respectable vacationists in this peaceful little village. In a few days the detective learned there had been several hold-ups in the neighborhood and at least one robbery. So he quietly got these rusticating jailbirds together and suggested the advisability of travel—within twenty-four hours.

"Before the sun went down on that village next day several boarding houses had lost a dozen good boarders. Now the point in this is that the detective had never seen any of these men before. He had merely seen their pictures in the bureau. And that was enough to enable him promptly to place them as members of a 'mob' operating around New York's Chinatown."



Frank and Charles Terry, vaudeville headliners. Could you tell 'em apart? No one has done it yet

There is nothing unusual about this, the commissioner assured me. It is a daily occurrence in all large cities.

"But," said the commissioner, coming back to his original theme, "while memory is a useful servant and we would be in a sad state without it, it is also a very treacherous one. And to-day we are relying less and less on the camera-eyed men in police work and more and more on scientific methods, in particular the fingerprint system."

And this brings me to a story about Commissioner Faurot. Back in 1906 he was sent to Europe to study the newly installed systems in London and Paris. Fingerprint markings are as old as the hills. The ancient Chinese emperors used them. Some old painters signed their work with a thumb print in a dab of paint. But the classification of them in a system so that an expert, out of half a million or more impressions, can promptly find any one, had just been devised.

So Detective Faurot set up his fingerprint bureau in the New York department. Soon after a man named Cæsar Cella was charged with burglary. The evidence against him was his fingerprint in the glass panel he had removed from a door. Faurot was the witness. But this was something new, and the judge announced that he was skeptical of this kind of evidence. He ordered Faurot to be escorted from the courtroom. The surprised detective was kept locked in a room for half an hour. Then, under guard, he was recalled. The judge had caused the fingerprints of a large number of the persons in the room to be made. Then one print was made on the same piece of glass.

"Now," said the judge, "let us see if you can find the owner of that print in the courtroom."

It took Detective Faurot just 300 seconds to do this successfully. Thereafter Mr. Cella, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, was convicted in the first historic case in this country in which the system was used and questioned. After this conviction the judge called the prisoner before him.

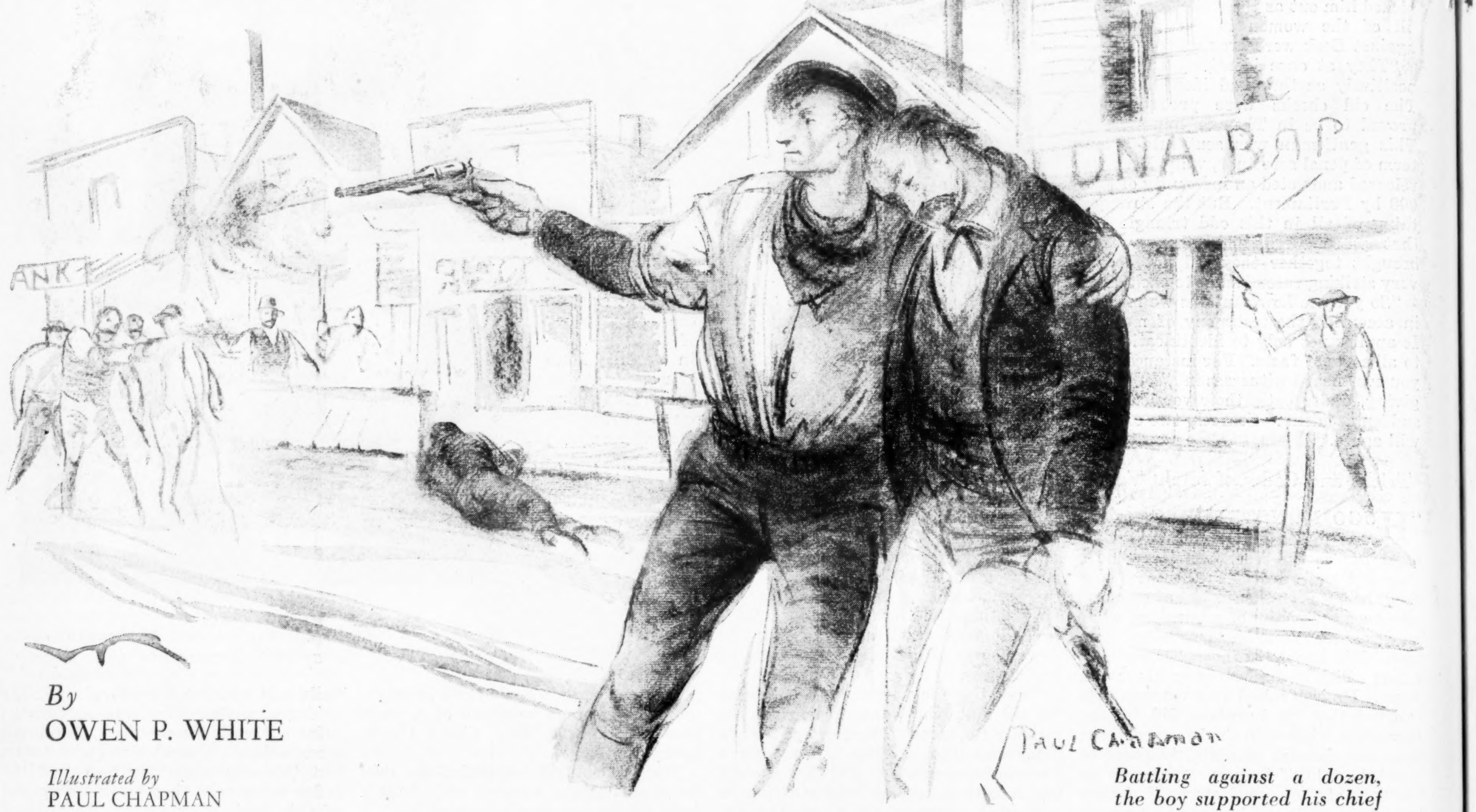
"Now, sir," he said, "you have been convicted and are going to the penitentiary. Nothing can save you. But you can render a service to society. You have been convicted on this new system of identification. If you will tell the truth about this crime you will enable us to know how far it may be trusted as a scientific system."

This appealed to the prisoner, and he confessed. That settled the fingerprint system definitely in this country. It is now as much a part of every police department as a club and a badge. A man's appearance, his face, his Bertillon measurements, his tongue may lie about him. But those telltale ridges, which appear on his finger tips in his cradle and never change, may always be counted on to tell the truth.

The brave and untrue

By
OWEN P. WHITE

Illustrated by
PAUL CHAPMAN



Battling against a dozen, the boy supported his chief

The spectacular story of Sam Bass, who ran away to Texas and rose to great heights in his chosen profession

As IS so frequently the case with great men, Sam Bass, whose personal record of achievement has probably inspired more young Texans to deeds of devilment than that of any other prominent and admired Lone Star citizen, was in his early youth harassed by his environment and hampered by the atmosphere of his home.

Up to the time he was fourteen young Bass, who had been born on a farm in Lawrence County, Indiana (thus adding one more star to the galaxy of that state's original characters), led a Christian life in which "Thou shalt not" was the burden of the family song, and was the unhappy owner of a spotless character. When he was twelve his mother died; when he was fourteen his father passed away, and, according to a sister's biographical effort in his behalf, the young man at once began to show signs of the genius which was to mark his future career. He gave up going to church and Sunday school; embroidered his vocabulary with expressions much more emphatic than "darn it" and "gosh ding;" began to chaw natural leaf, and finally, when he was eighteen and could stand it no longer, he ran away. He traveled by rail to St. Louis, by steamer to Rosedale, Miss., and there went to work in a sawmill.

To this sawmill Sam's sister—who seems entirely unwilling to give her brother any credit for native talent—attributes his first downward step. She says that while he was engaged in the iniquitous occupation of earning a living by cutting up saw logs he was led astray by wicked fellow employees under whose able tutelage he soon became an "expert in card playing, dissipation and revolver shooting." It was doubtless the possession of this last accomplishment, coupled with the desire to practice it in an open territory, that took Sam westward into Texas.

But at any rate, no matter what the reason, it is carefully chronicled in the authentic history of Denton County, by Mr. Ed. F. Bates, that Sam Bass, destined in time to become the best known and most famous citizen thereof, arrived in the town of Denton in 1870 and at once secured employment as a cowboy with Colonel W. F. Egan. Serving in this capacity for a year, Sam learned to ride and roll his own, and these new accomplishments, coupled with his previously acquired six-shooter proficiency, qualified him to become a deputy when his employer was elected to the responsible position of sheriff.

He Races Into Disaster

OF THE praiseworthy activities of Sam Bass while he was a deputy nothing seems to be known. His biographer, if her brother Sam ever did anything that was a credit to the family, has carefully refrained from making any mention thereof, and hence all that we know of him as an officer is that while he was wearing a badge he is said to have acquired a race horse and a very decided propensity to bet on the animal every Sunday afternoon.

This perniciousness on the part of the young deputy soon led to the issuance of an ultimatum by Sheriff Egan. It was either give up his race horse or give up his job, and Sam, with true sporting instinct, stuck to the horse.

Discarding the star from his bosom, he went regularly into the racing game and, in partnership with a congenial spirit by the name of Henry Underwood, who is assigned as cause No. 2 of his "ruin," he "cultivated the acquaintance of the most abandoned and desperate men and women and is supposed to have formed a band of bandits composed of the most desperate robbers and murderers, of which he was the acknowledged chief up to the time of his death. He directed the movements of this band and effected many escapes from the law, extending his operations at one time beyond the Rio Grande."

All of the above inclosed in quotaton marks is what his loving sister said about Sam Bass, and, apparently, it is all wrong.

What really seems to have happened was that as soon as Sam had chosen horse racing as a profession and Underwood as an associate he stuck to both for some time and for quite a while was fairly successful. In those days, as real money was scarce around Denton, it was frequently the case that races were arranged in which a certain number of ponies would be bet on the argument in place of so many dollars, and as Sam was the owner of an exceptionally good horse he soon became the proprietor of quite a herd.

Naturally, in time, the sporting element in his own neighborhood having come to know too much about the merits of his sorrel mare, it became impossible for Sam to match a race anywhere near home and therefore he and two associates went north and crossed the Red River into the "territory" for the charitable purpose of cleaning up on the Cherokees and the Choctaws. This expedition, however, from the standpoint of speed, was a total failure.

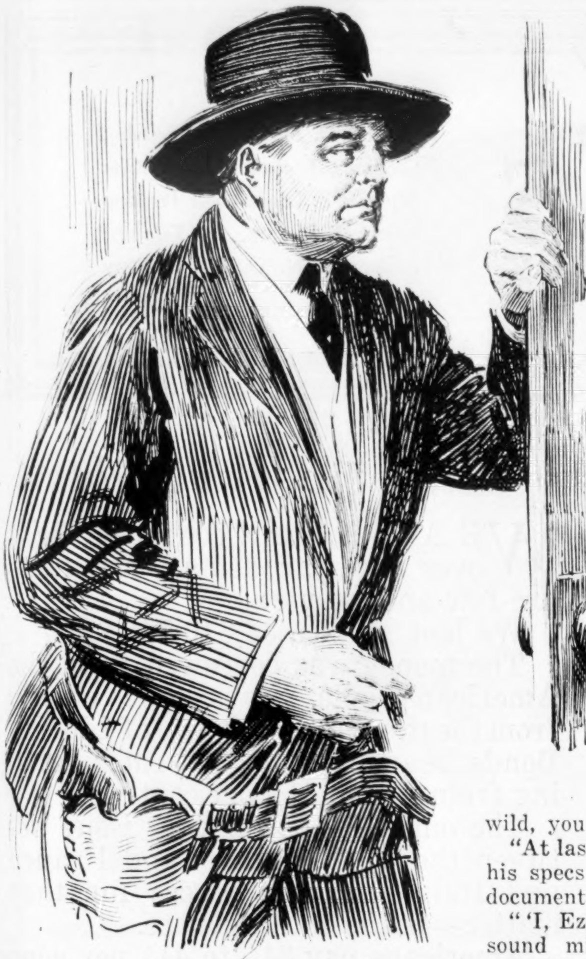
From somewhere or other the Indians resurrected a horse that made the invincible sorrel look like a Mexican plug, and as Sam and his followers had bet every hoof they owned on the result they walked back across the Red River, made camp and sat down to discuss (principally cuss) their disaster. The result of this conference was that that night Sam Bass committed the first of his many real crimes.

Without Knowing the Indian Sign

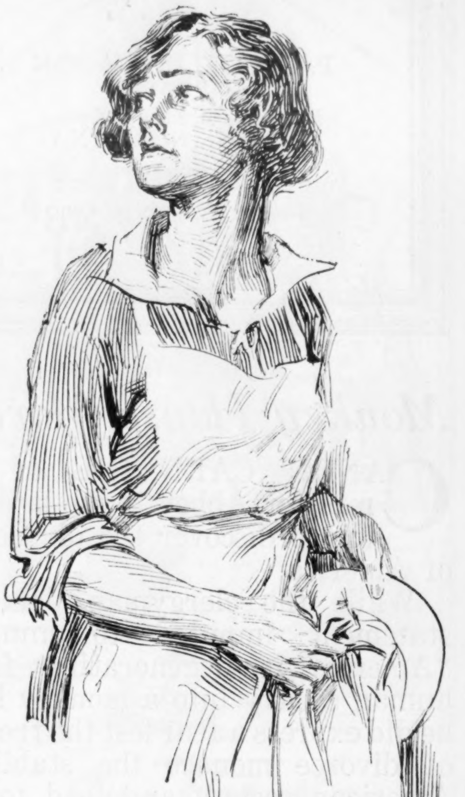
WAITING until all was quiet in the Indian settlement, the trio recrossed the river, stole back all of their horses, took most of the good ones belonging to the Indians and drove the entire herd back into Texas. It was a short triumph. Dawn found an indignant bunch of redskins hot on their heels, and in the pursuit Sam and his friends became widely separated. The historian of Denton County is responsible for the statement that our hero's two companions saved themselves, and their hair, by making the sign of the Odd Fellows to the Indians, but, as Sam didn't belong to the order, he continued his precipitate flight until he eventually arrived at San Antonio, some two or three hundred miles distant.

San Antonio in 1877, with its wide-open saloons and the bridle clear off in its gambling houses, was the favorite gathering place for a large number of cattlemen who came there for the dual purpose of enjoying themselves and equipping their outfits for the long drive over the trail to Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska (*Continued on page 42*)

The Widow's Might



Uncle Henry says public office is a public trust fund—"an' readin' the will of an elected official is as excitin' as listenin' to the election returns"



"What you doin' here? Bet you lost your job again"

"TO MY way of thinkin'," declared Mr. Stubbs, with an effect of sparkling originality, "public office is a public trust."

"You mean a trust fund don't you?" said Uncle Henry. "That's what it's come to be. When a governor or a senator passes in his checks he leaves the job to such one of his heirs an' assigns as happens to be handy, jes' as though it was a Ford car, the kitchen stove or the watch the railroads gave him. If it keeps on, all of our public servants will have to be sworn in by the judge of the probate court an' vaccinated by a notary.

"The English law of entail is a hard an' fast affair, the oldest son inheritin' everything as a matter of course, but in this country an officeholder can leave the title to his widow, his daughter by a former marriage, a cousin twice removed or even to the faithful old nurse who cared for him durin' his declinin' years. It's certainly brought a brand-new complication into politics, for the poor devils of job hunters don't know who to specialize on, an' run from heir to heir like bird dogs at fault.

"The money spent on flowers has to be accounted for under the Corrupt Practices Act, an' readin' the will of an elected official has come to be as excitin' as listenin' to the election returns. All the papers put in special wires, an' crowds gather in front of the house, waitin' for the arrival of the family lawyer with no less interest than the heirs.

" 'I hope to the Lord it's the widow,' you'll hear one mutter under his breath. 'My old woman's been sendin' her blancmange three days hand runnin', not to mention one floatin' island.'

" 'I don't know,' comes back the cautious whisper. 'I kinda have the notion it'll be the boy. Zeke was always worryin' what to do with him. Nothin' wild, you know, but jes' worthless.'

"At last the lawyer comes, puts on his specs an' opens the momentous document an' the readin' begins:

" 'I, Ezekiel Quackanbosh, bein' of sound mind, no matter what the opposition says, do hereby give an' bequeath such years of my term as I have yet to serve to my dear'—at this point the lawyer pauses to wipe his specs, an' a bootlegger wantin' a place on the Dry Squad faints an' has to be carried from the room—'to my dear wife, Eliza Quackanbosh, an' if at the end of that time she shall not have married again, an' will have so conducted herself as to meet the approval of my first wife's sisters, she is to have a full six-year senate term as her sole an' undivided property.

" 'Upon the comin' of age of my beloved daughter, Jane, she is to have one fourth of the mileage paid in cash, an' in event of her demise said amount is to go to the oldest livin' daughter of my niece, Sarah Soupstock. The remainin' three fourths are to be divided equally among the old family servants if, at the time of my death, they shall have been in my employ a minimum of three weeks.

" 'To my son, Claude, I leave the stationery account, which should prove sufficient for his support, if carefully handled, an' to my old friend an' valued associate, Colonel Bucephalus Boggs, I bequeath the contents of the bottles in my closet, said bottles bein' marked respectively "Writin' Fluid," "Benzine," "Camphor" an' "Witch Hazel."

"Out West things have reached a pass where they don't even have to die to pass the office on. When an officeholder gets caught with the goods, an' the legislators make up their minds that he ought to be made an example of on account of his carelessness, an' his lawyers haven't got an appeal or a demurrer left in their system, an' he lacks the money to hire any more witnesses, the poor fellow heaves a sigh an' turns the place over to his wife.

" 'What you doin' home here in the middle of the afternoon?' cries the good woman as she sees him openin' the back door. 'I'll bet,' says she, 'you've done gone an' lost your job again.'

" 'Yes,' he confesses, 'but, honest, it wasn't my fault. The mask slipped an' I forgot to wear gloves when I opened the safe. I reckon it's up to you to carry on, Jennie. Better peel off your apron an' come on down an' get sworn in.'

" 'Why, Jonathan Windjammer!' she protests. 'Here it is right in the middle of the preservin' season, with all my plums to put up, an' there's the children to get ready for school, an' the man's comin' this afternoon about the hot-water heater, an' I haven't even begun on the cake I've got to get ready for the meetin' of the Culture Club tomorrow afternoon.

" 'You jes' go an' get Junior to take your old office. I'm sick of havin' everything put off on me.'

" 'I know jes' how you feel,' he says, 'an' it does look like a shame, but I can't trust Junior. Twice last week he didn't do what I told him to. Hurry now an' get your hat an' coat. I've got the acceptance speech all written out in nice, easy words.'

Wars of Succession

"SOME delicate questions are introduced by this new rule of succession. If the widow marries again, does her new husband get the office? If none of the boys is old enough to take his father's place, can an aunt be appointed until he comes of age? It's also goin' to bring about a brand-new style of campaignin'. No longer will it be a question of the candidate's ability or his political views, but the quantity an' quality of his family. Is it true that his boys drink? How about the report that his wife uses a lipstick?

"Before long you'll be seein' campaign banners somethin' like this: 'Don't vote for John Doe. He's a bachelor an' has nobody to leave the office to. Cast your ballots for Phineas Peapod, the doctor's friend. He has a wife, fourteen children, three uncles, four aunts an' enough cousins to last a lifetime. Elect Peapod, the Human Guinea Pig, an' you're rid of the bother of votin'.'

"They talk a lot about the sentimentality of the Latin races, 'Lonzo, but it's vastly overrated. They give the effect of bein' highly emotional, but you'll notice it's always in relation to somethin' that doesn't matter, like love an' brass bands an' being asked to pay money. Even when a Frenchman beats his breast most passionately he's careful not to break his watch crystal, an' he never takes a sentiment durin' business hours.

99 Per Cent Mush

"WE AMERICANS are the only simon-pure sentimentalists in the world, for we shut our eyes an' let go regardless of consequences. Any blood test would show a 99 per cent mush content. If a boy breaks a hammer over the heads of his father an' mother, we sob with anguish at the plight of the poor little orphan, an' not only do we let him go, but get up a public subscription to buy him a new hammer.

"My complaint is that the thing operates unequally. Why should we be sentimental only with respect to political offices? When poor Caruso died you didn't see any movement started to have his wife made first tenor of the Metropolitan. When Mark Twain passed on nobody suggested that his daughter ought to succeed him as the Great American Humorist. On the death of a famous surgeon we don't insist that the daughter give up school teachin' an' take over her father's practice. But when an officeholder is removed from the pay roll by any natural cause we're instantly willin' to give the place to any of his family.

" 'How about the son?' goes up the cry.

" 'He's in jail.'

" 'Too bad. Then three cheers for the daughter.'

" 'He hasn't any.'

" 'Then we'll make it the widow.'

" 'Has she any ability?'

" 'Ah, hell, who cares? She's a widow, ain't she?'

"An' so it's done, an' everybody goes back to work with the consciousness of having acted nobly."

"What's the matter with our public life, anyway?" demanded Mr. Stubbs in some exasperation.

"It's in danger of bein' overgrown with widows' weeds," said Uncle Henry.

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Monkey House Morality

CANON CARNEGIE of Westminster Abbey is the latest visitor to discover the divorce peril of America.

While the clergyman denied the statement imputed to him, that "America is degenerating from a human society into a monkey house," he did express a fear lest the frequency of divorce menace the stability of American society and lead to something akin to the fall of Rome.

It is fashionable to deplore the increase of divorce and it has been startling enough. Fifty-odd years ago there were but 28 divorced people in every 100,000. At the last accounting in 1922 there were 136.

Divorce has become enormously prevalent but that does not prove or even imply any weakening of the moral fiber of the nation.

In 1925 the unhappy wife can leave her husband without incurring social ostracism. Divorce is no longer generally considered a disgrace although it is still frowned upon by many of the churches.

Women do not now have to endure the tyranny they were compelled to suffer a half century ago. The modern woman can earn her own living. Her grandmother was dependent on some man. The modern woman is politically free. Her ancestress was counted as a child.

Of course the change has entailed serious problems and many abuses. The plight of the children of a broken marriage is always difficult and sometimes tragic. Some men and women utilize the easier laws to form loose connections but immorality in marriage or out of it is not new.

The causes of divorce have not changed much in the forty years during which the facts have been reported. Desertion is still the chief cause. Cruelty and adultery are next.

The deserted wife or husband is in fact unmarried. Divorce in such cases is a mere legal recognition of a condition already existing.

So too with adultery and cruelty. The very existence of these causes of separation is proof that marriage based on love has ended.

Human nature does not change in essentials. More frequent divorce merely makes public what was previously hidden. It does not witness a breakdown of the home or a new-found preference for monkey house morality. The pessimists are deceived by surface symptoms. The hearts of men and women are unchanged.

A Cent Well Spent

YOU can measure a nation's progress by bank clearings, real estate values or average income. You can also measure it by the death rate—particularly the infant death rate.

Ours has been cut two thirds in half a century. Yet, as Miss Grace Abbott of the Children's Bureau recently stated, it is still higher than those in Australia, New Zealand, the Netherlands, Norway, Sweden and the Irish Free State.

More education and better medical care are needed. The cost will be a few cents per capita annually. The national government is already spending about a cent per capita, which, it is safe to say, is better invested than some of the other pennies the income tax collector gets hold of. We might, however, add another penny and postpone for a little while the dredging of the Hoolaboola River which Congressman Blurb's constituents are so earnestly demanding.

American Names

WHEN you saw the pictures of the American heroes of the President Harding in your newspaper did you study their names? Strelow, Stedman, Brocco, Kane, Meyers, Carlson, Wiggle. They were the volunteers who manned the tossing lifeboat which bore to safety through a stormy sea the crew of a sinking Italian freighter.

New names for the list of immortals of the sea! Names that carry Teutonic, Latin, Scandinavian and good Anglo-Saxon sounds—American names. For to be American is a matter of spirit, not of creed and blood. The flag under which these heroes sail draws to our shores the sturdiest elements of all the earth's nations.

Settle the War Debts

WE ARE in for a continued fight over the war debts. The facts are few and simple:

We lent France $3,340,746,215.

The money was borrowed from the American people. It was taken chiefly from the proceeds of the sale of Liberty Bonds, bearing interest at rates varying from 3½ to 4¼ per cent.

The only real question at issue between the United States and France and Italy—and the others for that matter—is the interest rate.

Americans pay 3½ to 4¼ per cent on the funds advanced Europe. Shall we ask for the same rate we pay? Would it be better to reduce the rate or even to forego all interest?

Frenchmen say that in the common war against Germany they contributed men and we put in supplies. Their dead cannot be resurrected and their mutilated men cannot be restored. Why then should America seek repayment in full for the guns used and the food consumed in winning a victory which was ours as well as theirs?

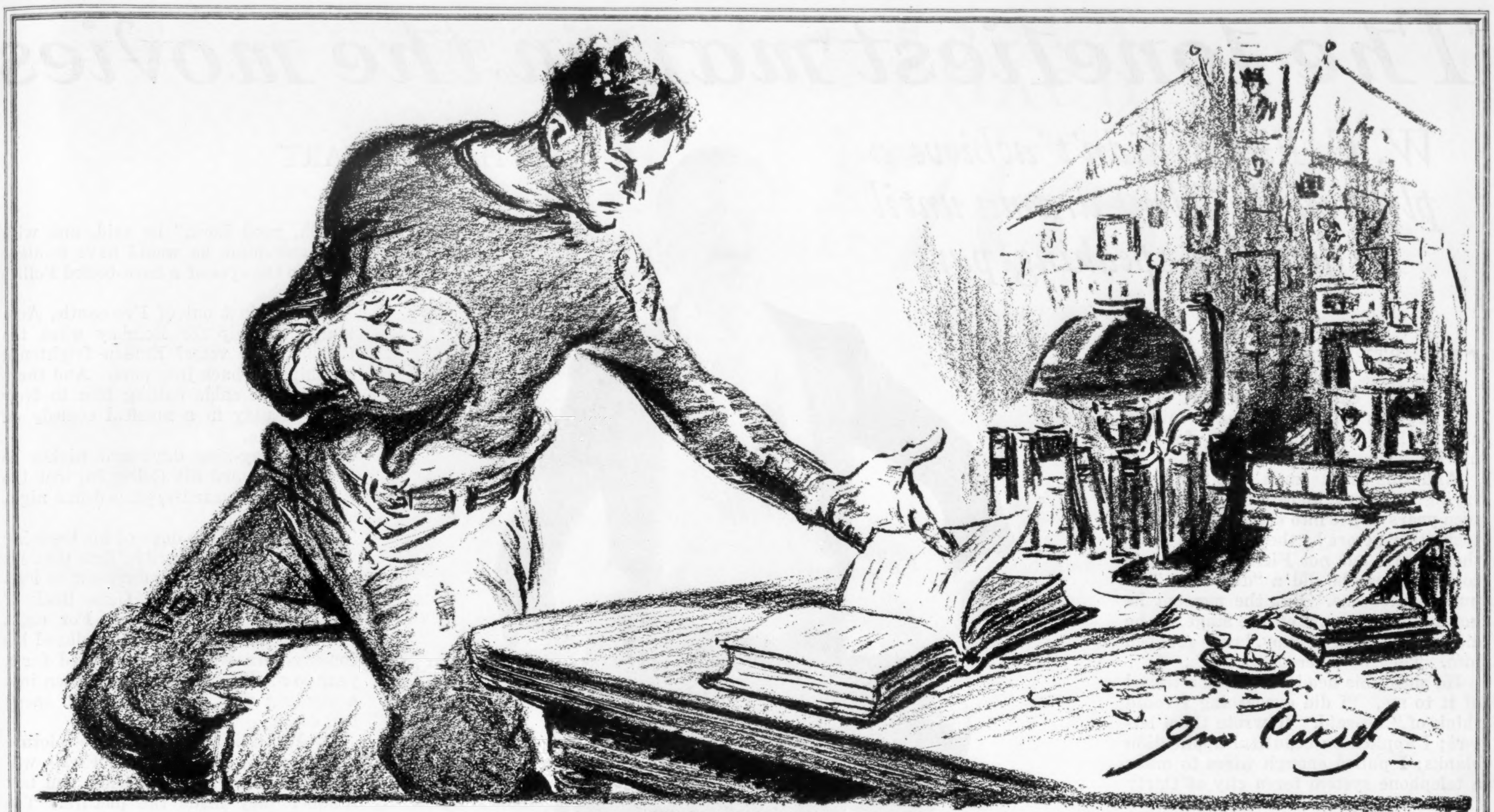
The economic appeal is not less cogent. France cannot pay in full, it is asserted, and therefore we should accept what is actually obtainable.

The flaw in this reasoning is that without some such inquiry as that made in Germany by the Dawes committee it is not easy to appraise accurately France's capacity to pay.

The debt must obviously be settled. So long as it remains an open issue it is poisonous. It is an ever-present menace to the recovery of France and a constant irritant to international good will.

The rational and just solution is to accept a settlement at an interest rate which is within France's capacity to pay. It would be a piece of impertinence for us to use these debts as a means of interfering with French politics. We have no more right to intervene in Morocco than France would have to question our policy toward the Philippines.

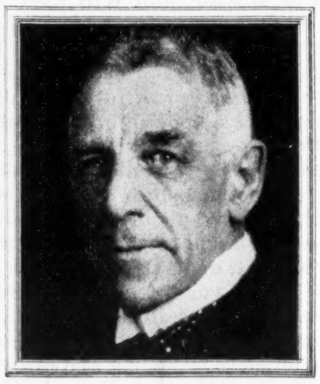
Let's have a settlement based on fair consideration of the facts and respect for the rights of a people so recently our comrades in arms.



Higher Education

Just a Bit Curious, Isn't It?

By EDWARD W. BOK



IT IS now 18 years ago that a company of distinguished Americans went to The Hague and said to a group of nations assembled there: "We have an idea for you. You may have heard of a Court that we have in America called The Supreme Court of the United States."

The nations all nodded. One nation commented: "The greatest tribunal ever set up in the world."

"Well," said the United States, "why not have a World Court like it and all the nations join it: a Permanent Court to which a nation can go if it has a difference, just as an individual or a corporation can go to our Supreme Court?"

The nations were impressed. But the idea was too new and a bit too large.

"Let's try another kind of a Court first," they said. So The Hague came to be.

"All right," said the United States, "better that than nothing. Let's all join." And everybody did, including the United States.

The Hague Court didn't work out, just as the United States knew it wouldn't. So eight years afterward, the United States tried its original idea on the world once more. This time the nations saw more clearly, and the plan was accepted. But agreement on how the judges were to be selected could not be reached. So once more the World Court came almost into being, but not quite.

The disputed point was referred to Elihu Root to work out. He did. So, once more, thirteen years afterward, America went back to The Hague—remember, please, for the third time. This time—in 1920—the war had been fought and the world had begun to see the greater need for such a Court. Mr. Root's statute was adopted, and, with a few slight changes, the plan was accepted. The World Court came into being.

"Mr. Root's World Court," some called it.

American to the core.

Now, mark this well:

And, incidentally, don't think this an allegory or a parable. It is a recital of actual facts. For 31 years the United States worked off and on to get over to the nations of the world its idea of a great Permanent Court.

Finally, when it did, the world said: "A great idea," and 48 nations in all joined it. The big nations too: Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands—all of them.

"Great," Theodore Roosevelt said when he was President.

"Splendid," said William Howard Taft when he was President.

"Fine," said Woodrow Wilson when he was President.

"Wonderful," said Warren G. Harding when he was President.

"Very needful," said Calvin Coolidge.

Five Presidents of the United States endorsed it. Naturally. Why shouldn't they? It was an American idea, and three of them had had a hand in it!

Then, what?

The United States didn't join the Court. It never has.

Mind you, after all the work of its own leading men whose conception it was: who outlined its plan: who suggested the Court's jurisdiction: who advocated, pressed and urged it for 26 years—ever since 1899!

And America not a member!

Disowning its own Court: its own child!

The world stood amazed.

Do you wonder?

It *is* just a bit curious, isn't it?

There is also another word for it.

The loneliest man in the movies

W. C. Fields didn't achieve a place in the silent drama until he found a speaking part

By HAROLD CARY

THIRTY or forty thousand dollars a *week* will probably be W. C. Fields' earnings next year. That figures roughly to over a million and a half, enormous even for the movies.

And this is the man who has been trying by every known means for fifteen years to get into the movies. They took other actors by the score and made them stars, but not Fields. It seemed to be because he did a "dumb act," or pure pantomime. But the moment he got a speaking part on the stage, as he did a year ago in "Poppy," they grabbed him. They discovered his voice.

He shook his head sadly as he talked of it to me. "I did everything I could think of," he said. "I wrote them letters; I applied on beautiful application blanks; I pulled enough wires to make a telephone system for a city of thirty thousand people; I made a million faces for them, at which they laughed happily. Yet they wouldn't have me because I was a pantomimist. I couldn't get a straight offer for the silent drama until I got a speaking part on the stage."

Now it's all different. All over the world they are hilarious over Fields' first motion picture. He has come to the great goal after twenty-five years of lonely wandering. After trouping all over the civilized world the magic wand of the movies has delivered Bill such a wallop on the shoulder that his whole frame is quivering.

For the past ten years he has been playing in the Ziegfeld Follies on Broadway—and still he couldn't get into the movies. Before that he was a vaudeville actor who did an act alone in front of the curtain. He juggled a set of balls plaintively, pathetically, humorously—made everyone laugh, and never said a word.

He used simple little movements of his hands, his shoulders, the corners of his mouth, eyes, eyebrows. He can carry on a conversation with a man who is stone deaf. He can tell jokes, make homely observations on life, make you sigh, bring tears to your eyes, all without a word. Another great pantomimist, Charlie Chaplin, was gathering in a fortune through the screen while the lonely Fields was doing his silent work before the drop curtain.

But where the big money is paid they didn't want Fields. They doubted his "screen personality." They left him to bring down the house wherever he was, on Broadway, at the Folies-Bergère in Paris, in Berlin, Milan, in Madrid. Columnists and critics raved about him. It has long been the smart thing to be appreciative of the merrymaking art of W. C. Fields. Movie magnates sent their stars to see him and learn new tricks. But they wouldn't listen to him, or when they did listen they ended by turning him down.

Lonely he has been, and still is—I think he is the loneliest man I ever saw. He has never forgotten the years on end when he trouped up and down this country and every other country where there is a theatre. And he had, as he played to the Follies audiences, the feeling in the back of his mind that the day would come when he would have to go back to his trouping again.

Globe-trouping? Never again. Fields will smash the filmers for a million and a half next year

But that fear is gone. He has busted clean into the movies like a bandit into a silk store, and they're all on their knees to him. He brought down the house with his first picture, in which he was not really starred. His second picture, in which he hasn't the chief star rôle either, is just released.

But from now on it will all be changed, for Bill is a "wow," a great success whose name is freely linked with Chaplin's.

He built well, this trouper, beginning when he was twelve years old. "I started to juggle three apples," he told me. "I meant to keep at it for a year, every day, but at the end of the year I was only fair, not good, so I took another year. And then I got a job in a vaudeville bill at five dollars a week near my home in Philadelphia."

In that first act, and on up the long grade, he used "gags" or patter while he juggled. He played circuit after circuit, from old-time burlesque up until he was booked at the greatest music hall of old-time New York: Koster & Bial's.

He had won then, twenty years ago, the greatest honor that could come to a trouper of those days.

What Makes Fields Funny?

IT WAS a short enough jump to European music-hall triumphs, where he was on for a month at a time in the capitals of Europe each summer. He was in Madrid when he got a cable asking him to come on to New York to play in "The Ham Tree" with McIntyre and Heath. He came and he stuck two years before he went back to trouping his "act in one," all over the world.

"One year I went west and lost a day. The next year I went east and won it back again," he grinned.

"Lonely?"

"Oh, good Lord," he said, and with his pantomime he would have brought tears to the eyes of a hard-boiled Follies audience.

He was just out of Fremantle, Australia, on ship for Bombay when the German war vessel Emden frightened all shipping back into port. And there he found a cable calling him to New York to play in a musical comedy on the big time.

For thirty-nine days and nights he traveled toward his Golconda, met the company in Syracuse, played one night and was fired.

Nevertheless the days of his trouping were over. That terrible jinx that hit him in Syracuse, forty days out of Fremantle, was done for: Gene Buck of the Follies sent for him. For eight years, from 1914 to 1922, he played his comedy turn with them, jumped for a year to another producer, and then into a straight play. His chance to speak had come.

D. W. Griffith bought the picture rights to the play in which Fields was working. He engaged Fields, and last summer they made the picture. The critics who saw it went wild. Audiences responded with laughs that shook their bodies (belly laughs they call 'em in stage parlance).

Another picture was begun at once. Producers began bidding for his contract. For Fields they are building up a unit like Thomas Meighan's and Gloria Swanson's. Chaplin welcomes him as an equal.

Fields can't speak any more German or French or Italian than Will Rogers can. He had to learn pantomime in order to play in Europe. He dropped the juggling for the sake of the freedom of gesture he needed, just as Will Rogers dropped his rope in order to be able to chew his gum faster.

What makes Fields funny? Never slapstick. He doesn't slip on a banana peel, throw a custard pie or hang by his knees out of an airplane. He is funny because you and I, and our relatives, the rest of the human race, are funny. He slightly caricatures us in our intimate troublous moments, most especially when we want so much to be strong and brave and courageous, and can't quite make it. He sees through our bluff and calls it. How that man should be able to play poker!

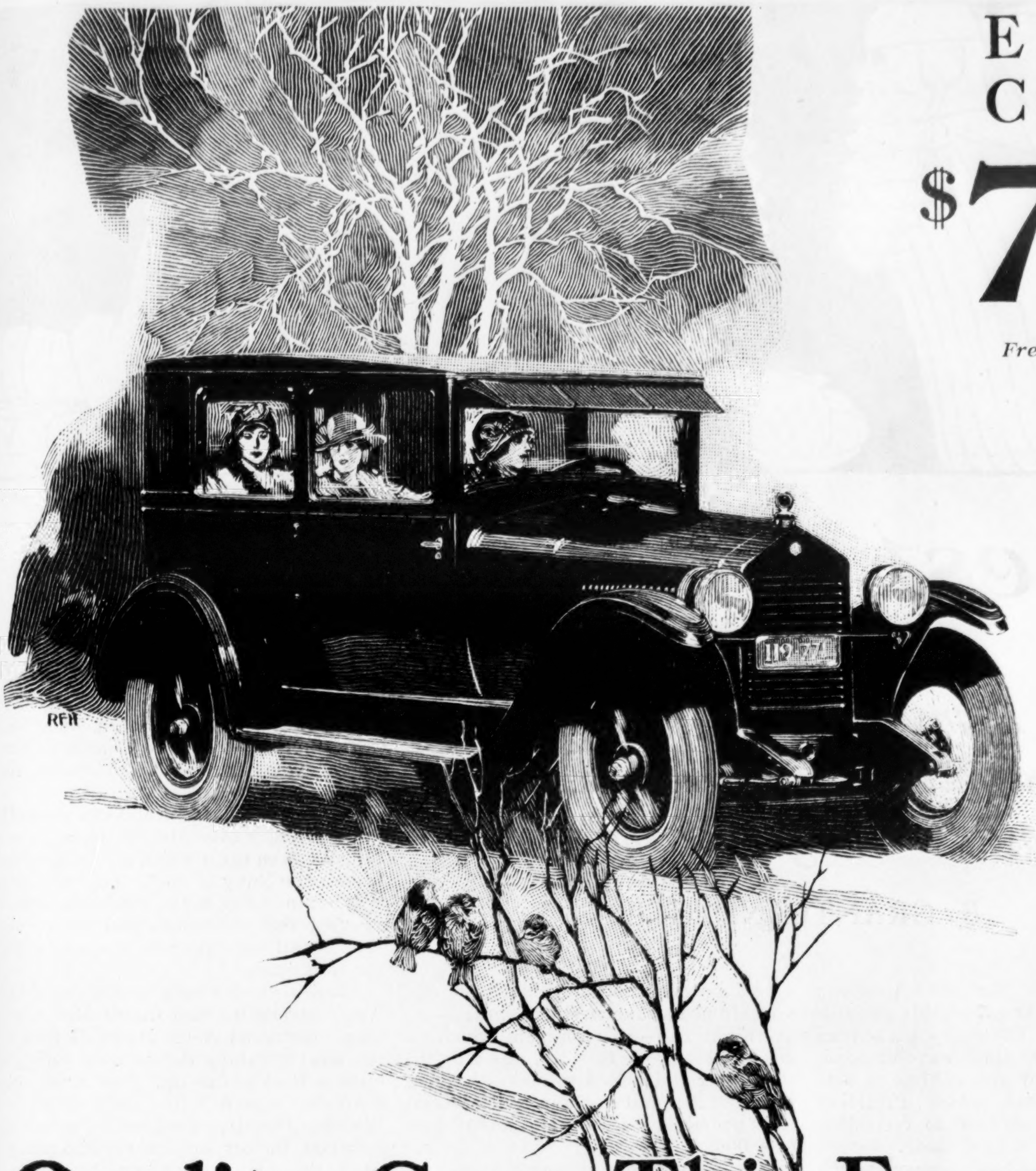
"In pantomime or in speaking parts," Fields said, "what gets the laughs is this: A bit of real, homely truth, action or words, developed to a surprise ending.

"Take this example: My daughter wants to throw a stone at a bad man. I stop her from throwing, shaking my head and giving her a little slap. My disapproval is complete. You think: 'That's right, she shouldn't throw a stone even at the villain.' Then I hand her a brick to throw. The bit of truth is that if you are going to strike better hit hard."

Fields was silent for a moment and then grinned at me again. "I think of myself and my dumb act," he said, "traveling the world alone and wanting what I couldn't get and then getting it when they found I had a voice. That line of mine that brings down the house always was true, wasn't it?"

"Which line?" I asked.

"Never give a sucker an even break," he answered.



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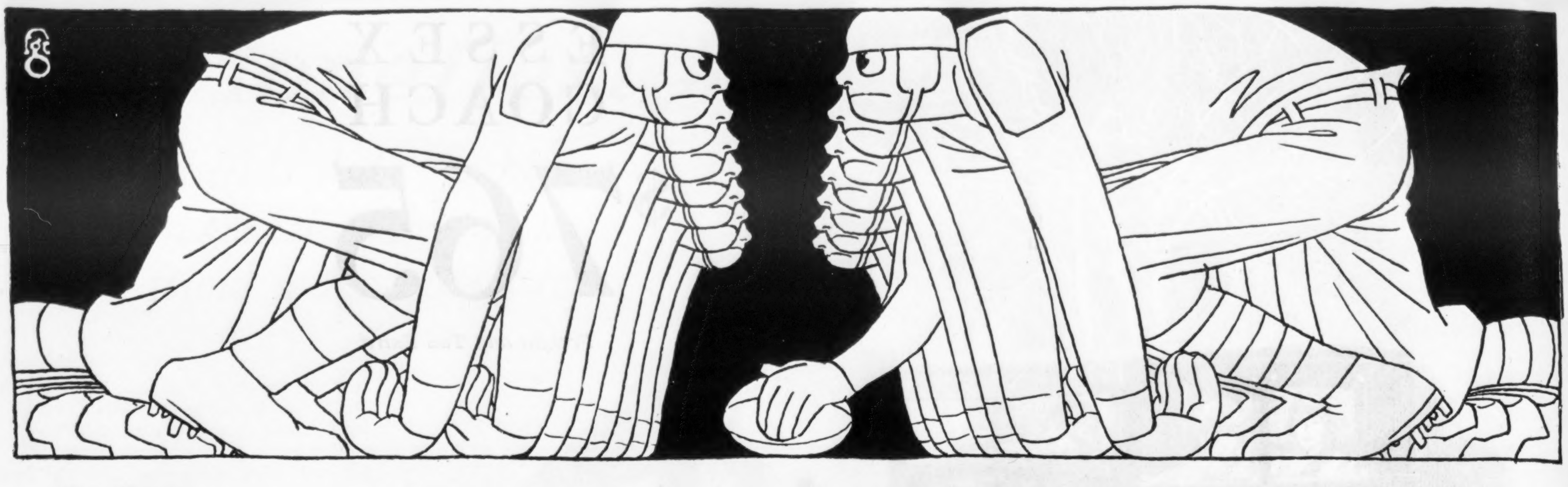


"The biggest show on earth"

Where Army mule meets Navy goat in a football battle royal you'll find our most thrilling gridiron classic

By GRANTLAND RICE

THERE was a day when the Big Top, which sheltered the elephants, the bareback riders, the trapeze performers, the menagerie and the sawdust of the three rings, was "the biggest show on earth."

The circus remains one of our most interesting institutions. But in the way of drama, action, color, dash, crowds, noise, music, competition, thrills, excitement, cheering and a whirling kaleidoscopic medley for the eye and the ear the Army and Navy football game now steps forward as the greatest of all the spectacles, the best of all the shows, the most vivid and the most spectacular ensemble in the world of sport.

This has been true in the past. It will be doubly true in the big game just ahead, when both teams come upon the field with the strongest line-ups they have known in many years, keyed up to the last twist for one of their hardest battles. If the vast stadium in which that game is to be played could seat 250,000 spectators there would still be at least 50,000 more who would either wait forlornly outside or else keep hopping right up to the last minute to secure one of the most coveted pieces of pasteboard ever printed. No other single spectacle in sport would draw such a crowd.

It is possible that a long ballyhooed heavyweight championship might be a close competitor, but it would be a drab thing in comparison. It is possible that two unbeaten Yale and Harvard teams, with their fifty or more years of tradition behind them, might produce equally impressive attendance figures, but even this would be doubtful.

For there is much more to this Army-Navy football duel than is to be found in a mere game.

The game itself will be one of the best played in one of the greatest of all seasons, with brilliant, well-coached material on each side; but many who witness it will get their biggest thrills on this one day of all days when service restraint is lifted a bit and lusty throats rend the shackles of discipline.

Just twenty years ago football's fate hung in the balance. Injuries under the old game had started a cross-country cry for its abolition. Columbia, California, Stanford and other great universities had stopped the game, and, just as the tidal wave was about to break and sweep the country, General Palmer E. Pierce, representing the Army, sent out the announcement that West Point would play football if it was played nowhere else in the world—that West Point believed in football as a worthwhile game for the American youth. And the Army, on this proposition, stood pat. The Navy backed up this stand, and the tidal wave of opposition was checked just in time to permit the conference which President Roosevelt called later on to formulate changes which were soon made.

It was Army and Navy support which helped to make football possible and led to one of the greatest of all competitions and one of the most beautiful of all the spectacles to be found amid the pageantries of modern existence.

There have been suggestions from time to time that the big annual battle be played in Chicago or some other large city of the Middle West. The suggestion has been made on the ground that West Point and Annapolis belong to the country at large and not exclusively to one section of the northeastern seaboard.

Expense and Risk too Great

WHEN this proposition was put up to Army and Navy officials just one vital barrier was found: the loss of time in the transportation of cadets and midshipmen to any place that is more than a short journey from West Point and Annapolis.

An Army-Navy game without the cadets and the midshipmen would lose most of its purpose, its character, and its color. The game belongs to West Point and Annapolis students as well as to the teams. It is one of the big events in many lives which are largely given over to routine and discipline. The enormous expense and the risk involved in transporting 3,500 cadets and midshipmen as far west as Chicago—an overnight run—is a problem which no one has been able to solve. Few of the students could afford to make the long trip, and it would cost any civic association promoting the game more than $100,000.

This annual contest between the two service schools has made more than its share of heroes in the past. One might go back to the day when Charley Daly, the former Harvard star, ran wild against the Navy in one of the greatest games of his career. Then there was the great forward-passing combination of Pritchard and Merillat which upset the Navy defense in one of the best of all the Army-Navy games.

The Navy in turn has not forgotten the two winning performances of big Jack Dalton, who beat the Army twice in succession, nor such stars as Douglas, Dague, Barchet and others who rose to great heights.

It was in his first Army-Navy game that Elmer Oliphant hurdled up and down the field, an almost unstoppable charger on play after play. Last fall it was the big artillery toe of Ed Garbisch, the Army center, that sank the fleet at Baltimore before 80,000 onlookers. Garbisch kicked four field goals, a record for an Army-Navy game.

There was an early indication this fall that this year's game would be the greatest of all Army-Navy games. The Navy, with Jack Owsley of Yale in charge, had fine, experienced material with which to start the season.

The big line, headed by the powerful Lentz at guard, could give support to the backfield which included such men as Shapley, Flippen, Hamilton and others who knew how to carry the ball.

There was indication of Navy strength in the victory over Marquette, a strong Mid-Western team which a year ago had beaten the Navy 21 to 3. This strength was again shown in the Princeton game, proving that Annapolis had one of the best of all the Navy teams ready for the first charge.

There was no longer any questioning Army strength when Coach McEwen's team smothered Notre Dame 27 to 0 in the most crushing defeat ever inflicted upon a Rockne line-up. The Army began the season with such stars as Wilson, Hewitt, Yeomans, Saunders, Sprague, Baxter and others, who put as much sheer man power on the field as any team in the game. Even the absence of the great center trio, Garbisch, Farwick and Ellinger, did not prove to be a crushing blow.

Undoubtedly this was one of the best of all the Army teams, a hard-charging aggregation that knew football, able to cope on even terms with any team in sight.

Intensity of Contest Unsurpassed

NATURALLY this exceptional Army-Navy strength added something to the general public interest and excitement, causing a rush for tickets beyond anything ever known.

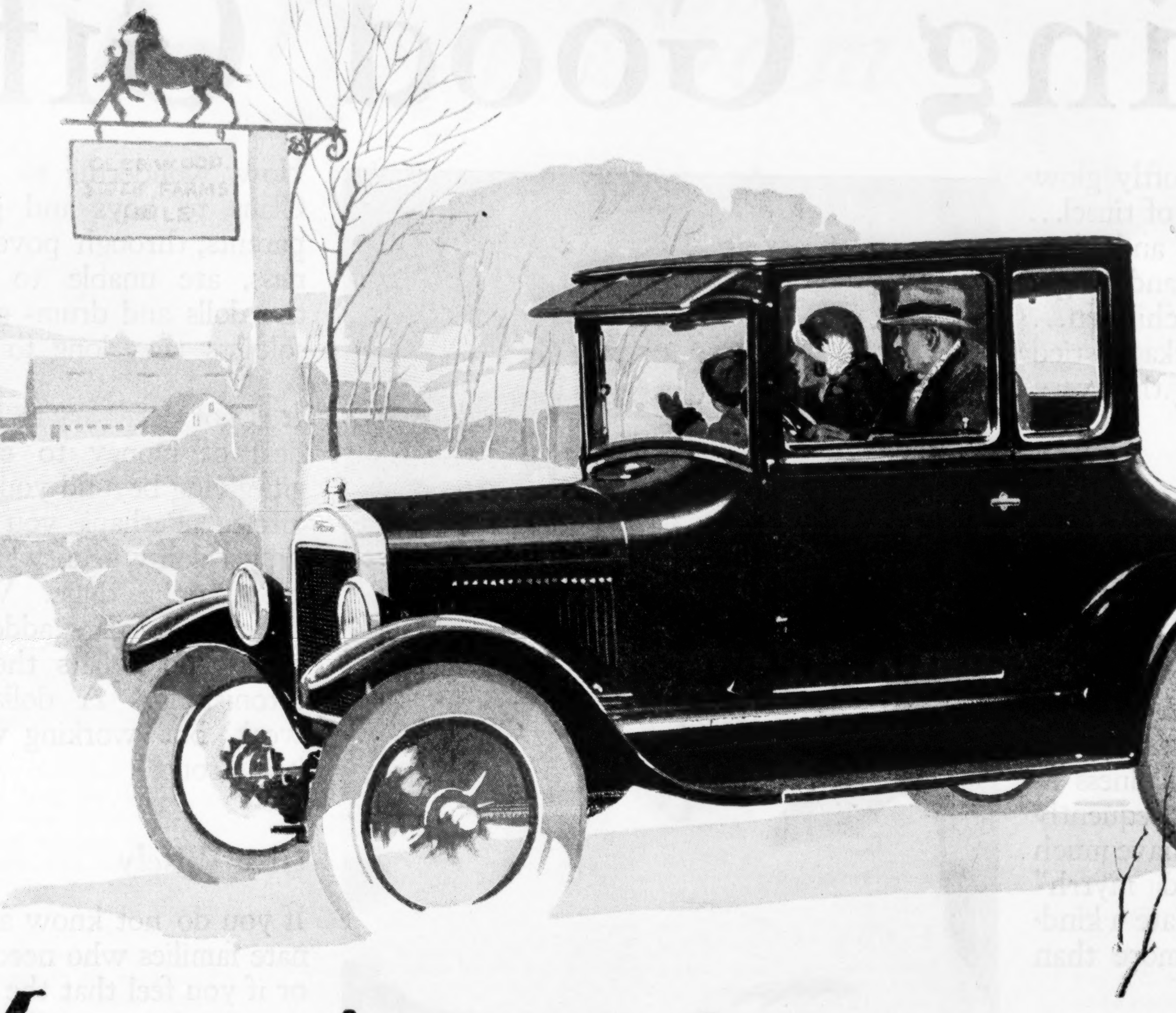
The public has at last begun to understand that the intensity of contest in this game surpasses anything else in sport. There have been times when this intensity of spirit has hurt the play, but the runner who makes any ground in this game has to earn every inch. The ferocity of the tackling is unsurpassed. Yet this ferocity never reaches the point of bitterness or unfair play. It is war while it lasts, and only the fit can survive. But there is no sting in its aftermath.

But there is nothing quite like an Army-Navy game, when the entire ensemble is considered—the battle itself between two strong, hard-fighting teams, the parade before the game, the deafening blare of music accompanying rival songs and the most unearthly of all vocal rackets, where the rolling thunder of noise is like nothing ever heard on land or sea.

Here is contest lifted to the highest point in all that goes to make an unsurpassable spectacle.

Collier's Twenty-seventh All-America Football Team will be selected by Grantland Rice. It will appear in an early issue

Thanksgiving Day games are on page 46



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Good looks, ease of handling, adaptability to all conditions and needs, and unfailing reliability—in short, everything you have hoped for—are offered now in greater measure, in the latest Ford cars. And the prices are the lowest ever made. ℂAs a car for personal or business use you cannot ask for one more satisfactory than the Ford Coupe. Finished in deep green, with nickeled radiator, it is unusually attractive—a car you will long be proud to own. Buy now for winter enjoyment. ℂAll Authorized Ford Dealers will gladly show you the many new and advantageous changes that have been made in all Ford cars.

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Color: Channel Green. Upholstery to harmonize. All-steel body. Polished nickel radiator and lamp rims. One-piece plate glass windshield; plate glass door windows with rotary lifters. Unusually large capacity rear deck. Closed end sun-visor of new design. Fuel tank under cowl. Standard equipment includes windshield wiper, rear-view mirror, dash lamp, starter, demountable rims, and four cord tires.

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THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Giving Good Gifts

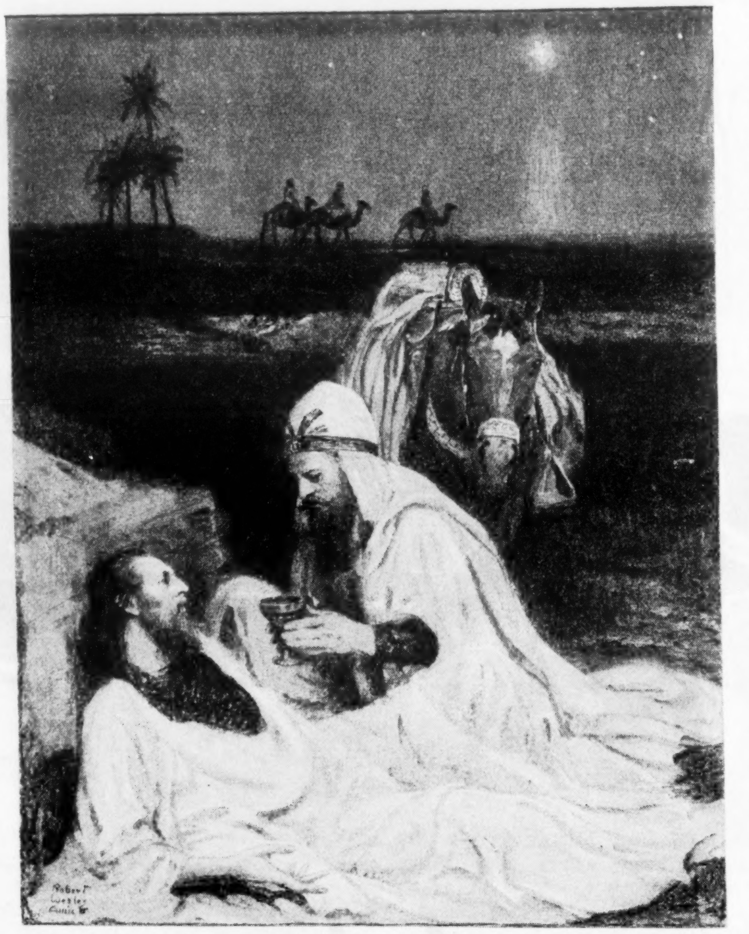
CHRISTMAS!—Softly glowing lights...ropes of tinsel... glittering globes of gold and silver ...music of voices, gay and laughing...joyous shouts of children... mounds of snowy packages tied with festive ribbons...the very symbol of Christmas!

What a lovely thing it is—the Christmas spirit—that prompts men and women to forget self and open hearts and purses that others may be made happy. But sometimes that very spirit—beautiful as it is—sweeps one into gift-giving which is embarrassing. In our efforts to spread gladness as far as we can reach we frequently send gifts to those who have much "gold, frankincense and myrrh" and who would appreciate a kindly Christmas thought more than an expensive gift.

When well and happy we are apt to forget the sick and suffering and needy—men and women and little children to whom Christmas has brought nothing but heartbreak and hopes denied, whose lives, drab at best, are made even more dreary by contrast with the gladness and cheer of the Yuletide season.

Try a New Plan this Year

This Christmas, give good gifts—not as custom dictates, but as your heart prompts. Give lavishly as your means will permit. Give to those you love and those to whom your gift will bring gladness. Give as far and as widely as you can. But in your giving set apart something—a little or much—for those who are in *need* of Christmas gifts.



At the Wayside

In a beautiful Christmas story, we are told of a Fourth Wise Man who was turned from his high purpose of bearing offerings to the new-born King by a compelling impulse to help the suffering at the wayside. Yet in the end was his honor all the greater. The allegory is plain:—the worthy desire to give costly gifts to those we love should not keep us from helping the unfriended and the needy.

How wonderful to play Santa Claus to boys and girls whose parents, through poverty or sickness, are unable to give them the dolls and drums and wooden soldiers they long to have!

It is not necessary to have a great deal of money to extend your gift-giving beyond your immediate circle. Perhaps you can spare only a dollar, or a twenty-five-cent piece, or a dime. When your dime or dollar is added to other dimes and dollars the amount is astonishing. A dollar alone is weak, but working with others it is strong.

Give Wisely

If you do not know any unfortunate families who need your help, or if you feel that the amount you can give is too small to be of use, give to one of the many well-organized relief and welfare societies. They are in a position to investigate needy cases and will use your money to do the greatest amount of good. They supply warm clothing, they furnish nourishing dinners and distribute toys to eager youngsters who have written confidingly to Santa Claus. It is impossible to calculate the good which these charitable agencies do in giving new hope and cheer to those sick in spirit and in body. They need your help.

—This Christmas, give good gifts—the gifts of happiness and cheer and encouragement. When you are making merry around your tree know the joy of feeling that others are having a brighter Christmas because you have given from your heart.

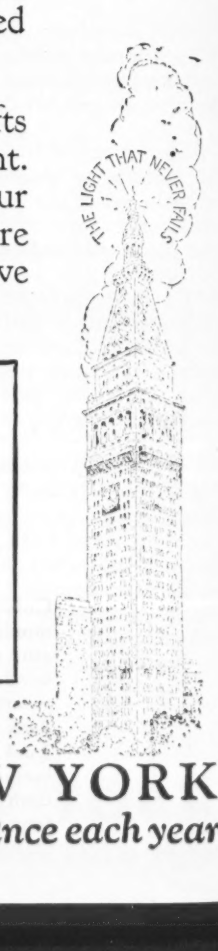
You who are well and happy this Christmas—who are looking forward to a day of gladness spent with your dear ones—won't you help spread cheer and comfort among those stricken with Tuberculosis?

All over the world today are thousands and thousands of sufferers from Tuberculosis. In this country alone it is estimated that there are 1,000,000 men, women and children afflicted with this dread disease.

Christmas Seals help to support more than 600 hospitals and sanatoria, with nearly 70,000 beds; more than 600 clinics and dispensaries; 3,000 open-air schools, fresh air classes and outdoor camps for children predisposed to Tuberculosis; 10,000 nurses who are giving treatment and health instruction.

The cheery little Christmas Seals which are used to fight Tuberculosis offer an instance of useful giving. Whether your income is $50,000, $5,000 or $500 a year —here is a definite way to help others. Won't you do this simple, gracious thing—buy at least a dollar's or a dime's worth of Christmas Seals? They cost only a penny apiece. Others, seeing your Seals may be reminded to join in the noble work of fighting the Great White Plague.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Published by

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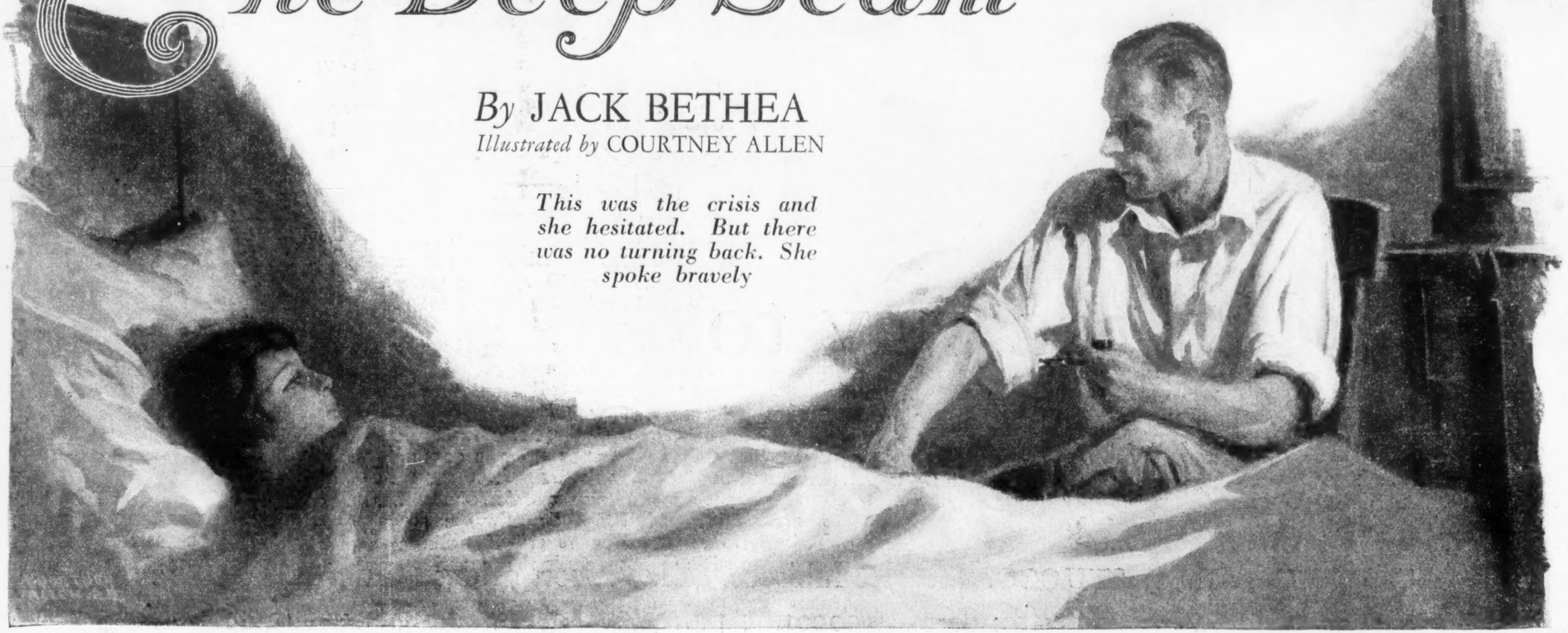
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

The Deep Seam

By JACK BETHEA

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN



This was the crisis and she hesitated. But there was no turning back. She spoke bravely

The Story Thus Far:

AFTER three years of an unhappy marriage, Christine Bennett returns to Ivanhoe, the West Virginia mining town where her father works. Girard Selden, the harsh and domineering young superintendent of the mine, had been instrumental in having Clem Bennett, Christine's husband, blacklisted in several states so that it had become impossible for him to get a job. Clem deserted Christine. Before her marriage she had sensed that Selden was in love with her though he had never declared himself.

Selden now takes the attitude that he has saved her from a disagreeable fate. Christine's one idea is to humble Selden. To be near him she asks Selden to help her in making herself independent. He offers her a job as his secretary. She soon becomes expert, but her plans are completely upset by a disastrous accident in the camp. Though the company officially exonerates Selden of all blame, Selden holds himself responsible and is completely broken. He resigns. Christine goes to see him before he leaves Ivanhoe and is filled with compassion for him.

Two years later Christine discovers that Selden is working as a contractor in Marengo, a mining town in Alabama. She goes to Mallory Kent of the company which owns the camps at Ivanhoe and Marengo and asks for coöperation in bringing Selden back to the life where he belongs. Kent promises aid and takes Christine next day to Marengo, where she is installed in a cottage ostensibly as the wife of a miner about to arrive. She is under the protection of the superintendent, a surly soul who knows she is in the employ of the company. Disguised as a miner Christine gets a job as powder man with Selden.

Clem Bennett happens to come to Marengo with three other men working on some crooked game. He discovers that both Selden and Christine are there, though neither of them knows he is. He swears that he is going to get Selden. He grows friendly with the company's special policeman, who secures for him a suit of miner's clothes, and a spyglass so that he can spy on Selden and Christine around their cottages.

GRADUALLY Christine came to realization that her work underground was finished. She had learned all that she could in her present guise, and she felt that it was enough. Now she must go to the surface, resume her proper character, and carry out the plan her observation had told her was necessary.

She was reluctant to go because it would involve leaving the mine. Christine loved the soft darkness with the murmurous background of indefinable sound; the steady rush of air that never varied and the multitudinous smells of the underground. But she knew that she must give it up, and on her knees beside the battery she spoke of it regretfully to Selden while they waited for shooting time.

"Boss, guess you'd better see 'bout gettin' another powder monkey," she began.

Selden seemed indifferent. "Suit yourself. Got the itching foot again?"

"Somethin' like that. Anyway, I craves to move on, an' I've learnt from experience that when I gits that feelin' the onliest thing I kin do is git. So I'm gittin'."

Selden looked at his watch and snapped it shut. "All right. You've been pretty good, but when you tramps get the yearning for another place there's no stopping you. I'll give you your time checks Saturday if you want them. Ready?"

Christine nodded.

Selden stiffened and raised his face a little. Christine pressed the wire to the battery terminal and there was the faint puff of air and the muffled thumps of the explosions. Selden relaxed and looked at Christine.

"All right. Let's go up."

Christine disconnected the battery from the master wire and lifted it to carry it back into their entry. They had been in the main heading.

Near one of the pillars Christine was halted by a crisp order from Selden: "Wait before you go in there!"

He came to her side and lifted his head to listen. Above them Christine heard a faint creaking, a tinkling crack: thin, elusive.

Selden did not move forward. "Water working on the rock," he explained. "I don't like that. Wait a minute."

He stepped cautiously forward under the low roof and came back in a minute from the working face with a metal scraper. He stepped slowly, light-footed like a cat, ready for a spring in any direction. He lifted his light to survey the roof.

"Stand further back," he ordered.

Instinctively Christine felt the danger. Instead of moving away, however, she came nearer. Selden, his eyes intent on the roof, did not see her.

"We can't leave the roof like this," he said, throwing his light full on the rock and peering at the crevices for signs of a fresh break. "This will have to be timbered before we go up."

STILL intent on the roof, Selden lifted the scraper and tapped the rock lightly. It gave back a solid ring. "That's all right," he muttered. "Where is that crack?" Again he tapped lightly. The sound was hollow. "Ah, here it is!" said Selden and tapped again.

Over his head there was an ominous crack. Christine cried out and instead of leaping backward sprang toward him with some idea of being with him. There was the tinkling clatter of falling rock fragments. Selden looked up and saw her.

"You damn' fool!" he roared and jumped at her. Confused, Christine stood still.

Simultaneously there was a tearing sound from the roof. Rock fell about her. A heavy body struck her, and she pitched backward into darkness.

Christine came back to consciousness and pain. Selden was squatted beside her, his lamp on a huge flake of rock. She lay almost under it. Selden held her wrists. She writhed away from him and moaned: "My leg! Oh, my leg!"

CHRISTINE got from Selden a monosyllabic account of the accident in the mine. In short sentences he had told of bringing her to the surface. He had carried her to his own house and himself had set her broken leg.

Christine did not speak immediately. He seemed very remote, more remote even than when they had been together in the mine and he had known her only as Jim Driscoll. She marshaled her thoughts.

"The time has come for explanation," she said at last, and Selden nodded.

"I want you to come back and take your rightful place. I've seen what you are doing here. It is not worthy of you or what you can do. Don't waste yourself."

Selden's voice was bewildered. "But I don't understand."

"Understand what?"

"All this—solicitude. After two years you suddenly appear here. You violate every mining law. You defy the customs of the men. You masquerade. You place me in a position where I am forced to be a party to what you do. And you tell me that you—you want me to come back to Ivanhoe. You are a little late."

There was logic in what he said. She *was* late! Only honesty would serve her here. She spoke slowly:

"What you say is true. I shall not attempt to defend myself, but only to explain. Can you look at things from my point of view for a moment? I was bitter in Ivanhoe, and I did not realize the immensity of what you did for me. My mind was wholly occupied with what you had done and not what you were doing after—after you left. I realized that I had been—that I did not know myself."

Selden leaned toward her. She thrilled as she looked and saw the deep-rooted fatalism of the mine man shining in his eyes.

"Listen to me!" Selden's voice was low and tense. "I've waited and tried to be patient. Every day for two years I've listened for my call. The men of Ivanhoe must be growing impatient. I don't understand why the mine has waited. It wants me. It has marked me for its own. It meant to get me that day at Ivanhoe, but something slipped. But the mine will get me. I'm waiting and there's nothing you can do—nor anyone. I wouldn't if I could. It would be cheating. I won't be a cheater! The men I sent to death at Ivanhoe are waiting for me. And I want to go! You talk of help after two years!"

Abruptly Christine changed her tone. She would now try the spur. "Will you sit down and accept that? Aren't you going to make a fight? You are young. You have opportunity. How do you know that you are meant to die? Isn't there a possibility of mistake? Was it your fault? The Continental does not think so. It would intrust men's lives to you again."

THERE was something disquieting in his eyes as he looked straight at her. "How do you know?"

"Mr. Kent told me before I came down here."

"Are you here for the Continental?"

"Yes."

"They want me to be superintendent at Ivanhoe again?"

"The place was not discussed. Mr. Kent said that you were not at fault at Ivanhoe and that they wanted you back. You are too good a man to waste, he said."

Selden smiled cynically. "Yes, I suppose so. I made money for the Continental. They'll overlook a lot in a man who does that. And so they sent you into the mine?"

"No. That was my idea. They didn't know what I was going to do. They were interested only in results."

It was not until Selden spoke again that Christine realized her mistake. She had not seen him stiffen at Kent's name.

"I begin to understand now," he said.

She stared (*Continued on page 34*)

Will you find the way to *your* Spanish Garden?

CREAM STUCCO. Scarlet hibiscus. Black iron grilles. High above, the whispering fronds of a coconut palm. A great red jar in the corner. A table set for luncheon on the cool, tiled floor. A brilliant splotch of sun on the wall. *Your* Spanish garden? Why not? . . . You can have a home in Coral Gables in the picturesque manner of old Seville, decorated in perfect taste, with a garden that takes you back to the days of Spanish domain. It will cost you no more than an ordinary home on a dingy city street *—and its value must increase as the city plan matures.*

CORAL GABLES is being built according to a plan designed by famous architects, not by politicians. Every home, club, hotel or business building must conform in architecture and planting to this plan that carries on the Spanish traditions of this old Spanish colony. While the city plan progresses, while the University of Miami is building, while the private schools and country clubs are breaking ground for their new buildings—property values advance. And so many substantial projects are under way that such an advance should reasonably continue for many years.

Will You Share in This Prosperity?

Home-builders from every state in the Union are erecting hundreds of houses that stabilize present values, and form a solid base for even greater affluence. You may buy but a single plot, or you may build an estate adjoining the new Miami-Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables. But you cannot escape your share in the general prosperity that must attend the steady growth of Miami and its environs. Thousands of people have attained financial independence. It is *your* turn now. For the tide of prosperity has only begun to rise.

The Coupon Brings You Rex Beach's Dramatic Story—Free

REX BEACH has written a book about the miracle of Coral Gables. Send for it. Better still, come and see for yourself. Let us tell you about the special trains and steamships that we run at frequent intervals to Coral Gables. If you should take one of these trips, and should buy property at Coral Gables, the cost of your transportation will be refunded upon your return. Sign and mail the coupon—*now!*

Your Opportunity

Coral Gables property has been steadily rising in value. Some of it has shown a 100 per cent increase *every year.* Roger Babson says that Florida offers the greatest opportunity for money-making of all the states. Yet building plots in Coral Gables may now be secured by a moderate initial payment. These plots, for homes or businesses, are offered in a wide range of prices, which include all improvements such as streets, street lighting, electricity and water. Twenty-five per cent is required in cash, the balance will be distributed in convenient payments over a period of three years.

The Facts About Coral Gables

Coral Gables is a city, adjoining the city of Miami itself. It is incorporated, with a commission form of government. It is highly restricted. It occupies about 10,000 acres of high, well-drained land. It is four years old. It has 100 miles of wide paved streets and boulevards. It has seven hotels completed or under construction. It has 45 miles of white-way lighting and 50 miles of intersectional street lighting. It has 6½ miles of beach frontage. Two golf courses are now completed, two more are building. A theatre is almost completed. Two country clubs, a military academy, public schools, and a college for young women are now in actual use. More than one thousand homes have already been erected, another thousand now under construction. Thirty million dollars have been expended in development work. Additional plans call for at least twice that amount. Seventy-five million dollars worth of property has already been bought in Coral Gables.

Mr. John McEntee Bowman is now building the ten-million-dollar hotel, country club and bathing casino in Coral Gables to be known as the Miami-Biltmore Group. The Miami-Biltmore Hotel will be opened about January, 1926. Coral Gables will also contain these buildings and improvements, all of which will be completed within a few years:

The $15,000,000 University of Miami, the $500,000 Mahi Temple of the Mystic Shrine, a $1,000,000 University High School, a $150,000 Railway Station, a Stadium, a Conservatory of Music, magnificent new entrances and plazas, and other remarkable projects.

CORAL GABLES CORPORATION CL-33
Administration Building
Coral Gables, Miami, Florida

Please send me Rex Beach's story on the miracle of Coral Gables. I understand that this places me under no obligation.

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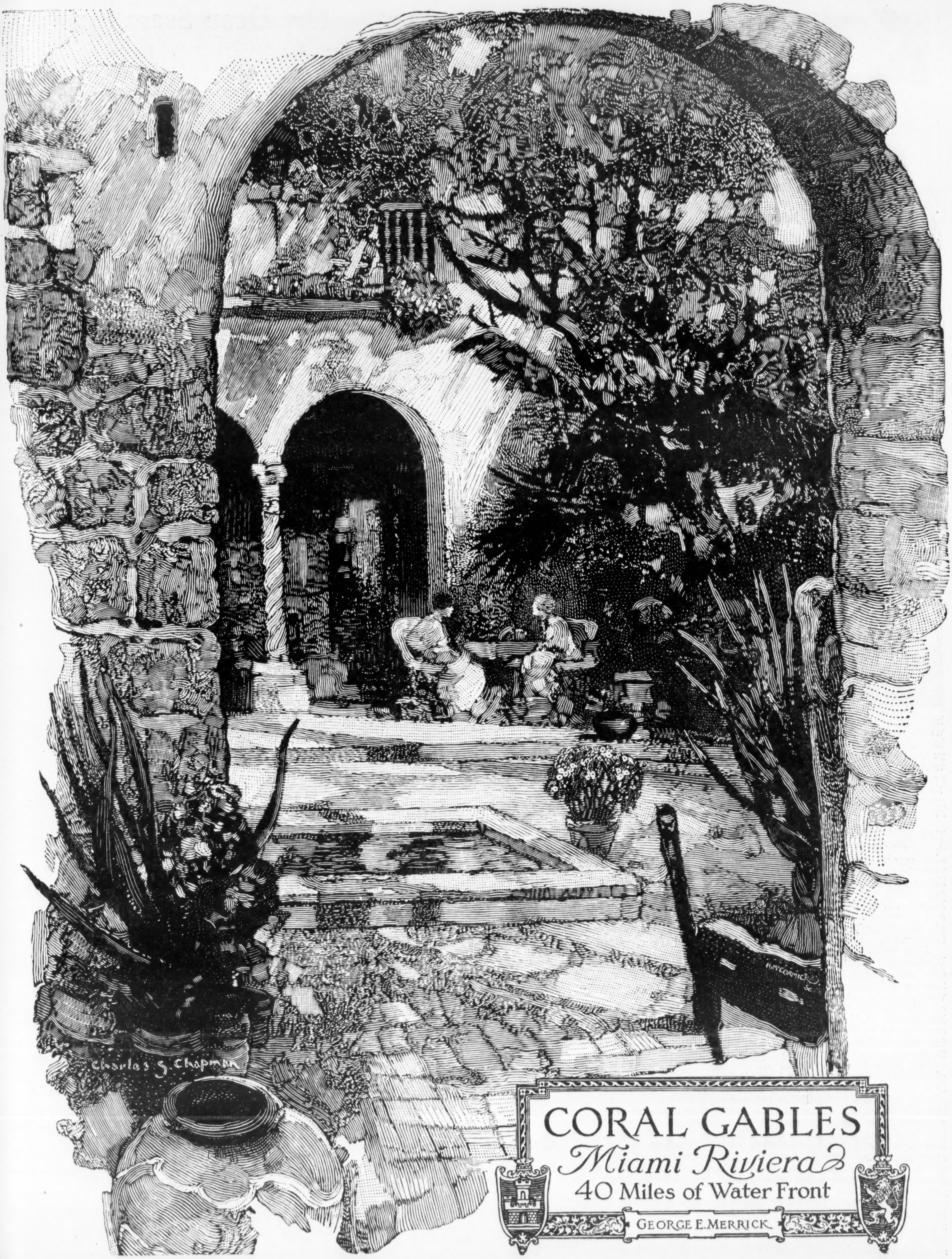
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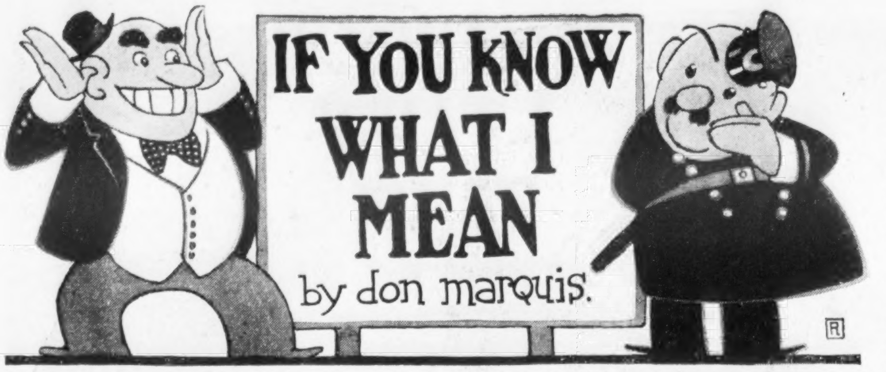


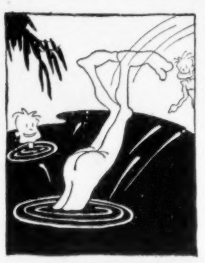
IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

by don marquis

IS THERE left, anywhere in America, an old-fashioned country town? A real country town? I don't mean something that is like a city suburb, sophisticated and slicked up, and all full of modern doodads, with golf links around the turn of the road and modern plumbing in the houses and boosters' clubs and radio sets and improvement societies of various sorts and community spirit, and . . .

Well, maybe you know what I am yearning for. The game of horseshoes out in front of the livery and feed stables. The game of checkers in the carpenter shop. The kids that used to chin themselves on the joists in the blacksmith shop. The five Civil War veterans sitting in front of the Palace Hotel, spitting tobacco juice at the knot holes in the wooden sidewalk.

The circus coming to town, not by way of the railroad, but in the early morning up the dusty pike, led by the largest elephant in captivity and greeted with barks and shouts by every dog and boy in town. The dramatic company—Kirby's Komedy Kompany—which played "Capitola, or The Hidden Hand," "Tony, the Convict, or The Outcast's Daughter," "Hazel Kirke," "The Phœnix, or Risen From the Ashes," "The Mountain Pink," and always, always, always, on Saturday evening, by special request, that sterling drayma "East Lynne"—after which the drawing for the lamp took place.



The swimming hole in the woods at the edge of town, where you went in plumb nekkid! I haven't seen a country town in five years where even the boys weren't wearing bathing suits. It is an outrage—bathing suits! It is nonsense. You can *bathe* in a bathing suit, I grant you. But when you are goin' in swimmin' you don't want anything on.

I HAVEN'T seen a country town in years that wasn't cluttered up with airplanes overhead and automobiles underfoot and furnaces and electric lights and gas ranges and phonographs and radio sets and bathrooms in the houses. What I want is a buggy ride and a tune on a parlor organ and a look at the album on the center table.

And choir practice on Wednesday evenings, instead of a jazz orchestra broadcasting itself. And girls somewhere that don't dress just exactly like all the girls on Broadway. And a stereopticon instead of a moving-picture show. And a mess of bullheads out of the crick.

And hired men and hired girls instead of servants, and somebody that would tell you to go to hell if you offered him a tip. Milk in tin pails instead of bottles, brought around by a freckled boy with warts on his hands and so recently from the cow that it is still warm, and horses and dogs and even cows that were personal friends and nodded to you in the street. Great guns! It has been more than thirty years since I had a stone bruise or smoked grapevines or heard anyone recite "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night" or stole a watermelon or let loose a garter snake at a chicken-pie sociable at the parsonage or bet a chum a kerneelyan marble he wouldn't dast go up to the mercy seat at the revival meeting to-night or helped build a dam in the crick for the baptizings or slipped a rubber overshoe in the big stove in the schoolhouse or hung a May basket on the front doorknob of a house where lived a girl with yellow pigtails or poked cigar butts through the lockup window to a tramp in the calaboose or blew up a hog's bladder to make a football or—or—

But I am getting sentimental. Maybe old Doc Hokum, the perfessor with the Indian Medicine Show, still visits favored villages and lectures upon how the secret of the world-famous remedy for man and beast was divulged years ago upon the Western plains to a cowboy who saved the life of a big chief's favorite daughter—this wonderful remedy which contains absolutely no deleterious ingredients but is compounded from juniper berries, buchu leaves and the bark of the wild cohosh.

Maybe there are still county fairs where one can see under a glass case the remains of the world-famed devil child, with hoofs and horns and barbed tail eight inches long, which was born into the family of an astonished plumber of Cleveland, Ohio, gentlemen, a plumber who had repeatedly asserted that he was a follower of Robert Ingersoll. Maybe there are still town halls where local talent, working for the benefit of the temperance society, perform Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works. Maybe. I haven't been able to find them. Not for years. When I leave New York City I find only villagers who are far more up-to-date than I am. Is all America become one vast suburb, smeared over from fetlock to toupee with some damn thing called modernity?

I GATHER from my acquaintances that this world is exceedingly disappointing in some of its phases. And I partly agree with them. But where would you move to?

A girl who is continually telling what rotten tricks all the other girls put across on her at times seldom seems to realize that she is spilling autobiography.

Staid, orderly, methodical, dry people are not especially hilarious company, but they usually have a stamp when you need one.

There is no more swift and easy way to go to hell than to attempt to live according to the dictates of someone else's conscience.

So many scandalous stories get tacked on successful men that one wonders how they had time to be successful.

A very convincing public speaker does not always get it across with his wife.

What has become of the old-fashioned conversationalist who used to say, "The question arises in my mind . . ."?

When a woman talks all the time about her "personality" it is pretty safe to bet that it isn't any more native to her than her complexion.

The Deep Seam

Continued from page 31

at his tone. "What do you mean?"

He laughed, and it hurt her. "Your—interest—solicitude—your desire for me to come back to Ivanhoe."

She was bewildered by his sudden change of manner. "I don't see—"

He spoke quite pleasantly. "I thought for a moment all this was personal. Amusing, was it not? It grows plainer. Kent, eh? And the Continental? I see how you were able to get into the mine. Things were made smooth for you. And how, may I ask, would it benefit you if I came back to Ivanhoe?"

Christine shook her head wordlessly. Could this be the end of her appeal? She must have bungled. Selden was speaking again in velvety tones:

"If you do this work that has been assigned you, how will you benefit? What will it mean to you?"

Christine looked at him incredulously. "You think I am here because of that!"

SELDEN spread his hands. "I judge you by your own words. What will it mean to you if you succeed?"

Christine considered. Should she tell him? She felt confused, buffeted; the change had been so paralyzingly sudden that it dazed her. She could not think. Selden was speaking again:

"Come! Be honest! Let's see if you can play fairly. What did Kent offer you to do this?"

"He offered me nothing. I went to him"—Selden shrugged disbelievingly—"and asked him to help. Afterward—" she paused reluctantly. Selden pressed her.

"Yes? Afterward?" he asked politely.

Christine would not equivocate. "Afterward he said—he said there was to be a place for me in his department."

Selden looked at her, and his eyes chilled. She dropped her fingers from her face. It was wan, but if he felt compunction he hid it.

"I am very sorry," he said formally, "that I cannot help you. You ask more than is possible."

"Yes. I daresay that is true in a way, but not as you think. I was late, but I finally—"

Selden interrupted, his voice formal, his manner chill: "We will not speak of this again." She flushed at his tone and closed her lips with an inward reservation. Selden was looking down in thought. He raised his eyes at last. "This will be difficult for you, but you must make the best of it."

Christine lifted a hand to her head. "I—I must be stupid. My head is confused after last night. I should know what you mean, but I don't."

Selden explained patiently: "Remaining in this house with me. You must stay here until you recover sufficiently to care for yourself."

Christine lay with closed eyes. Her heart leaped at his words. There was nothing in the world she desired so greatly as to remain in Selden's home; cared for by him; constantly in his thoughts. With all her planning she could have thought of nothing like this.

"You resent my presence here, don't you?"

Selden's face darkened. "I like it no better than you. It is a continual reminder, but you will stay. You have no choice. Your position is more difficult than you seem to realize. You cannot go to the cottage because there would be no one to care for you. You might return to Birmingham, but that would involve explanations to Kent, and if you value your standing with the Continental Company you will not let him know that you have been in the mine. There is another side to consider: The men in this camp must not know that you have been underground. I have no wish to be the center of an outbreak here. It would ruin you. That leaves only this place and me."

Christine hid her gladness under protests: "I can care for myself. You need not think because I am a woman that I—"

Selden rose impatiently. "Argument is useless. You will stay here. Understand that! You will remain here because I say you must. I do not propose to have the camp find that Jim Driscoll was a woman."

"What would happen if it did?"

"Plenty!" Selden's voice was sharp. "You know mining camps. Sometimes, particularly when they are like this one, they execute their own justice. And this is the worst—"

"The men would think you knew of this?"

"Of course!"

"If they knew what would they do?"

Selden shrugged impatiently. "They'd think the mine was cursed and they would remove the curse. That would be me. A wild trip. Powder. A live wire. A knife, maybe. There are many ways of doing that in a mine."

Christine was thoughtful. "You would be in danger because of me."

Selden shrugged. "It might as well come that way as the other. I was thinking of you."

"And I of you." She smiled at him wryly. "It seems there is nothing for me to do but stay here. I shall be as little annoyance as possible. I know you don't like it."

Selden cuddled his cold pipe and looked at her. Inside him something stirred; some faint call to which he turned a deaf ear. She lay with closed eyes. Her face was thinner, stronger under the boyish hair, but still essentially feminine. Her chin was rounded and her lips curved seductively even if they were without color. Selden turned away his eyes.

"Aren't you going to the mine?" she asked at last.

"Not until this afternoon," he answered absently. "The men know what to do. I'll go down and do the shooting and I'll have to explain about your accident."

They heard Uncle Judge's step outside, and Selden went out. When he came back he bore a pair of rude crutches. "Uncle made these for you," he explained. "You'd better stay in bed a week or so, but it will not be necessary longer than that. I'll go down to the knoll to-night and get what things you want."

"Bring all my dresses—" Christine began eagerly, but Selden stopped her.

"No dresses," he said curtly. "As long as you are here you will be Jim Driscoll to everyone but Uncle Judge and myself. I'm sorry if it is distasteful, but you assumed an identity, and we cannot afford to take chances."

Christine acquiesced. She would have consented to anything just then. Her heart was singing inside her. Quite deliberately she set out to arouse Selden in the days that followed.

HE WAS much with her, for he curtailed his hours in the mine, contenting himself with shooting and with the general supervision of his men. He was usually in the mine in the afternoon, but in the mornings they sat together on the porch of the little cottage and looked down on Marengo. It did not occur to either that they might be under unseen observation.

Selden went into the mine in the afternoon and she enjoyed her solitude when Uncle Judge, the Negro servant, disappeared too, she did not know where.

This afternoon, in lazy content, she was drowsing through the hours of Selden's absence. She looked for his return in the evenings now. A little of his taciturnity was dropping away from him.

On the porch behind her she heard a step. Thinking it Uncle Judge, she did not turn but called:

"Back early to-day, aren't you, Uncle?"

"This ain't your uncle; it's your husband," a voice answered.

She turned to face Clem Bennett, his lids winking rapidly and his lips curled in a pleased smile at her blank stare and the slowly mounting pallor of her face.

(To be continued next week)

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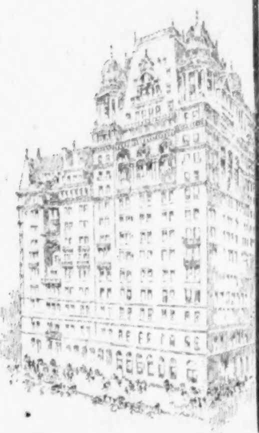
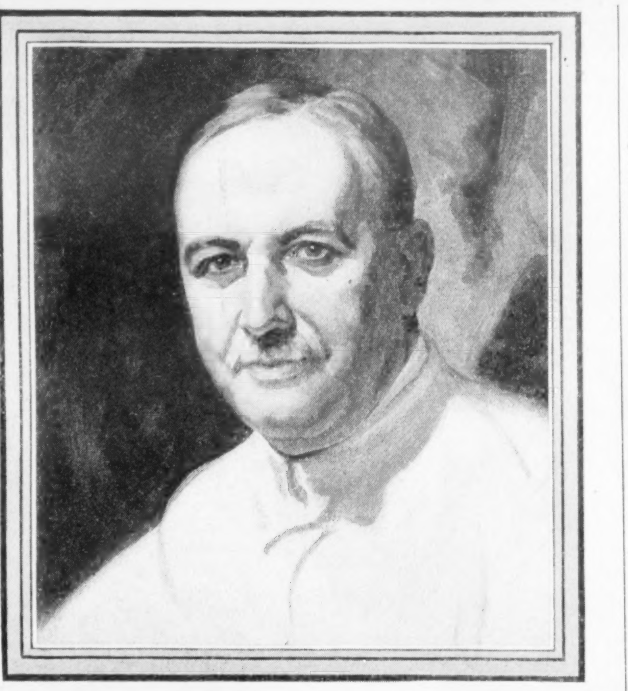
320 CLEANSINGS IN EVERY TUBE

"For 22 years I have shaved men at the Waldorf, men who are prominent in every walk of life. From my long experience I give this advice to the man who shaves himself.

"A sharp blade, a tube of Williams—that is my recipe for a perfect shave."

Michael Orth





Michael *of* The Waldorf

barber to princes and presidents

gives his secret of a perfect shave

For Michael Orth no setting could be more perfect than the Waldorf. The stately Waldorf, with its mellow memories of great events and greater men. The distinguished Waldorf, where statesman and artist and financier pass and repass within its kindly walls.

It is over the Waldorf's gleaming barber-shop that Michael rules—tall, imperious, courtly.

After years of experience in shaving thousands of men, Michael has decided that the secret of a perfect shave lies in lather. And the perfect lather comes from Williams Shaving Cream alone.

In the speed with which it scatters the oil-film, and softens *all* of every hair, Michael has found Williams Shaving Cream to be unequalled. He will use no other lather on the distinguished faces of his patrons.

And Williams Cream is used exclusively not only in the Waldorf, but in all the other famous Terminal Barber Shops throughout the country.

A free trial

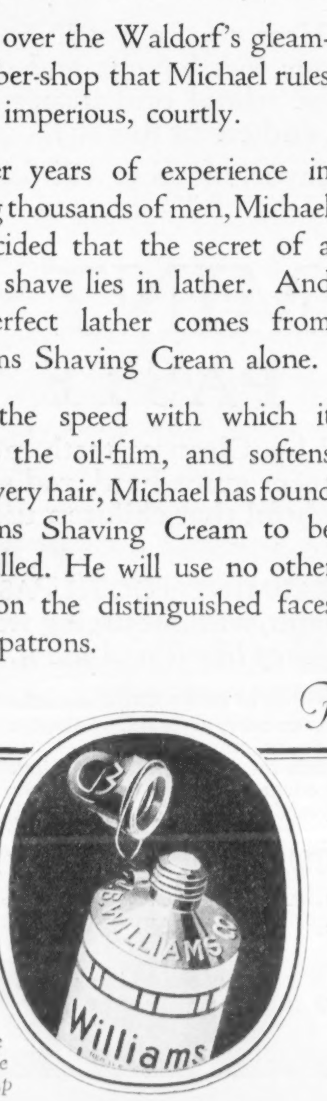
Each morning, in your own home, you can get the clean, restful sort of shave that Michael gives you at the Waldorf.

The white, uncolored Williams cream quickly piles up rich, dense lather. Your shave is quick, easy, comfortable. And afterwards your face feels fresh and soothed; for Williams contains a special healing ingredient for the skin.

Why not try this shaving cream which master-barbers, in America's most famous shops, have found to be the best?

Mail the coupon today for a free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. It contains a two-weeks' supply of perfect shaves.

FREE—Mail this coupon NOW!



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Collier's 11-28-25

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If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream (Trial tube does not have Hinge-Cap).

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The King of Pleasure

Continued from page 8

loser is having such a good time he doesn't know he has lost. And the casual visitor, whether he be King Alfonso of Spain or John Jones off the boat, has a good time too.

I have never tossed a purple bank note on one of Henri Letellier's green tables, but I have passed many an agreeable evening with my knees tucked under the white tables of his hostelries. There is nothing shoddy or underdone about him or his crowd. If I go to one of their restaurants I eat the best possible food, served by impeccable waiters on tables garnished with real silver, real linen and real roses. They give me the ultimate in everything, even if they do charge from four to five times what the ultimate should cost. I cannot complain if this is the principle on which the luxury cities of Deauville, Cannes and Monte Carlo have been built. I cannot complain if Henri and his friends are engaged in a genial conspiracy to fund the American debt!

The interesting thing, the most amazing thing about the whole performance, is that the man credited with the perfecting of all this intricate commercial machinery should be known wherever Sunday supplements are printed, not as the great financier that he undoubtedly is, but by the very doubtful title of "the World's Greatest Lover."

Lover he is—of a nice, gentle, husbandly type. He has been married twice: once to a French society woman; once to the little chattering girl of the Ciro nights; people say he is soon to marry Yola. Not a very long list, and not a very bad record for a man of Letellier's money and opportunities. He likes very few people, men or women, but he likes them enduringly. He has a secretary, a dancing shadow named Erskine Gwynne.

Erskine met Letellier at a party, and decided that Letellier was the very man he wished to work for because he went everywhere that Erskine wished to go! So he grabbed the Sad Man's wrist and twisted it until he simply had to say he would take him on. Another man would have repudiated such a promise. Letellier didn't. He takes blond, suave, smiling Erskine with him along the gay road that leads from Deauville to Paris, to Biarritz, to Cannes. And Erskine gives his employer faithful, admiring service.

So does Sem. The famous Paris cartoonist—round as Letellier is lank, short as Letellier is tall, tousled as Letellier is sleek—wandered into the Journal offices many years ago tugging a great portfolio that bulged with unsold sketches of race horses in action. The great man's secretary—not then the estimable Gwynne—would not let him in, but he kept the sketches. Letellier recognized one of them as the picture of his favorite horse. He liked the horse; he liked the sketch; he liked Sem. Since that day, night has never fallen in the Letellier mansion with Sem's bed not "turned down."

That is the manner, the grand manner, of Henri Letellier.

A strange, contrasty, picture-puzzle man! Sad purveyor of others' joy! Lover of beauty and money! Designer of hotels and hats! Temperate bon vivant! Which is it—his contact with the beautiful or the sordid—that has made him so solemnly, grimly, pathetically sad? I suspect, from the look that used to come into his great eyes as he gazed on the chattering little American girl he married—the look that I caught this summer at Deauville passing between his solemn eyes and Yola's laughing ones—that his sadness, the saddest sadness I ever saw, comes from none of these things but from something within his lonely, tired soul. And I suspect—more, I know—that that something is not wholly bad!

Highlights from the Footlights

Continued from page 12

a mistake Henry Miller once made. In "The Famous Mrs. Fair" he was on the same routing with us, and we of "Lincoln" found ourselves chased several times from prosperous runs because of previous bookings in the same theatres for Mr. Miller. Amid much good-natured banter he ousted us from the Blackstone in Chicago and from the Hollis Street in Boston. At the end of the season I met him and told him how we had laughed over the pursuit by "Mrs. Fair."

"Yes," he said, "but the laugh is really on me, for I had 'Lincoln' on my desk for months and then declined it."

Occasionally, as with inspired insight, an artist or a manager is able to envisage the success of a play before the end of the first public performance. Which brings me to Margaret Anglin and "The Great Divide."

Miss Anglin and Henry Miller were jointly interested in William Vaughn Moody's play, and verbal agreements had been entered into by the author and the two stars. But, despite a very definite promise to Miss Anglin, no legal contracts had been presented for her signature.

Miss Anglin, besides being a great actress, is also quite a capable business woman.

The curtain was no sooner down on the second act of "The Great Divide," that first night, than she had comprehended the tremendous value of the play.

She then and there insisted upon immediate fulfillment of all business promises—on the presence of lawyers, contracts and witnesses—before the curtain rose on the third act. No appeals stirred her. She was not to be cajoled, and all contracts were duly executed and properly witnessed before the third act began.

Now, I have played with Henry Miller in five productions. Despite a placid appearance, he is capable of outbursts which usually stupefy members of the company.

Once a little girl was a few minutes late. Mr. Miller began with sarcasm and became abusive. The victim bore it for a while, and then suddenly walked over to him, shaking a doubled fist in his face.

"Don't you dare to speak to me in that manner!"

She turned on her heel and left the theatre.

Mr. Miller crumpled.

But if he blows up he plays no favorites. He was rehearsing his son one day and spoke with harshness which brought harsh replies. The scene ended in bitterness, and as Henry Miller, Jr., was leaving the theatre he overheard one stage hand remark to the other: "A chip off the old block!"

The son turned and shouted for all to hear, "A chip off the old block! You mean a slice off the old ham!" and strode off leaving the whole company, his father included, in shrieks of laughter.

Mark Twain once elected himself to the theatrical profession. Through our press representative I had undertaken to raise $1,000 for the children of the East Side, in New York. One of the first responses was this note:

"My dear Miss Eustace:

"I wish to contribute the enclosed $10 to that $1,000 which you propose to raise among our profession. I think I have earned the right to say 'our,' for I have been monologuing before the footlights for forty years, and am on the free list of all righteously conducted theatres in this country.

"Sincerely yours,
"S. L. Clemens."

CATCHING UP with the WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

ALTHOUGH man has yet to prick the earth's crust to the depth of as much as a mile and a half, a plan has been projected for a hole that will go down twelve miles. Such a suggestion would be regarded as too fantastic for serious consideration were it not for the fact that it is put forward by one of the foremost living engineers, Sir Charles Parsons, to whose turbine steamers we owe the fact that we can cross the Atlantic in a few days.

Sir Charles estimates that such a shaft could be sunk in the course of eighty-five years at a cost of $25,000,000. Would it pay? Of course not; but, as he says, "We don't know what is down there, and we ought to know." There you have the true, scientific spirit.

Someone asks me, "What is the deepest hole yet dug into the earth's crust?"

What do you mean, deepest? If you mean farthest toward the center of the earth the Calumet and Hecla copper mines on the Keeweenaw Peninsula, Michigan, stand at the head—or rather at the foot. They have gone down 5,990 feet below the surface of the land, which brings them about 4,600 feet below the level of the sea.

However, there are holes which are deeper but which do not reach so far below sea level because the digging is measured from the height at which it is begun. The St. John del Rei gold mine in Brazil, started nearly 100 years ago, has a shaft which is now down 6,726 feet below ground. But South Africa may soon overtake South America in the race for depth record, for a gold mine at Village Deep in the Transvaal has now reached 6,600 and may be sunk to 7,000 feet. India has two gold mines below 6,000 and Australia has two below 4,000.

There is a gas well near Ligonier, Pa., which reached a depth of 7,756 feet before it was abandoned because its diameter was only about four inches and this made it difficult to drill a straight hole. In order to prevent being thus squeezed out at great depths it was resolved to start with a wider opening. Accordingly the Reserve Gas Company started drilling near the village of Good Hope, Harrison County, West Virginia, about a year ago. A solid concrete foundation twelve feet deep was established for the derrick and drilling was commenced with a twenty-two-inch hole which was narrowed at intervals until it was reduced to eight inches below five thousand feet. At 6,757 feet a pocket of compressed gas was struck that blew the tools up the hole, breaking the wire line. When the drillers have fished out their tools the drilling will be continued and carried to 10,000 feet unless oil or gas in paying quantities is struck before that.

—Where Honor is Due

DEAN SWIFT wrote: "He was a bold man that first ate an oyster." Certainly this unknown hero of the early Stone Age who smashed through the shell of conservatism and added this new delicacy to our diet showed as much personal courage and did as much for the world as many of the men who lounge about our public squares in bronze and marble.

But what of the gustatory pioneer who first ate a clam? He was an American, by the way. Dr. Edward S. Morse of Salem, who spent forty-five years sorting over the shell heaps that are found along the New England shore, found them composed largely of oysters and clams. But when he went to Europe to consult with Professor Steenstrup, the Danish expert on European shell heaps, he was amazed to learn that no clam shells were found among the oysters.

"Although clams abounded in the Baltic, the prehistoric people never ate them. It was the same in England; the clam had never been eaten, even in ancient times. We learned the epicurean delights of the clam from the North American Indians, to whom we are indebted for the divine gift, tobacco."

Now, we are accustomed to think of these early ancestors of ours as rather indiscriminating in their diet, having no prejudices against beast, bird, fish, mollusk or insect. Yet these poor benighted creatures had lived for twenty-five thousand years with clams served up to them on the shell as a free lunch at every tide, and they wouldn't touch 'em.

A delectable tidbit that is equally tasty raw or roasted in hot coals—game that required no courage in the chase or deftness with the trap. And conservatism kept them all these years from knowing how good a clam tastes, though the natives of the Orkney Islands did discover a scarce but delicious variety of the razor clam.

Try This on a Friend

IF I gave you two steel bars, identical in appearance but only one of which is magnetized, how can you tell which is which without touching either of them to any other object and without suspending them? It would be easy to determine which is magnetized were you allowed to touch each to a key or a radiator; if you could suspend or balance the bars so that they would turn freely, the magnetized bar would behave like a compass needle. But with this prohibited and, lacking a magnetic sense, it seems impossible to tell which is magnetized. Here's the answer:

When a bar of steel is magnetized it develops opposite magnetic poles at the ends, but at the center the poles neutralize each other and it is not magnetic at this point.

Pick up a bar, touch one end to the center of the other, and if the bar you hold is magnetized the two will be attracted and will resist separation. If you hold the unmagnetized one, there will be no attraction between it and the center of the other, and so there is no resistance when you pull it away.

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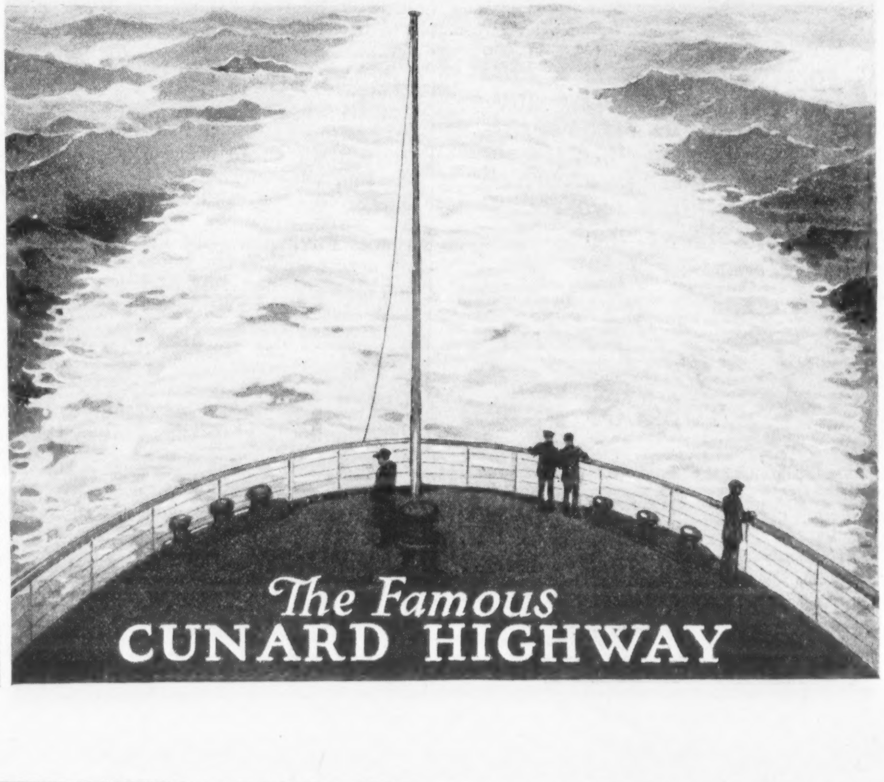

exit →

the tin can and the battered package

It is easier to sit on the rock bound coast of Maine than on the ordinary tin tobacco can. As a container of tobacco it is most convenient. But as a carrier of tobacco it is fast becoming an extinct species. For where can you find a man who doesn't prefer a soft "Locktite" Tobacco Pouch to a hard tin can? And where can you find another tobacco pouch as convenient and easy to open as the "Locktite?" Rubber lined. Sold wherever tobacco is sold.

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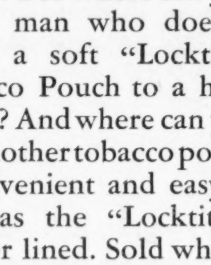

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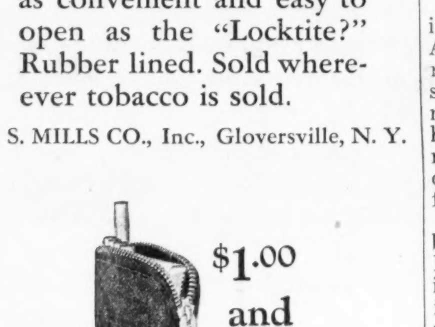


One of the Hard-Boiled Kind

Continued from page 6

as Ellen Terry or as full of life and deviltry as Sarah Bernhardt."

Pluma Gogg laughed and glanced at young Raleigh's grave face.

"Most boys are a little like that at eighteen, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Raleigh. "But sometimes a girl comes along that—well, fits the dream enough to—"

"To make him feel it's come true?"

Young Raleigh nodded.

"That," Pluma Gogg continued, "is what happened to George when he was eighteen or nineteen in a little town in Indiana—Millersville. The family had moved to Millersville that spring and George had graduated from the local high school and was going to college in the fall.

"George broke his leg. It was in a plaster cast for weeks. His father was away at some series of revival meetings—camp meetings we used to call them. George hornswoggled his mother and the doctor into putting him out on the porch. His mother seems to have been rather human and easy-going; and besides she loved George.

"He sat there all of a sunny summer afternoon and just one person stopped to speak to him, and that was Fat Howell. Fat delivered the groceries. He was a slack, good-natured boy with a quite stupid and obscene mind.

"GEORGE thought Millersville was the dullest town he had ever lived in, and he had lived in many small towns. He was sick of reading. He wanted somebody to talk to. And then he saw Christine. . . .

"He put two fingers against his teeth the way boys do when they want to whistle very loud and shrill. He did it instantly, without thinking. And that was odd because he didn't know the girl at all. He had caught only glimpses of her in the high school. But when he whistled she waved her hand gayly and came toward him, and he sat there watching her.

"I suppose he had sort of fitted her into his dream picture of the right girl. All he knew was that she was slim and red-haired and quick; that when she smiled her whole body became animated, and that when she was thinking her own thoughts her face had a bitter, rebellious expression and her mouth ceased to be piquant and became scornful.

"Of course he imagined her as rebelling against the dull drabness of Millersville. He couldn't imagine liking anybody who didn't rebel against it—as he did. He saw her as a girl who might make good in the place he dreamed about and longed for—in New York. An actress of course. He had rather avoided knowing her for fear she wouldn't be a bit like his dream. That is what he told me. Of course actually he was afraid she would confirm his dream and so be irresistible to him. Boys of eighteen are even more afraid of finding a girl irresistible than —not.

"Christine came up to the porch where George was sitting with his leg propped up on a stool and said hello. She had that slightly throaty voice he liked even then, and always looked for afterward when he was choosing actresses for leads. She sat down on the top step and put the book she had been carrying in her lap and leaned back against the porch pillar and the thing happened. George's dream of a girl came true—the way it will sometimes, in a flash.

"He sat in the porch the next afternoon waiting for her to come down the street and thinking that at last it was good to be alive, even in Millersville. Of course she must get away from Millersville. Something had to be done about that right away. They must both get away from Millersville.

"Fat Howell came rattling up in the grocery wagon. George was so happy that he was positively cordial. Fat put down his box of groceries and sat on the top step and rolled a cigarette and began to tease George.

" 'Saw you yesterday,' Fat said, 'saw you jollying Christine.'

"George wanted to kick him.

" 'Pretty fly girl,' Fat said with a leer. 'Pretty fly.'

" 'What do you mean?' George asked.

" 'Didn't you ever hear about the time her father took a shot at Wilbur Jenkins?'

" 'No,' George said. Wilbur Jenkins was the man who ran the local dry-goods store—a man of thirty.

" 'They were coming home from a dance one night and—'

" 'Christine doesn't go to dances,' George said.

" 'You bet she doesn't any more,' Fat said. 'Her old man sees to that. But she used to before this happened. Wilbur was certainly stuck on her too. She went to the dance with Rick Bennett. But she sneaked off with Wilbur when it came time to go home. She and Wilbur were standing out by the front gate spooning so hard they didn't remember it was bright moonlight. Old man Bowman was waiting up for her. An' when he saw what was goin' on he up and opened the front door and told Wilbur to git. Wilbur was a little slow, I guess. Anyway, the old man used to be a sheriff out West. He pulled his gun and took a shot at Wilbur an' Wilbur didn't wait for him to shoot again.'

" 'I don't believe it,' George said.

"George knew Christine's father by sight. He owned, among other things, the Millersville Hotel. He was a tall, dour man with white mustaches. Fat's story explained why the high-school boys and girls had all looked so knowing whenever her name came up. But Wilbur Jenkins! Wilbur was a big, good-looking man; a small-town sport; a fellow who swaggered a little. When George thought of Wilbur he hated Christine.

"But when Christine came down the street an hour later and sat again on the top step and leaned against the pillar he didn't hate her. He loved her. He told her about New York and how he dreamed of going into the theatre, and she was so envious she almost cried. And he asked her why she couldn't get away from Millersville—to go to school or college perhaps. She told him that her father and mother wouldn't consider letting her go away from home. They never let her go anywhere after six o'clock at night.

"George was more determined than ever to do something for her. All he needed to know was that she wanted to get away. He was ready to do anything to help her. And at the moment there didn't seem to be anything he could do except see as much of her as possible. He told her that after a few days his mother was going to hitch the horse to an old victoria they had out in the barn—a rig low enough so he could get in and out on crutches—and let him drive around. He wanted to know what would happen if he stopped at her house and asked her to go driving with him.

" 'If you were very polite and stood there on crutches looking as nice as you do now,' Christine said, 'she might let me go.'

"THEY had got well out of town on their third or fourth drive and the horse was walking slowly up a long hill when Wilbur Jenkins stepped out of a thicket of sumac beside the road.

" 'Christine,' he said, 'I want to talk to you.'

"George looked at her. She was very pale.

" 'It's all right with me, Christine,' he said.

" 'I would like to talk to him—just once,' Christine said.

"George got down and let Wilbur Jenkins take his place in the victoria. George sat down under a tree and smoked cigarettes, one after another, while they were gone. He was a little proud of himself for understanding the whole thing so quickly and for acting so magnanimously. He could not figure out any way to help Christine.

JAMES HOUSE JR. '25

TOM MASSON SAYS —

THE radio manufacturers will not be happy until they have a gas station in every home.

* * *

Competition in chain groceries is so fierce that it takes a lot of sand to start a new one.

* * *

There are people still living who remember the European war.

* * *

A good deal of our housekeeping is so light it is mostly hot air.

* * *

Anyone who doubts that universal love is possible should consider how American capital is regarded by the rest of the world.

* * *

You can make your mark much easier if you are not an easy mark.

* * *

THANKSGIVING: A national holiday set aside by the President in which everybody forgets to give thanks.

* * *

Some modern offices are only matrimonial bureaus with business as a side issue.

* * *

"The longer you study women," blandly remarks Rabbi Nathan Krass, "the more complicated the question becomes." But one doesn't really study women. They make you learn without study.

* * *

Progress of civilization is shown by the fact that if you have anything the matter with your stomach they pull out all your teeth.

* * *

No flapper ever travels on low gear.

* * *

Now that the Ten Commandments have been advertised in the movies will someone page the Constitution of the United States?

* * *

Domestic query: If there is a skeleton in every family closet how many should there be in a Presidential Cabinet?

* * *

Tax-exempt securities may be all right. But what most of us look forward to is the security of exemption from taxes.

* * *

A police captain recently found a $1,000 pearl in an oyster cocktail. Perhaps some pearl-laden movie star in the balcony dived into it.

* * *

One way those European countries could be made to pay us what they owe us would be to have them turn over to us all the overcharges spent by American tourists abroad.

The thing she needed was to get away from Millersville—the farther the better. If George had been a grown man it would have been simple. But how could he earn a living for both of them? He had just no way of meeting her need. And she was so completely intimidated by her father that she didn't dare do anything for herself. The best George could do was to give her this chance to talk to Wilbur. It made George feel as if he were getting a little bit even with her father.

"Wilbur came back promptly and thanked George as if he meant it. George got back into the victoria, and Wilbur pulled a bicycle out of the sumac clump and rode off. George drove along slowly, waiting for Christine to speak.

"'I suppose,' she said finally, 'that you've never heard the story about Wilbur and me.'

"'Yes,' said George, very gentle, 'I've heard it.'

"'Then you know why they won't let me go anywhere—ever.'

"'Yes,' George said, 'I know. But it's hard to understand how they could feel that way.'

"Christine said an odd thing—when you consider that she was only eighteen and had been brought up by dour parents in a drab little town. She said, 'It's because they make a tragedy of it—instead of a joke—or something rather sweet.'

"'Your father ought to be hung,' he said to her and meant it. He looked at her, and there were tears on her cheeks. I suppose it was the first time anybody had ever really sympathized with her.

"George's father came back, and George had to go off to college sooner than he had expected. He had to say good-by to Christine in front of her mother. That was hard—pretending to be casually and politely interested when he wanted to take her in his arms. You see, he had never kissed her.

"HE WROTE to her on the train. He wrote to her the first evening at college. He spent all his first Sunday afternoon writing to her. Christine wrote back that she stopped at the post office every day, in case there should be a letter from him, and for the rest she had started in to read over again all the books in the little public library.

"George couldn't stand it any longer. He hated college. He wanted to get on to New York and the theatre. He was bound to get Christine out of that town and down to New York. He was well enough by this time so he could walk with a stick. He had about thirty dollars. So one night he got on the train for New York. He landed here with three dollars and no friends and no job—nothing but his nerve.

"Somehow he got a job in the box office of the old Daly Theatre, and he wrote to Christine that as soon as he had saved the fare he was going to send for her. And she wrote back that she would never have the courage to run away. She was too afraid of her father. And he wrote back encouraging her and pleading with her, and finally she wrote that she would come.

"In the meantime George's father had found out he had left college and gone to New York. He preached a sermon about it in which he damned out the theatre and all other amusements known to man and rounded off by pitying his son as a victim of the devil. He wrote to George that he never cared to see him again.

"AND while George's father was preaching hell fire and damnation with George as a text, George was eating at free-lunch counters and saving every nickel so that he could send Christine fifty dollars. It took him two months. He went to the post office one Saturday afternoon and got a money order and mailed it to Christine with directions as to when and where to meet him in New York. They would be married and he'd get her a small part in a stock company and in time they'd own Broadway.

"She never came. Instead, George got an envelope with the money order inside and a clipping from the Millersville paper. Christine had eloped to Chicago with Wilbur Jenkins.

"George walked the streets all night, with the tears streaming down his face. The tears ran down his cheeks thirty years afterward when he told me about it right here in this room.

"He was sure she loved him rather than Wilbur Jenkins. He was sure he could have made her a great actress. She had, he said, the physique for it."

Pluma Gogg knitted her brows and looked at young Raleigh.

"But of course George didn't weep because the theatre had lost a great actress. He wept because he had lost his first girl. And his last. I don't think he ever really fell in love again."

Young Raleigh got up and walked back and forth across the room.

"You make it very clear," Raleigh said, "why George Wishart made that will."

"It's really quite simple," said Pluma Gogg.

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't write the story?"

"None whatever. I think it ought to be printed. If I were you I'd go back to the office and write the story before I said anything to anybody about it."

Young Raleigh grinned happily.

"You *are* a fairy godmother," he said. "You've given me the perfect gift."

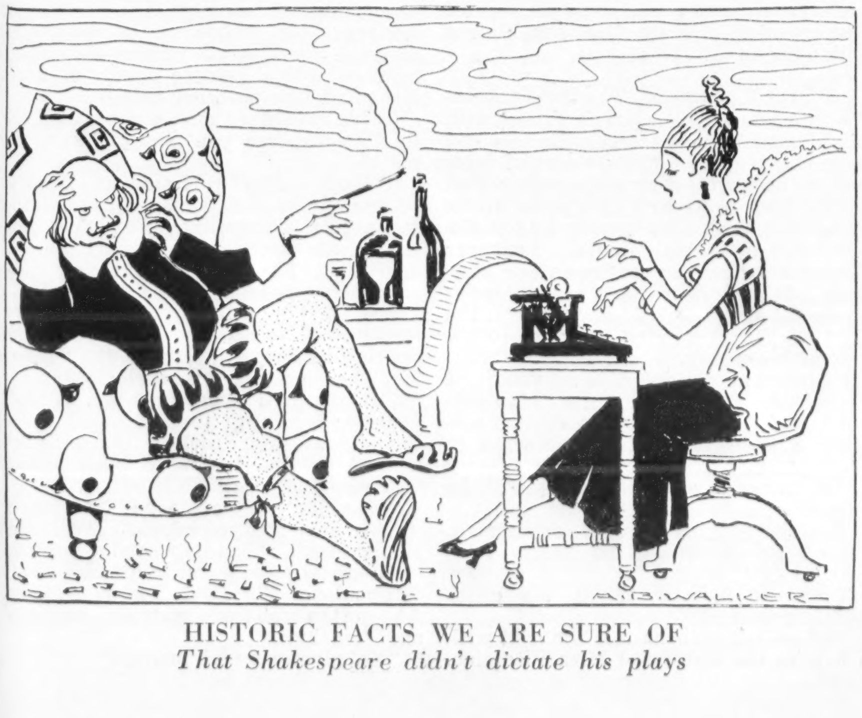
"I am very glad," she said.

"There's only one thing I don't see."

"What's that?" Pluma Gogg asked.

"I don't see how I am ever going to be able again to think of George Wishart as hard-boiled."

"Ah!" said Pluma Gogg, "when you are as old as I am you will know that most of the hard-boiled ones are like that."



HISTORIC FACTS WE ARE SURE OF
That Shakespeare didn't dictate his plays

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The Pompeian Co.

Like a slap in the face

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* * *

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The Foots Tool

Continued from page 10

vaguely to himself. For just an instant, over there by the stand occupied by the Armless-Legless Wonder, Beelgie May had caught a glimpse of someone who disturbed his happiness, someone who caused his blood to race and his eyes to goggle as he sought for a second look that he might be sure. But the crowd had changed, the figure was swallowed up in a milling of forms, leaving Beelgie uncertain, harassed. There had been no time for a real identification—merely a hint in the slant of the derby, and something about the carriage of the shoulders—Beelgie had not seen the face.

"Done tooken mah eight dolleh an' fo' bits!" he grumbled, with sudden anger surging through his veins. It had not occurred to him to be angry before; until the present moment that money had been merely for the surcease of his foots; now that it affected his heart it produced different emotions. If Lassarus Troost had not taken his eight dollars and four bits—

BUT Beelgie, by this time, had reached the dressing tents, where his one-track brain must take on new problems. Changed indeed were his comrades of the seat and plank gang—splotches of red paint were on their cheeks, woolly wigs on their heads; some already dressed were lolling about with spears and shields. Beelgie gaped.

"Ain' dis yeah a big sukkus?" he gasped, looking about him at the thronging figures, only to be yanked to one side, where a workman of the morning helped him assume the leopard skin and wild appearance of a Beluchistan warrior. Again Beelgie commented upon the greatness of things, then grinned at the sight of loose sandals.

"Ain' them gwine be sweet t' dem foots?" he asked. "Gimme room, boy; lemme ease mahself in 'em slippehs!"

Then the band played, and elephants and camels and people and tableaus and a thousand other things gathered at the back door of the circus.

Among them the fierce inhabitants of Beluchistan, including Mr. Beelgie May, late of Lexumton, Mo., spear in hand, shield awry, jigging to the music until such efforts caused new spasms upon the part of protesting foots, whereupon he halted, and with the whites of his eyes in the ascendency, gazed around him as if in an effort to determine what it was all about.

"My, ain' it big?" Beelgie asked anew, then was shuffled into line. The grand entrée was on.

Around the big tent wound the cavalcade, until from the far end Beelgie could glimpse it all—the tinsel, the glitter, the glorious color and undulating movement of the spectacle, the red uniforms and shining instruments of the band, the lumbering elephants, the rocking camels and gold-incrusted tableau wagons—and of a sudden Beelgie May took on a swelling in the chest, and held his spear and shield with more aplomb.

"My," he gasped with sudden pride, "ain' we a big sukkus!"

After that it seemed that a new spirit entered somewhere—Beelgie looked about him with the air of a connoisseur as he stepped forth from the dressing tent again attired in his everyday clothing—something of sophistication and aloofness and the deep experience of a widely traveled man. But it was shaken somewhat with his return to the side show. Miss Vita Vitamine had a far-away look in her eyes and a queer glitter, as of one who had gazed upon strange things.

"Lissen, Hun' Bunch," she said confidentially as she leaned forward from her chair. "Jis' fo' business reasons, ef Ah should hap' t' give yo' de wink, don' oveh-admiah me."

"Who? Me?" asked Beelgie. "Wha'—"

"Hit's a gemmun," said Vita with the familiarity of one professional confiding in another—"a gemmun f'um de town heah. He done strolls in while yo' was at de entry." Whereupon she jingled three silver dollars in one hand and looked into the distance. "A ve'y rich gemmun; fack is"—and she leaned closer—"he done confidem in me he done make ten thousan' dolleh on de hoss race."

"Wha' hoss race?" asked Beelgie with a belligerency he never before had known.

"He nev' say which one," admitted Vita Vitamine truthfully, "but he mus' have de money. He done gimme free dolleh fo' a photogram."

"Say so!" gasped Beelgie.

"So iffen, as I say, I given yo' de wink—jis' so't o' ease off. Tain't nuffin' pussonel," she added hastily; "jis a admiaheh—come an' go, yo' know, come an' go. Yo' know de sukkus—heah today, gone t'mo'eh."

It made matters worse. Anybody but Lassarus Troost! Beelgie wondered what he'd better do, and while he thought about it he sat himself down at the end of the stake and chain wagon and nursed his sore feet—finally, however, grateful for anything that would take his mind from his double miseries, to raise his head and stare curiously toward the menagerie tent. Strange sounds were coming from within—the shouting and gruff commands of men, the clanging of steel bars, accompanied by the excited trumpetings of elephant. and the gruff "gar-oos" of uncatalogued animals. Beelgie rose.

"Ah ain' see 'at paht o' de sukkus," he said disconsolately and moved forward, to straddle a guy rope, then ease himself within the menagerie tent by the simple method of raising the side wall. But his presence was noticed immediately.

"Git out o' here!" a watchman shouted.

Beelgie grinned.

"Ah wuks on de sukkus!" It had been an open sesame all day and he used it again. The watchman only scowled.

"Don't care where you work," came heatedly. "Git out of here. We're transferring a new shipment of animals."

"Say so!" exclaimed Beelgie and prepared his feet for exit.

"Just what I said—nobody's allowed inside here. Enough people in the way as it is—without a lot more buttin' in and excitin' animals that ain't used to troupin'."

"Is dey new?" asked Beelgie.

"New? Didn't I say it was a shipment straight from the jungle? If one of these lions should happen to—"

"Li-yuns? Ya-a-a-a-h!" Beelgie's lips folded back like those of a chimpanzee. "Gimme outen heah!"

Again he was in the open air, leaving the commands and clanging of steel scrapers and the roaring of animals behind him—only to find himself anew with his problem, and with jealousy. Lassarus Troost!

"Nev' won no money!" he grumbled at last. Then suddenly he gaped. And his eyes widened until the pupils seemed lost in a field of white. "Dat's mah eight dolleh an' fo' bits!"

AT THAT he moved. The truth was before him now. Lassarus Troost with his airs and his lies, while Beelgie had been nothing but a tool—a sort of foots tool, as it were—giving up money that should have gone to a chir'podis' to fix those bunions! He swung under the side wall and straightened. Lassarus Troost was down at the fire-eater's platform. Beelgie drew near, regardless of winks, of nods, of wild wavings on the part of Vita Vitamine, straight to the side of his enemy.

"Ah's wanten fo' t' see you," he grumbled. The smaller man straightened his derby, then somewhat nervously rolled his synthetic diamond to the underside of his finger.

"It seemen Ah don' un'stan'," he edged.

Beelgie blubbered with excitement. "Don't yo' given me no sass! Ah's wanten fo' t' see yo'."

Lassarus Troost smiled, his equanimity restored.

"Ef yo'-all excusen me," he said with a bow to the distressed Miss Vitamine. "Jis' one o' de boys—p'ob-ly some infummation abou' de races." Then hurriedly he moved to the nearest exit, where, once outside, he turned with heavy aplomb. "Well—well," came haughtily, "wha' fo' issen all disyeah innruptiums? Come, come. Ah's a man o' few wu'ds!"

"Gimme mah money!" wailed Beelgie, approaching the point with alacrity.

"Money?" Mr. Lassarus Troost cocked his head. "Is Ah un'stan' yo' say money?"

"Dat's wha' Ah say. Gimme mah money."

"Humph." Mr. Troost rocked on heel and toe, gazing impertinently up into the troubled features of his antagonist. "Now, jis' wha' money is yo' refe'in' at?"

BEELGIE MAY raised his voice. For two reasons: one because he was becoming excited, the other owing to the fact that from the menagerie close by had come a heightening of the sounds which had been going on there ever since the colored man's visit—sounds which included the scampering of men, wild shouts, wilder replies, roars, bellows, screeching of monkeys, the shrieks of leopards, the bellowing of elephants and the yowling of pumas—a pandemonium which Beelgie hardly noticed. His mind was on other things.

Are Women Losing Their Hold?

Why do we no longer have leaders like Queen Elizabeth, Catherine the Great and other great women of the past? See next week's

COLLIER'S

"Ah's refe'in' at mah eight dolleh an' fo' bits whichen you' say yo' keep fo' me."

"Who? Me?" Lassarus Troost turned his head and stared toward the menagerie sidewalling, now swinging wildly as forms momentarily rocked against it. The noise was growing more cacaphonous—men were running from various parts of the circus grounds or staving off excited townspeople from peeking in under the side wall. "Who? Me?" he repeated. "How riddiculum!

"Riddiculum!" averred Mr. Troost again as a menagerie man rolled under the sidewalling, picked himself up, gasped wildly, then sped back again. "Ah nev' see yo' afoah in mah life."

"Who nev' see me afoah?"

"Ah nev' see yo' afoah. Posilutely riddiculum." Then he waved a hand as the near-by noise burst to a new fervor. "Run along, Big Boy. Jis' run along. Ah gotten 'po'tan' mattehs regagin' mah 'tenshun."

"Yo' given me mah money!"

"Ain' Ah say Ah don' know nuffin' 'bout no money?"

"Ah ain' cah wh' yo' say." Beelgie May was pitifully desperate now. "Yo' done went an' taken mah eight dolleh an' fo' bits an'—"

Mr. Lassarus Troost noted with some temerity a new burst of excitement from the menagerie, then forced himself to the issue at hand. Beelgie was pressing upon only one subject. As far as he was concerned, the circus had disappeared. He wanted his eight dollars and four bits and he said so. Lassarus Troost became vehement.

"Big Boy," he thundered, "is yo' aimin' fo' to freaten' at me?" His right arm swung in the direction of his hip pocket. " 'Causen if yo' is—"

"Don' yo' pullen no gun!"

" 'En don' yo'—"

BUT the motion was not stopped. Lassarus Troost at that moment had half turned. And he had seen something which Beelgie had failed entirely to notice. People were radiating in all directions. Something tawny was tangled in the sidewalling—Beelgie May yelped anew. His big hands extended.

"Leggo 'at gun!" he shouted in terror. But to no avail. For from the hip pocket of Lassarus Troost was traveling something shiny and vicious—and Beelgie May blossomed suddenly into full steam ahead.

"Gwine kill dis yeah po' black boy!" he squawked as he rounded the far side of the menagerie tent. "Ya-a-a-ah! Oh, fo' lan' sakes!"

For from behind him had come the report of a revolver, followed closely by a second shot and a third and a fourth. Beelgie May was sure that he had felt every bullet just graze him. Shimmying with fear, he went on regardless of his direction, which was steadily but surely leading him into the V caused by the juncture of the menagerie connection, the side-walled partition which kept inquiring townspeople from the back door of the circus and the side of the big top. On—on—deeper into the trap—then suddenly he howled with fear and torture.

A wildly careening foot had swung awry. A bunion had hit with all the force of a fear-propelled leg against the ragged top of a metal stake—and Beelgie was a helpless being, circling on one sore foot, while the other described circles of anguish and while—

The enemy came on! For back there on the other side of the sidewalling, its form visible by means of the protuberance it caused as it pushed against the canvas, was the enemy! Coming forward, halting, coming forward again—as though ready to leap through at the first opportunity with that nickel-plated, pearl-handled revolver—

"Ya-aaah!" yelled Beelgie. "Go 'way f'um me!"

But the enemy came on—steadily on. Beelgie put his injured foot to the ground. It wouldn't work—pain had numbed it now. He pivoted on his remaining extremity and screamed. But the enemy approached nearer.

Closer—while the darky shrieked and chattered. Abreast him—and then, all of a sudden, it happened. A tent stake seemed to travel into Beelgie's hand without his even being aware of it. The foot went to the ground. But he didn't know it. Then arms swung high and the stake swung with them, to swish through the air, crash downward, crackle against that protuberance in the canvas. After that there was only a gurgling on the other side of the wall, a thrashing about for an instant, then silence. Beelgie gasped. He looked at the tent stake and dropped it—as though it were something too hot to hold. His eyes rolled. Then suddenly he began to squawk again.

"Ah done kill 'im!" he wailed. "Oh, fo' lan' sakes—somebody comen holp dis yeah po' black boy! Ya-a-a-a-aa-h! Ah done kill 'im—Ah done kill 'im." His voice took on an almost chanting tone. "Now Ah's done gwine to de polis station. Down into de dungum! Oh, fo' lan' sakes, Ah done kill 'im—Ah done—"

"Killed him?" sounded a voice at his side, and Beelgie May became dazedly aware that circus men were gathered about him. "What's eating on you—" But just then one of them peeked through the rent in the sidewalling made by the blow of the tent stake. "Blamed if he ain't laid him out!"

"Ya-a-a-a-h!" Beelgie's lips folded again and he chattered with chimpanzee shrillness, "Ah done kill de po' man. Jis' causen he tooken mah eight dollehs an'—"

"Man?" The circus man at the rent in the sidewalling turned in amazement. "Man nothing. This here's a lion!"

"A li-yun? Oh, fo' lan' sakes." Beelgie dropped to earth with a plunk. "Ah done kill de li-yun?"

"Well, you've knocked him out enough for us to get him. Hey, Slim—swing that shiftin' den over here. Quick—he'll be coming to in a minute. Open up that door. That's right. Now, jerk down that sidewalling. Here, Black Boy, grab this baby before he comes to and help us swing him in that—"

"Who? Me?" Beelgie moved suddenly in the other direction, only to halt at the voice of his superior.

"What's eatin' you? He ain't going to hurt anybody. He's unconscious. Grab hold on his tail there and give us a lift into the cage."

Beelgie shimmied with fright. He edged slowly forward, one hand far from his body. He grasped the bristly tail—and let go. Then he grasped again, managed to hold on, and at last came close enough to lift.

"Heave ho!" shouted the menagerie man.

"Uh-huh!" grunted Beelgie, and as he saw a lion raise to his grasp, his chest suddenly swelled and his eyes popped. Higher went the loose-bodied, unconscious beast. A swing and, "Git in 'at cage, Ol' Useless!" Then, "Ya-a-a-ah! Didn' Ah wallop 'at ole liyun?"

"Better than that. You pretty near ruined him. Say," came with a sudden thought, "what were you yelling about?" Then he laughed. "You didn't think he was that brown boy with the popgun, did you? Remember, fellows—the one that shot four times in the air and then climbed a center pole?"

But Beelgie did not hear. He was staring within the shifting den to where a black-maned monster of the jungle was slowly coming to his senses.

"Didn' Ah bus' him!" he asked of nobody in particular. Then he suddenly turned and moved away.

HIS injured bunion shrieked its agonies, but Beelgie was blissfully deaf. On he went, his arms swinging loose at his sides, his head cocked, on to the front gate of the menagerie, across the space to the side show, and within. There he halted for just an instant, and veered to a slower pace—one with something of a creep in it. A familiar figure was down at Vita Vitamine's platform, holding the Tasmanian Fire Eater oblivious of anything except the flow of oratory. Slowly, slinkingly Mr. Beelgie May went forward, to stand glowering for an instant behind the unsuspecting Lassarus Troost, then with a sudden extension of a brawny arm to swing him about.

"Wha's 'at yo-all is jis' sayin'?" he asked, and there was something in his voice that presaged trouble. Mr. Lassarus Troost shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah was jis' a-passin de time o' day, dassall."

"You done say somefin' about de li-yun—"

"Why, uccose, Mistah May." It was Vita Vitamine, cutting in with entire innocence of what may have existed between them. "Dis yeah fr'en' o' yo'-all's is de gemmun whichen to I'se been 'ludin'. He was jis' a'speakin' o' de li-yun 'at got out an' dat led to de talk o' li-yuns in de social way. Sayin' as to how'n he was de li-yun amongst de—"

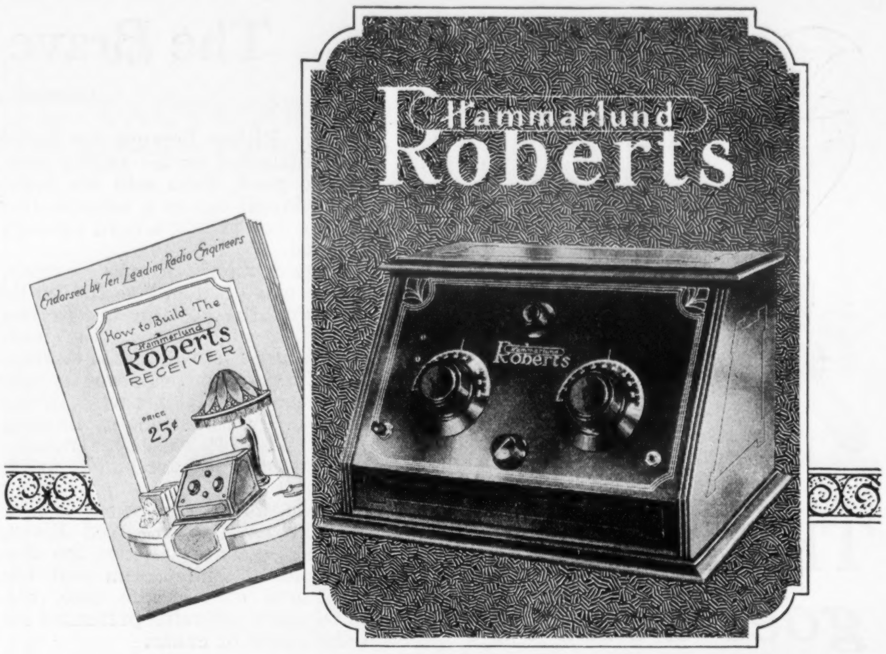
"Oh," Beelgie May grinned, "he say he's de li-yun."

"Uccose, boy!" Mr. Troost again had assumed his commanding tones. "Uccose. Natchelly, Ah menshuns it in passin'—uccose!"

"Dat yo's de li-yun!"

"Uccose. Mos' an'body tell you' 'at. Speshul aroun' Vine Street. Ah is de li-yun, de social li-yun—"

"Um-humph!" Beelgie was turning back his sleeves. " 'En jis' staht yo' tricks! 'Cause Ah's de li-yun tameh!"


Hammarlund Roberts
Endorsed by Ten Leading Radio Engineers
How to Build The Hammarlund Roberts Receiver
Price 25¢
Hammarlund Roberts

Every Part Chosen by a Specialist

WITH the advent of the Hammarlund-Roberts there dawns a new era in radio construction. The new standard of efficiency—synchronization of parts—has produced results so far-reaching that the whole course of radio receiver design is destined to be changed.

Every part used in this master receiver was chosen by a specialist; chosen because months of experimenting proved that it was the one part that would synchronize best with the other units. This synchronization, harmony, perfect intermeshing of high quality parts, obtains the last iota of efficiency from a circuit that is itself the last word in radio design. Professional radio men and experienced amateurs recognize at once that here is a receiver utterly unlike anything that has gone before.

Combining in its design the best of proven engineering practices of the past with new, vital discoveries, the Hammarlund-Roberts is truly a composite of the higher ideals in radio. A five-tube receiver that will equal any standard eight-tube set—simplicity of design and operation hitherto unthought of—all this at a price that is far, far less than you would pay for a factory-made set of anywhere near equal efficiency.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK

Contains step-by-step instructions on the assembly, wiring and operation of the Hammarlund-Roberts. Fully illustrated; most complete "How to Build It" radio book ever published.

25c

Associate Manufacturers

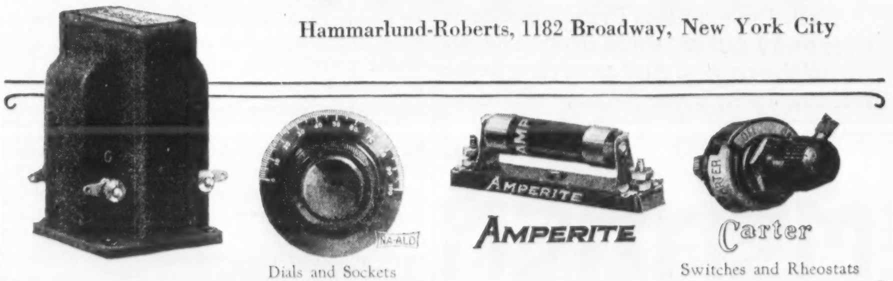
All-American Radio Corp.
Alden Mfg. Co.
Radiall Company (Amperites)
Carter Radio Co.
Union Radio Corp.
International Resistance Co., Inc. (Durham Resistors)
Westinghouse Micarta
Hammarlund Mfg. Co., Inc.

Rauland-Lyric
AN ALL-AMERICAN TRADE MARK TRANSFORMER

This famous instrument and other parts shown below are some of the quality units in the Hammarlund-Roberts.

Hammarlund Roberts

Hammarlund-Roberts, 1182 Broadway, New York City



MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM
Neutralization Process
THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

The $100 prize goes double!

I've always realized that the users of Mennen Shaving Cream are a pretty bright bunch, in more ways than one.

They not only know that a Mennen Shave is the cream of shaves, but let me tell you what they did in our Prize Contest.

I offered a $100 prize for the best name for the amazing, new, handy-andy tube for Mennen Shaving Cream. The boys came through in great shape. They sent me 140,000 names.

I lost a lot of sleep and nearly all my mind trying to pick the winner. Most of the names were pretty good.

A noticeable proportion of the millions of Mennen users began to prod me for a decision.

Mr. Mennen told me to get busy. I did. I got help from four well-known business men and we have selected—Roto-Plug. The Hundred Berries Prize was awarded to L. F. Dembo, 11103 Ashbury Avenue, Cleveland, O.

But just to show you how important a little hyphen is, Walter S. Reive, Churchill, Ontario, Canada, came across with Rotoplug. Not so good, but pretty nearly. I told Mr. Mennen about it and he said instantly, "Give him a hundred, too. The prize goes double."

Then there was a fellow who sent in Rotaplug. I'd like to slip him a century also, but I've got to draw the line somewhere because there were 311 people who got the roto, rota, or rotor idea and turned in Roto Valve, Roto Tube, Roto Stop, Rotary Lock, Rotar Cap, Rota Seal, Roto Lock, Rotor Hole, and pretty nearly every variation you can think of.

But since these Roto-boys shot so near the mark, Mr. Mennen has sent to each of them, with his compliments, one of the famous Mennen-for-Men Boxes including the wonderful *new* Mennen Lather Brush. So even if they lost out on the hundred, they're going to have the makings of a Complete Mennen Shave including a Lather Brush which I'll wager they can't equal for $3 or $4 or even $5 anywhere in the country.

Well, I'm glad this Prize business is over and I can get some sleep. Thanks for *all* the names. And next time we're looking for help, we'll know where we can get it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

The Brave and Untrue

Continued from page 22

or Dakota. Either because he found his mare outclassed or the racing business not so good, Bass sold his horse and hired himself out as a hand to Joel Collins, who was taking a herd through to Deadwood.

It was the usual six months' journey, and at the end of it, when the cattle were sold and the boys paid off, they all, with their employer in the lead, went on the usual spree in the exuberant city of Deadwood. It was a protracted session, carried out with all the expression and enthusiasm of flaming youth, and when it was over nobody in the party seems to have had as much as the price of a drink.

Once again, as had happened to him down on the bank of the Red River, Sam Bass sat down to discuss the disaster that had befallen him and his associates, and once again, also, the solution of their difficulty presented itself in the shape of crime.

Something Big—in Fact, a Record

ROBBING the Deadwood Coach had not, up to that time, become a popular sport, but Collins and his lads, with Sam Bass as the most industrious bandit in the bunch, proceeded to make it so. For some time the gang is said to have lived quite luxuriously off the proceeds of a series of "stick ups," and so scientific were they in their manner of doing the thing that they were not suspected in any quarter as being the men who were tampering with the pockets of the tourists and rifling the mails. They came and went at will, in and out of the saloons and gambling houses and dance halls, until finally, tiring of what seemed to them to be petit larceny, they decided to do something big. They did it.

Bidding farewell to Deadwood, Collins and his boys mounted their horses, rode down to a small station in Nebraska, called Big Springs, and there, on September 19, 1877, they pulled off the most successful train robbery ever staged in the United States up to that time. When the train stopped at Big Springs the gang boarded it, went through the coaches collecting $5,000 or more from the passengers, and then, entering the express car, ordered the messenger to open the safe. As it was a through safe to which the messenger did not know the combination, he was unable to comply with this order and was just on the point of being shot for his ignorance when Bass interfered.

"Don't kill him," he said; "he ain't to blame for it," and with that the bandits were about to retire when one of them, noticing some heavy wooden boxes piled in a corner, picked up a small coal hammer and broke one of them open. These boxes were filled with $20 gold pieces and, loading themselves down with this treasure, the gang, which was then made up of Collins, Bass, Jack Davis, Jim Berry, Bill Heffridge and John Underwood, took its departure. They secreted their treasure and went boldly back to the town of Ogallala, where they had previously stopped for several days and were well known, and there hung around for nearly a week while United States marshals, railroad officers and sheriffs' posses were scouring the country for the train robbers.

Finally, when it was generally conceded that the robbers had made a clean get-away, and the local excitement had died down a bit, Collins and the boys decided to take the trail back to Texas. In order to equip for the journey, however, some supplies were necessary, and while purchasing them Collins let fall a remark which aroused the suspicion of one of the clerks in the general store.

This young man pursued the gang till he sighted them. After dark he crawled through the grass and brush up to the edge of the bandits' camp and there, by the light of their fire, he witnessed an amazing spectacle. He saw sack after sack of gold dumped out on a blanket and watched and listened while the men counted and divided their booty.

According to Miss Sallie Bass, her brother Sam's dividend in this distribution of profits amounted to $19,000, and there were six stockholders in the enterprise.

The sight of so much money, together with the ticklish circumstances under which he was viewing it, almost frightened the young clerk to death, but as soon as he was able he crawled away, got back to his horse, and, without allowing anything to detain him, he rode, night and day, until he reached Ogallala. From there a new alarm was sent out, and, with the identity of the train robbers positively known, an industrious pursuit was begun. The clerk's trip, however, had consumed about three days, and in that time Bass and his companions had traveled a hundred miles down the trail and had separated with the understanding that Collins and Heffridge were to head for San Antonio, Bass and Davis for Denton, and Berry and Underwood for the former's home in Mexico, Mo.

A few days after this separation Collins and Heffridge, leading a pack pony, rode into Buffalo Station, Kan., and stopped to buy provisions. The railroad agent, becoming suspicious, engaged Collins in conversation.

In taking his handkerchief from his pocket Collins dropped a letter to the floor. It bore his name; the agent saw it and, as he was a man of immediate action, that was enough for him. He excused himself, ran to a camp of United States soldiers which was near by, and as Collins and Heffridge rode away he pointed them out to the lieutenant and said: "There go a couple of the U. P. train robbers." That was enough for the lieutenant, who was also a man of action, and in less than thirty minutes Collins and Heffridge, who made the mistake of endeavoring to escape, were both dead and their share of the booty was in the hands of the government.

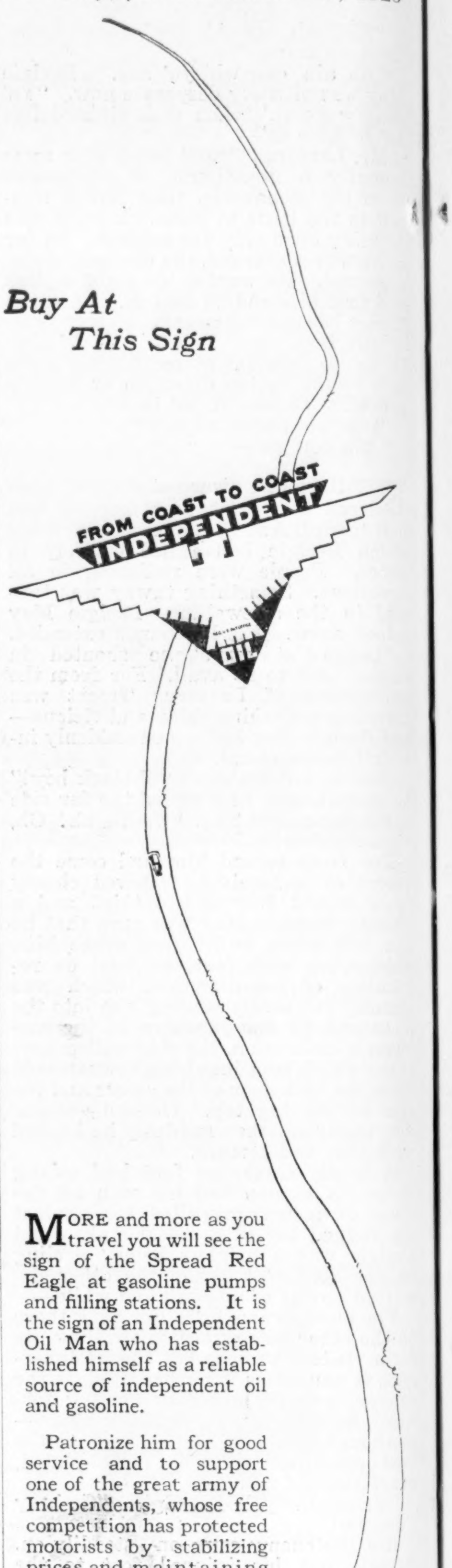
But in the meantime our hero and his companion were having much better luck. Without knowing that the names of the entire gang, and a complete description of every member of it, were in the hands of the officers, Bass none the less thought that it was best to disarm suspicion, if he could, and to that end he and Davis, so as not to appear as prosperous as successful train robbers ordinarily would, traded off their saddle horses for an old broken-down buckboard and a pair of flea-bitten grays. This conveyance was so dilapidated that they had to tie the tires on with strips of rawhide, but after having done this, and having thrown carelessly under the seat their $38,000, packed down in the legs of an old pair of pants, which were tied at the bottom to keep the treasure from leaking out, the pair of bandits jogged merrily and slowly along.

Denton Feels Highly Honored

TRAVELING in this humble fashion, Bass finally reached the neighborhood of Denton, and there he and his friend Davis parted. The latter stated that he was going to South America to reform—and so far as is known that is what he did, as he was never heard from again—but Sam Bass, who was evidently fond of publicity, said that he preferred to remain in the shadow of the old home town and organize a gang.

This was easily done. Everybody in the state of Texas, of course, knew that Denton was honored by having had one of its own local boys take part, as a principal, in the great train robbery, and hence, when that lad, who had pitched his camp down in Cove Hollow, sent word into town that he was there, and would like to have some of his former associates drop around for a call, no second invitation was necessary. Every man that he sent for came, and as, through the sight of Sam's gold, all were duly impressed with the idea that train robbing was a healthy and profitable occupation, he

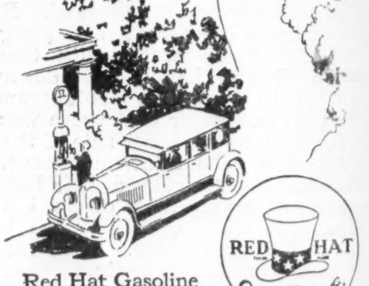
(*Continued on page 44*)



MORE and more as you travel you will see the sign of the Spread Red Eagle at gasoline pumps and filling stations. It is the sign of an Independent Oil Man who has established himself as a reliable source of independent oil and gasoline.

Patronize him for good service and to support one of the great army of Independents, whose free competition has protected motorists by stabilizing prices and maintaining quality of product.

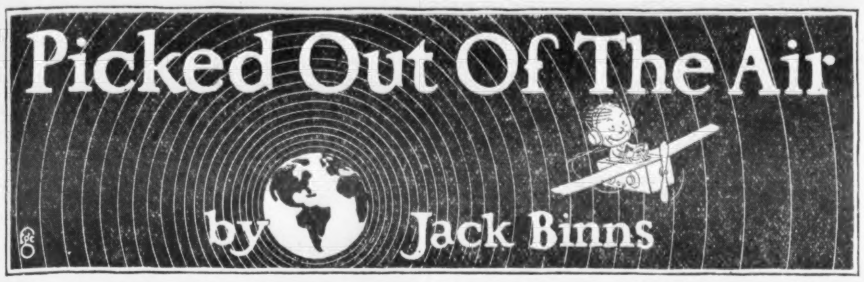
INDEPENDENT OIL MEN
OF AMERICA
624 S. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.



RED HAT GASOLINE

Red Hat Gasoline
Many Spread Red Eagle Independents carry Red Hat gasoline—an independent brand of U. S. Motor Fuel specification. (Only they can sell it.)

NOTE:—A non-profit organization conducting a publicity campaign in the interest of Independent Oil. By the sign of the Spread Red Eagle you will know the oil men who are truly independent.



Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Waiting for You

WE STILL pay $10.00 for all radio stories which we print sent to us by our readers. Write up your unusual experiences and suggestions that might be helpful to radio fans, and send them in.

The Weather Man Please Note

EVERY once in a while the old foolish idea that radio affects the weather gains the popular mind. In some localities it is believed radio causes continuous rains, in others prolonged drought.

Sixteen years ago, when I was operating a station in a remote part of Ireland, I was nearly mobbed by an infuriated populace which believed our station caused the tremendous downpour of that year. Recently a Georgian fan asked Governor Clifford L. Walker to stop WSB from broadcasting, on the ground that it was responsible for the drought prevailing in the Southeast.

What a shame it would be to shut off the air the dulcet tones of Lambden Kay. We should remember two things: first, there is no radio in the Sahara; and, second, radio didn't exist in the days of Noah.

GRAHAM McNAMEE
WEAF Announcer

Exercising Her Rights

A LICENSE to own and operate station KFXY at Flagstaff, Ariz., has been issued to Mary M. Costigan, the first woman broadcaster. Well, so far as the fans are concerned, Mary will always have the last word.

A Victory of Peace

ANOTHER forward step in man's conquest of knowledge has been made through the organized research forces of big business.

The Westinghouse company is to be congratulated on the magnificent work of Drs. H. C. Rentschler and J. W. Marden in discovering the process for making ductile thorium. An entirely new world of utility is opened up by their labors, especially in the realms of radio and X-ray.

It Looks Suspicious

D. S. MacCALLUM of Hartford sends me this little narrative: The radio fans of the South End of Connecticut's capital were seriously bothered by a noise which resembled that of a concrete mixer in full operation.

Letters were written to the newspapers. The electric light company sent out its trouble shooters to locate the disturbance. Still the noise persisted.

Finally members of the South End Radio Club decided to do a little ethereal gumshoeing themselves. The following day the local Times printed this item:

"MACHINE WEIGHING SEVERAL TONS REPORTED MISSING

"Antonio Lombardo, a contractor, of 27 East Street notified the detective bureau to-day that a concrete mixer weighing several tons has disappeared from a lot at Franklin and South Streets where Lombardo was engaged on a building lot."

Mac insists the club members are guiltless.

What Sonny Always Gets

A SCHENECTADY school teacher, in sending a story written in answer to a question on examination by an eleven-year-old pupil, says to the officials of station WGY: "It has such a feeling of sincerity that I thought you would appreciate it. The budding author was little Billy Clark, and in his masterpiece reciting his domestic tragedy he concludes:

" 'Pa put that radio in for *me*, but when there is any music *Ma* has to hear it. When anyone tells stories or jokes *Pa* listens in. When a parson preaches Pa reckons that it's time for me to listen in.' "

This little gem is respectfully dedicated to those indulgent fathers who are considering the purchase of a radio set *for the boy.*

This Year's Favorite

"GOOD evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience." With his own words we introduce Graham McNamee, the announcer elected the most popular in this year's voting.

In addition to his newest honor McNamee has quite a unique distinction. His voice has been heard by a greater number of people than that of any other individual. This is due to the fact that he invariably reports by radio the great national events over a large chain of stations.

Well, ladies of the radio audience, this is how "Mac" looks when he confronts the microphone at WEAF.

It's Lonesome Too!

JESSE JAMES declares it's pretty soft for me riding around the ether in that one-horse monoplane shown in the picture at the head of this column. Yes, Jesse, but think of what I have to listen to with those phones glued to my ears, and the darn plane isn't powerful enough to fly me out of range.

They Like Punishment

A FAN recently sent the following to WEAF: "Dear Sirs: As I have nothing to do I am writing you, and as I have nothing to say I will close. Yours, etc."

In spite of this gem the announcers are still pleading for more letters.

Go Go and Stop Stop

THE whistle of a traffic policeman on New York's Fifth Avenue is likely to become the world's longest distance siren. Every evening, when WEAF broadcasts the dinner music from the Waldorf, myriads hear that whistle as the cop at the intersection of Thirty-fourth Street blows for traffic.

FACTS ABOUT A FAMOUS FAMILY

Time Payments on General Motors cars

THE PURCHASE of a car out of income is a universally accepted practice. But there is a difference in time payment rates.

Six years ago General Motors organized the General Motors Acceptance Corporation (*GMAC*) to make credit available at the least possible cost to purchasers of General Motors cars. *GMAC* rates have always been low. Last August they were still further reduced. And the standard time sale price of any General Motors car is the cash delivered price, plus *only* the *GMAC* charge. Dealers will be glad to show you the official *GMAC* Rate Chart.

The important thing to the purchaser is the total cost of a car. The time payment charge is a part of the total cost when a car is bought out of income. These *GMAC* reductions therefore mean, in such instances, a substantially lowered total cost.

They are in accordance with General Motors' policy of passing on to the car buyer economies wherever effected—in financing as well as in engineering, manufacturing or selling operations.

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND
BUICK · CADILLAC · GMC TRUCK

MOLLÉ
-MŌ-LAY-

For SHAVING without BRUSH or LATHER

Just Mollé and a Razor

Instead of brush, lather, lotions and talcum, all you need is Mollé and your favorite razor.

Easily and Quickly Applied
Simply spread Mollé, with the finger-tips, over the dampened beard—then shave

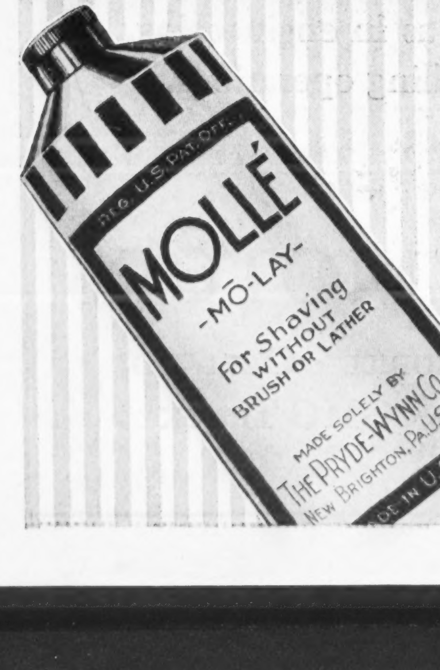
Ease, Speed and Comfort
A clean, smooth, comfortable shave in half the usual time, and without the slightest smart or burn of the face—(lotions or talcum are never needed).

Good for the Face
Mollé is fine for the skin. It is soothing, cooling and healing, and leaves a delightful after-feel of face comfort that lasts the whole day through.

Large Tube at all Druggists
50c

Generous Trial Tube Free
Name
Address

Mail to Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.



The Brave and Untrue

Continued from page 42

at once signed up six or eight good men and true and voted himself in as their leader.

Equipment was next necessary, and as Sam was financially able to do this part of it right, and also wanted his boys to make a good appearance in public, he led the entire party into Fort Worth, which town was then more cordial in its reception of outlaws than it would be to-day, and there openly purchased an entire outfit, in latest cowboy style, including a good horse apiece, for each one of his recruits. Thus accoutered, the gang stayed around for a day or two, known but unmolested, had a good time, and then rode back to Cove Hollow, leaving word behind that, from that stronghold, they were prepared to hurl defiance at the world.

This challenge was unnecessary. The substantial reward offered by the railroad and express companies had already served to fill Denton County to overflowing with United States marshals, public detectives, private sleuths and posses of ambitious citizens who were anxious to gain wealth and notoriety. With this entire category of pursuers Sam Bass and his men played hide and seek for two months and never left Denton County.

A Double Steal

ONE party did make "contact" with the boys, but it was a humorous and not a bloody affair. Sneaking up on their camp one night, only four miles out of Denton, an intrepid posse found Sam and his gang fast asleep and, bravely stealing all their horses, took them to town and put them in a livery stable. This was looked upon as a great victory, and the members of the posse were given an ovation. The celebration, however, was premature because the next morning it was found that matters had been restored to status quo. Shortly after the theft Sam and his men had missed their mounts and, doing exactly as Billie the Kid had done at White Oaks, N. M., they hastened into Denton, went direct to the livery stable and stole their animals back.

This incident, which stirred the authorities to increased endeavor, seems also to have stimulated Sam Bass, because, just when the pursuit was at its hottest, all of the neutral members of society—by which I mean the sporting public which takes a reading interest in such events—were thrown into a frenzy of delight by seeing in the morning papers of February 22, 1878, that the gang had, the night before, held up a westbound train at a small station a few miles west of Dallas.

The financial returns from this robbery seem to have been rather slim, but the publicity gained was enormous, and therefore, a few weeks later, on March 18th, Sam Bass, highly pleased with the attention he was attracting to himself and his followers, rode around the city and held up a train at the first station east of Dallas. This second success, which caused the fans to indulge in another session of unrestrained merriment, proved almost fatal, through apoplectic strokes of rage, to the sheriffs of Denton and Tarrant Counties and also to his excellency the governor of Texas. This last-named functionary decided to do something.

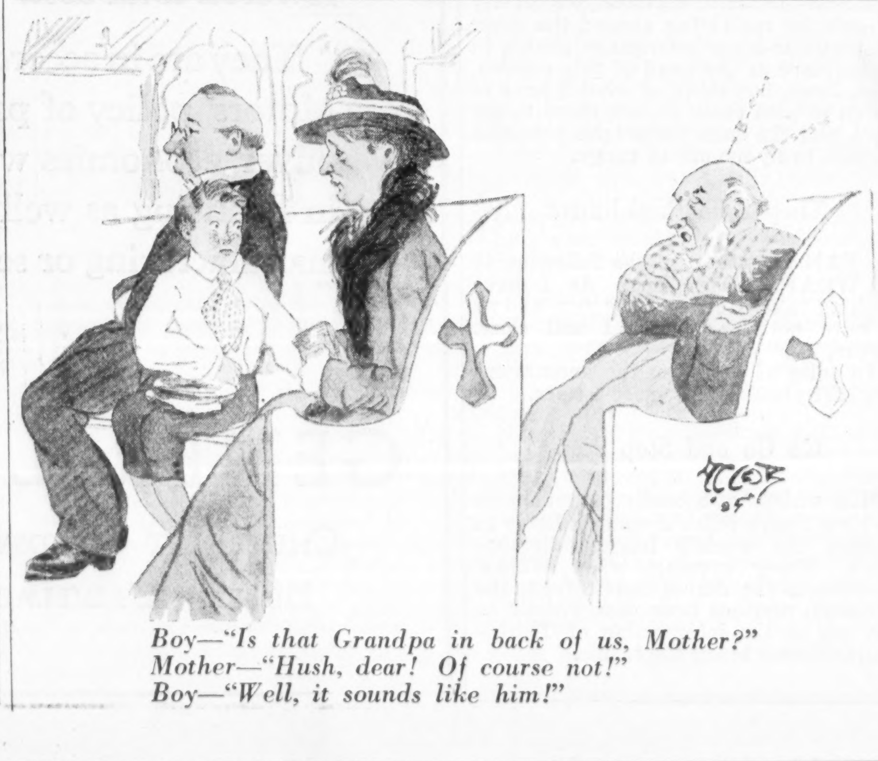
He called in Captain June Peak of the Texas Rangers, instructed him to swear in a large force of men, go to Denton and capture Sam Bass.

There was something very emphatic in the way these orders were issued, and Captain Peak did everything he was told to do—except the last thing. He swore in seventy-eight raw young men, who, before they had been in service twelve hours, had saddle blisters just where they belonged, and led them to Denton. When he arrived with this army Captain Peak was immediately told, by many enthusiastic citizens who were anxious to see a battle, that Bass and his valiant six were in camp only four miles away, but as it must have appeared certain that bloodshed would follow a collision, Captain Peak allowed his ardor to wane, paraded his uncomfortable adherents around the square for two days and left.

Such behavior as this disgusted Sam Bass to the extreme limit of his patience, and so he went forth and held up another train. This time he did his stuff at the first station south of Dallas, and thereafter the dizzy sheriffs, who by now didn't know which way to turn, seem to have abandoned the idea of capture.

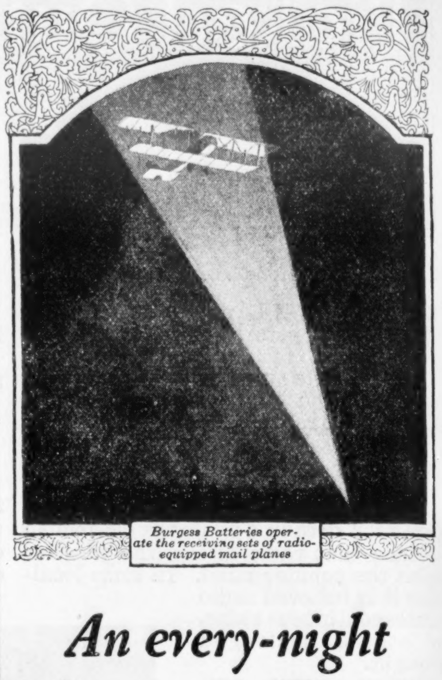
Captain June Peak, though, did not. After another session with the governor Captain Peak came back once more to Denton County and resumed the chase. This time the captain was at the head of a bunch of regular, hard-riding, hard-shooting, old-time Rangers, and trouble was the result. At Salt Creek in Wise County, whither it is inferred Bass and the boys had gone to rest up after a "big time" had in Fort Worth, the Rangers ran into them and after a fierce fight they killed Arkansas Johnson, Bass' most trusted lieutenant, and captured Pipes Henderson and Jim Murphy.

This setback so disturbed Bass that after committing a few minor depredations and, according to one authority, a fourth train robbery, he decided to go, with his two remaining accomplices, down into old Mexico. With the frank-



Boy—"Is that Grandpa in back of us, Mother?"
Mother—"Hush, dear! Of course not!"
Boy—"Well, it sounds like him!"

ASK . . ANY . . RADIO . . ENGINEER



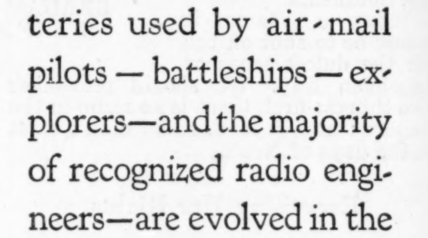
Burgess Batteries operate the receiving sets of radio-equipped mail planes

An every-night adventure of Burgess Radio Batteries

ONE of the reasons why you should always buy Burgess Radio Batteries is that the batteries used by air-mail pilots — battleships — explorers—and the majority of recognized radio engineers—are evolved in the Burgess Laboratories and manufactured in the Burgess factory.

These batteries are identical with the batteries sold by your dealer and thousands of other good dealers everywhere.

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO
Canadian Factories and Offices:
Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



BURGESS
RADIO
BATTERIES

ness that had characterized all his previous public performances, the outlaw let it be generally known that it was his intention to emigrate, and at once a brave plan was set on foot for his capture.

Adjutant General Jones, Captain Peak and several other valiant officers approached Jim Murphy, one of the two captured members of the Bass organization, where he slumbered in his cell, and offered him his freedom if he would go and rejoin his chief and then betray him.

At first Murphy flatly refused to listen to any such base proposal. He said that Bass had befriended him when his wife and children were sick and in need and that he couldn't go back on him. Coercion, argument and authority, however, won out in the end, and within a few days Murphy, explaining that he had skipped his bond, appeared in the train robbers' stronghold and asked to be readmitted to the gang.

He was taken in without question, but a day or two later, when Bass received a note from a friend in Denton telling him that Murphy was working for the officers and advising him "to kill the traitor at once," the man was given the third degree. At the close of this inquisitorial proceeding Bass and Sebe Barnes pulled down their black caps and voted in favor of ending Murphy's miserable existence by making quick use of a six-shooter, but Frank Jackson, of whom Bass was exceedingly fond, emphatically defended him, said that he knew he was on the square and concluded by asserting that if they killed Murphy they would have to kill him also.

Some Men Can't Take Advice

THIS stand of Jackson's, together with Murphy's promise that he would take the lead in the next train or bank robbery, won a reprieve for him, and early in July, 1878, the four men left Denton County, and, traveling in open daylight and along the main highways, they took their own time about arriving at Waco.

Camping on the outskirts of Waco for several days, the gang visited the town half a dozen times, stole a fine mare, and, after looking the field carefully over, decided that the place was too well policed for a daylight bank robbery to be a success. Round Rock, as the scene for this enterprise, was substituted for Waco, and the gang immediately took the road.

As usual, towns were not avoided, and on the way a stop was made at Belton, where Bass successfully negotiated a sale of the mare he had picked up at the last station. The purchaser of the horse demanded a bill of sale, and while Bass was in a store writing out this required evidence of title Murphy took the opportunity to scribble a note to General Jones, which read: "We are on the way to Round Rock to rob the bank. For God's sake, be there to prevent it."

Immediately upon receipt of this note, which was mailed at Belton, General Jones dispatched three rangers, regular old-timers, Dick Ware, Chris Connor and George Herold, to Round Rock, and the next day he went over himself to take command of the force. Upon his arrival, on the morning of July 20, 1878, Jones called upon Deputy Sheriff Grimes, told him of the impending entertainment that was planned for the little town and at the same time warned the man that if Bass and his crowd showed up not to attempt any arrest unless he was supported by the rangers.

Some men, though, can't take advice. Grimes was one of these, and he paid dearly for it.

Late in the afternoon Bass and his men, who had made camp just on the edge of town, rode in to size up the martial situation and look over the field for their next day's operations. On the way in, Murphy, who feared an attack by the rangers in response to his warning, said he would stop and get some corn for the horses, and thus Bass, Jackson and Barnes rode in alone. This trio tied their horses in an alley back of the bank, carefully got the lay of the land around this location, and then sauntered carelessly uptown to get some tobacco. As they turned in at a store Deputy Sheriffs Grimes and Moore were watching them from a corner, and Moore said: "One of those fellows looks as if he was wearing a gun."

"I'll go and see," promptly replied Grimes and, knowing perfectly well whom he was tackling, and that he was disregarding Jones' instructions, he followed Bass up to the counter and said, "I believe you have a pistol."

"Of course I have," answered Bass as he shot the man dead and also put a second bullet through Moore, who was drawing a pistol.

This started the fight. At the sound of the two pistol shots, Dick Ware, who was across the street in a barber shop, rushed out and saw Bass and his two followers leave the store. Ware immediately cut down on the party and a pistol duel began with the three bandits endeavoring to make a run for it and get to their horses. For a few minutes Ware sustained the fight alone and was then joined by Jones, Herold and quite a number of bellicose citizens who didn't know what it was all about, but who had grabbed up six-shooters and rifles and joined the fray anyhow.

It was a most unequal combat. Barnes was killed almost immediately. Bass was desperately wounded a few seconds later, and Jackson had to shoot it out alone. He did it with unequaled bravery. Battling by himself, against at least a dozen opponents, this boy managed between shots to support his chief into the alley, to help him mount his horse and to ride away with him at a gallop.

As the fleeing pair passed a store on the outskirts of the town, Jim Murphy, who had betrayed them, saw them go by, took note of the fact that Jackson was holding Bass in his saddle, and later on was able to give the rangers further information as to the route they had taken.

That night there was no pursuit. Jackson and Bass rode into the woods and there the chief gave up. He was too weak from pain and loss of blood to ride further, and Jackson, dismounting with him, declared that he would stay and fight off the bunch, that he was a match for all of them.

"No, Frank," said Bass. "I'm done for. You go ahead."

The Snitch Sentences Himself

THE next morning a ranger posse found the train robber, still alive, lying beneath a tree. Beside him was a can of water which had been given him by a woman and scattered around were strips of his undershirt which he had torn up and used to wipe the blood from his body.

Two days later Sam Bass, steadfastly refusing to divulge the names of any of the men who had been associated with him in his crimes, died in Round Rock, and to-day, in that little town, there is a simple monument which bears the following inscription:

SAMUEL BASS
Born July 21st, 1851
Died July 21st, 1878
A brave man reposes in death here.
Why was he not true?

Sam Bass was "true," but what of Jim Murphy? That man, hated of all men, despised even by the rangers whom he had served, returned to Denton, learned that Frank Jackson was hanging around in the Elm Bottoms waiting for a chance to kill him and cringingly asked the sheriff to allow him to remain in jail for protection. This permission was granted, but Murphy could not protect himself from his own conscience. In a few weeks he committed suicide.

"The Man-Trapper" is the title of Mr. White's story in next week's Collier's

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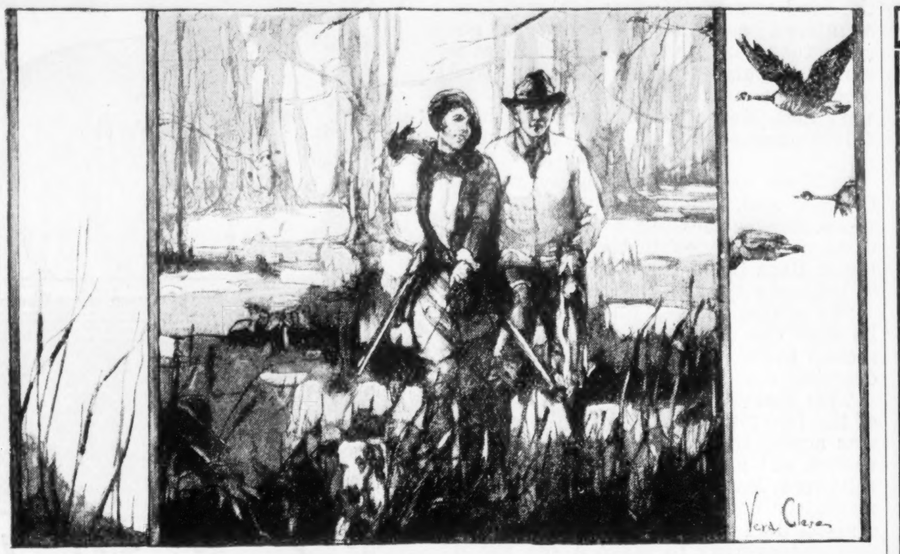

NOVEMBER

By WALTER GREENOUGH

Illustrated by VERA CLERE

WELL, I sort o' feel the autumn slippin' gently down the year,
An' I guess that's right an' proper, for Thanksgivin's mighty near;
An' I hear the geese a-honkin', an' the jacksnipes "skeempin'" down
To the marsh along the river, an' the sycamores are brown.

When I walked across the bottom, jest a day or so ago,
Seemed to me the wind was heavy with a little hint o' snow,
An' the grass along the fences is a-beddin' down a bit,
An' the sumac's turnin' crimson where the frost's a-touchin' it.

'Pawpaw leaves are mighty yellow, an' the hazelnuts are dry,
An' the winesap keeps a-blushin' at the ruddy northern spy.
'Possum tracks along the crick bed, where the wild grapes, turnin' blue,
Are a-hangin' thick an' heavy when the moon comes peepin' through.

Guess there ain't a bit o' question what a fellow ought to do—
Better get himself a partner an' a box o' shells or two,
An' arrange to let his business get along the best it can,
For it's rabbit-huntin' season, an' the hounds are bawlin', man!

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SOUTH	Alabama-Georgia, Birmingham Vanderbilt-Sewanee, Nashville Virginia-North Carolina, Chapel Hill Florida-Wash. & Lee, Jacksonville Georgia Tech.-Auburn, Atlanta Kentucky-Tennessee, Lexington Texas-Texas Agri., College Station V. P. I.-V. M. I., Roanoke

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Sava

Continued from page 14

the throats of many men. She was no longer very young, as gypsies go, perhaps twenty-five. Her face was round and full and quiet. Her body, without being supple, was sinuous. Her movements were slow and stately. Her big eyes looked the men over quietly and appraisingly without any haste. Many a man lowered his head as she looked at him. Her glance rested a little longer on Sava than it did upon the other men. But it was only a fraction of a second that their eyes met.

THE other young men looked at Sava to see the effect of the woman upon him, and realizing he had singled her out of all the women, they went about to take part in the general gayety that was being staged. A little later, while the smoke was rising from the fire, and the savor of steam from the pots, the two tribes mingled freely, the young men from Chief Mincu's tribe were already on terms of friendship with the girls from Sava's tribe, while Sava's young men were joking and laughing with the women of Mincu's tribe.

Sava approached the chief and, greeting, sat down near him, saying, "I am Sava."

"Oh, you are Sava?" Mincu answered, shaking his hand vigorously again. "They have just told me how you bottled the gendarmes up."

And the shrewd old gypsy trader shook with laughter as he thumped Sava's shoulder vigorously. Defeating the men of the law was great fun for all gypsies.

"And your daughter, what is her name?" Sava asked.

"Tira," Mincu answered. "And though there have been five hundred and fifty men who have offered me wealth and riches that I should marry her to them, she has so far chosen to remain alone."

He waxed enthusiastic. "In the Dobruja a Tatar chief wanted to buy her from me, offering all his sheep, a thousand in number, for her. A Cherkess in Russia offered me not very long ago two of his best blood horses, for which I had offered him a thousand pieces of gold, that I should give her to him in marriage. She refused."

"A thousand pieces of gold!" Sava repeated, incredulous.

"A thousand pieces of gold," Mincu asserted without flinching.

"And are you her father or her slave?" Sava questioned, looking the older man in the eyes.

"Her father," Mincu answered. "But a woman like Tira should have her word in the choice of a husband."

Sava looked at him, shrugged his shoulders and rose to his feet. The dance had already begun. He walked slowly up to Tira and extended his right arm for her left one, to join with her in the circle that was already turning around to slow music, gathering speed for the whirl in which it should end.

With all her plumpness she was as light as a feather. And her feet executed quick movements in the air before they were brought down again to the earth, as they turned around and around while the men were yelling "Hi! Hey!" from the fullness of their throats. At the completion of the circle one of the women was called upon to step out into the center of the circle and do a solo dance while the others turned around and around and clapped their hands:

"Mara! Mara! Mara! Mara!"

And Mara stepped out and danced. When Mara had returned to join arms with her partner another one was called out. The young men and women of the other tribe were given first call, so that they might show the mettle of which they were made.

After the fourth round the youth of Sava's tribe began to call on Tira to step out and dance:

"Tira! Tira! Tira! Tira!"

Like a tiger Tira leaped into the center of the circle. Spinning like a top with her arms extended in front of her, she came to a deap stop, only to begin the same spin in the opposite direction. Her feet hardly touched the ground, while her head turned this side and that, looking at all of them provokingly, tantalizingly. When the music slowed up she clasped her hands at her back, bringing her shoulders forward, and glided snakewise along the inner rim of the circle, measuring and weighing with her eyes the men of the other tribe.

When she reached Sava she looked at him longer than at the others, and spinning around once more she leaped as vigorously back to her place as she had broken out of it. There was no fatigue in her eyes. They were more luminous than before. Only the bosom rose and fell a little faster and the veins of her throat thickened.

There was a loud cry of admiration. Even the older men and women, forming an outer ring about the young people, were clapping their hands and calling loudly her name: "Tira! Tira! Tira!"

WHEN the dance was over Sava tugged at Tira's father's coat.

"That we drink a glass of wine together, 'cumetru,' Father-in-law. Come where the wine is served."

Mincu looked into Sava's eyes as he rose to follow him.

"It is about Tira that I want to speak," Sava said, after clinking glasses.

"What can you tell me of her that I do not already know?" the girl's father laughed.

"You spoke of a thousand gold pieces, Mincu. But you meant silver pieces, did you not?"

"I spoke of a thousand gold pieces, which I have refused," Mincu answered, putting down the empty glass.

"Maybe another glass of wine will teach you the difference between gold and silver," Sava replied, winking at his men as he poured more wine for Mincu.

"The difference, my son, is the difference between you and me," Mincu rejoined, while the people called out with admiration:

"Hey, Mincu! That's Mincu!"

The two tribes assembled about the two bargaining men. They forgot even what the bargaining was about. It was just a contest of wits. The two men were looking at one another silently, each one watching for the other to make an opening.

"Where is blind Jorga, that he tell me a story?" Mincu called mockingly, having lost patience.

"Leave blind Jorga out of that," Sava answered in anger.

(*Continued on page 48*)

"The Book Nobody Knows"

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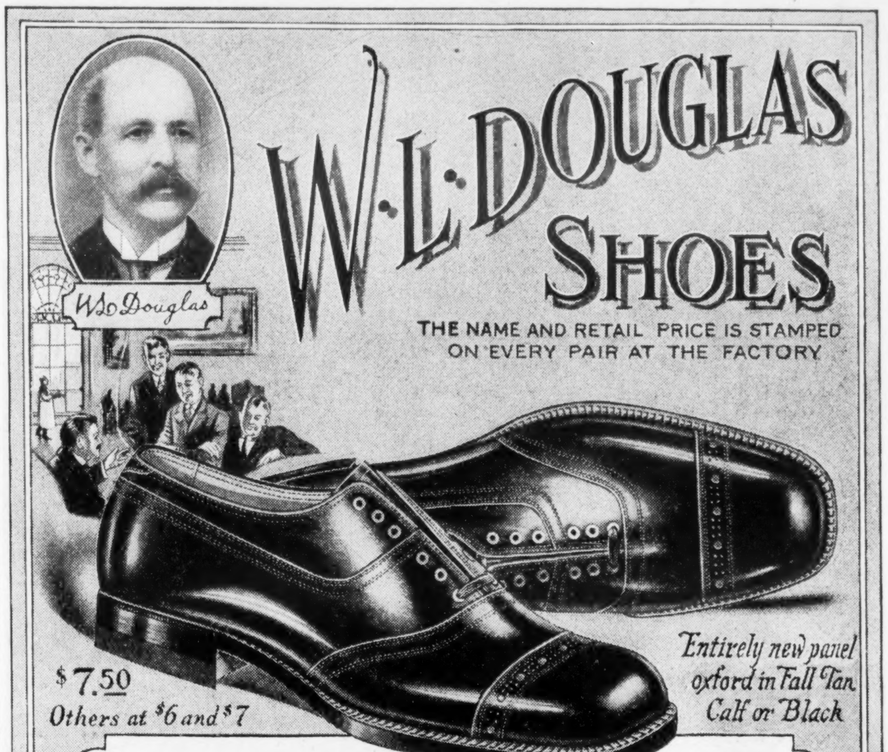
By BRUCE BARTON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Sava

Continued from page 47

Mincu caught the eye of his daughter.

"If you talk about silver you will drain the wine of the country before I say another word."

"Gold! Gold!" called Mincu's men.

"Then gold it shall be," Sava answered, and taking from his belt a heavy purse he tendered it to Mincu. "There are a hundred pieces of gold here. What say you?"

In answer to Sava's offer Mincu turned his back and spoke to his men.

"Harness up. Another few hours we shall reach Ploesti and be received by our own people."

Sava looked at Tira, who returned his glance without flinching.

"And so a thousand gold pieces were offered and you refused?"

"It was the man I refused and not the gold," Tira answered angrily. "You should have come to me first."

She turned her back and left him.

Sava sat down on his heels and watched how Mincu and his men were harnessing their horses. His men were happy to see him so interested in a woman. They were anxious to see him settled with a family. It was no good having a chief without a wife and not knowing where his eyes might cast about for one.

Sava called the oldest men of his tribe and spoke to them softly. The old men approached Mincu with great ceremony.

"Pass this night with us, pray. It is too late to reach Ploesti before nightfall. There have been heavy rains in the mountains, and the ground is still soggy. There is meat aplenty here, and wine, and the strings of the fiddles have not all snapped."

MINCU resisted, claiming that he could reach Ploesti with the kind of horses he had, no matter what the roads were. But ultimately the old men and the people of Sava's tribe prevailed upon the guests to stay overnight.

Mincu unbuttoned his coat in preparation for the new glass of wine. Tira was sitting at the end of her wagon, her legs dangling.

"To show that I am grateful that you have remained here with us, Mincu, I will offer you two hundred gold pieces," Sava said.

Mincu shook his head and answered in reproachful accents, "I have remained as a guest and not as a trader."

"Three hundred," Sava called out, to the amazement of his men.

And then, as Mincu still shook his head, Sava called out in quick succession: "Four hundred. Five hundred."

Mincu turned around and looked at his daughter, who shook her head negatively.

"That is not half enough. I would willingly take it if it were my daughter's will. It would be worth the difference between that and a thousand for me for the happiness of my daughter. But she is unwilling, Sava."

SAVA moved away from the chief and sat down near Tira. Never before had he been so electrified as he was by the nearness of that woman beside him.

"And so you urge your father to refuse five hundred gold pieces, that you become my wife," he asked, looking into her eyes.

"I would tell him to refuse a thousand," Tira answered calmly. "You should have spoken to me first," she added.

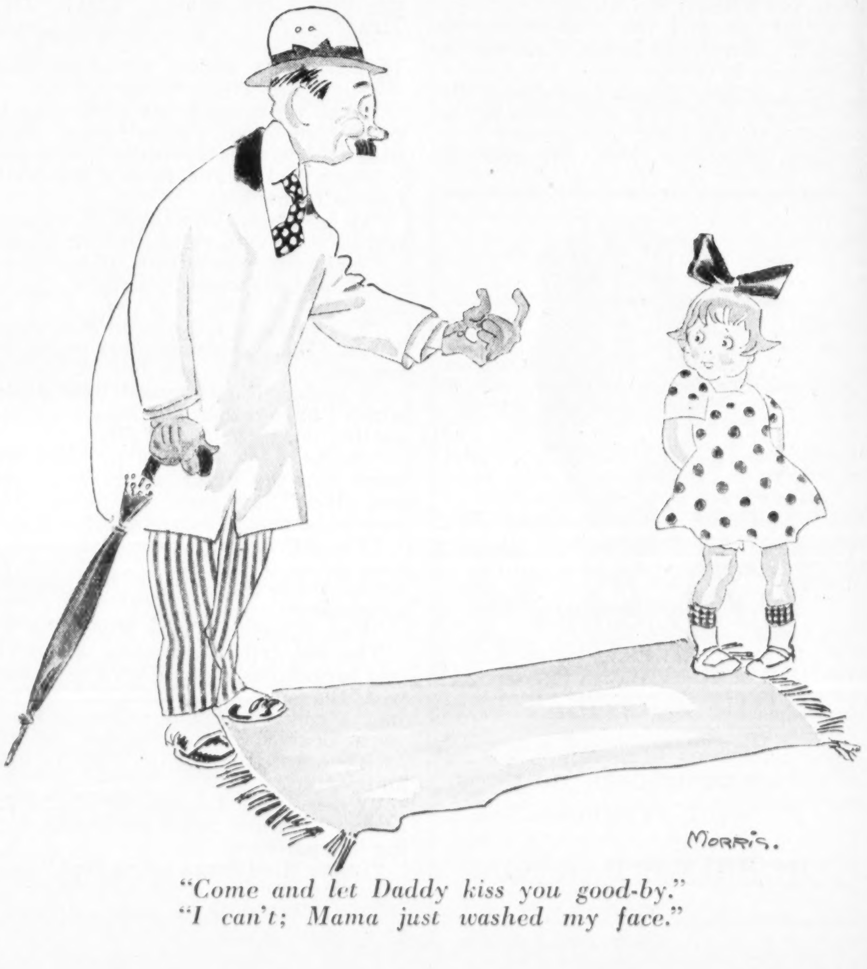
Sava left her and went to talk with the men. The night was long. If her father was a trader, he too was one. No one should be able to say, "Mincu has bested Sava in a bargain!" He knew that his people would ply Mincu with wine to soften him into a better bargain.

Late that night Tira was still dangling her feet from the rear end of the wagon. She was talking to her father. Sava could not hear what she said to him, but he heard Mincu argue with her heatedly.

It looked as though his men had brought Mincu to reason. He regretted he had offered five hundred gold pieces for the girl. Perhaps if he had stopped at four hundred! Or even three hundred! It was not only the money, but to be beaten in a bargain by another man!

Mincu was half drunk now. He put his two hands on Sava's shoulders and said:

"I talked to Tira. She says she won't have you, that I should not sell her to you. And I so much want to have you for my son, Sava. But she won't have you. Oh, women! Who can ever tell what is in their hearts! Who can? Fill my glass, men; fill it."



"Come and let Daddy kiss you good-by."
"I can't; Mama just washed my face."

"What kind of a father are you?" Sava questioned.

"Yes, what kind of a father are you that you cannot tell her what to do?" Sava's people shouted. "Tell us! Are you her slave or her master?"

"It is not only that," Mincu rejoined. "But if it is to get her a husband she does not want I can turn around and get the thousand gold pieces the Cherkess has offered, or the two horses I wanted so much."

He had sobered up the moment he was again bargaining. Drunk or sober, he was a trader.

"I have offered you five hundred. I am offering six hundred now," Sava called out.

Mincu's eyes brightened, but he still shook his head.

"Seven hundred," called out Sava, after a brief moment. "It is all I have!"

"Then wait a few more years," Mincu answered jestingly. "Don't give away all you have!"

Sava sank into himself. It really was all he possessed. He would willingly have offered more. What did money count against the possession of such a woman as Tira? Her pale, round face shamed the moon. Her eyes gave more warmth than the fire that was burning and crackling.

ONE OF THOSE CHIPS

quarreled with the Old Block and shortly afterward met The Girl. James Kevin McGuinness tells the story and you'll chuckle as you read it

in next week's

Collier's

Blind Jorga edged up to Sava. "When I last saw thee thou wert no higher than my knees. But I know thee and have listened to thy voice during all the years. Take this." And he put his purse into Sava's hands. "It is all I have. Offer that also for the woman thou lovest."

SAVA'S friends saw Jorga put his purse into their chief's hands and were now ready to give all they possessed that he buy himself the woman he loved.

"Silence!" Blind Jorga called. "He has offered seven hundred. He can now offer a hundred more gold pieces. And, by my beard, he will not offer more! Mincu! Where is Mincu!"

"If it is to marry her to a man she does not want why should I take eight hundred when a thousand has been offered to me?" Mincu answered.

Another gypsy put his purse into Sava's hands. "It is fifty gold pieces. All I have."

And those fifty were offered to Mincu.

Then one after another the other men gave, each one everything he possessed, until the full sum of a thousand gold pieces was reached.

"There is a thousand," Jorga called out joyfully, for he was conducting the deal.

At the loud huzzas of the people Tira joined the circle.

"It is a thousand gold pieces they have offered for you, Tira, and I have accepted."

Sava looked at her. He was happy not only because he had bought her for a thousand gold pieces but also because his people had so self-sacrificingly offered of their own free will the money they had saved in long years of dangerous toil. He was proud of their love for him. He felt stronger than he had ever felt before—as if all their strength had joined his. He looked at them with tears in his eyes. He looked at her. She was angry, defiant. She could not understand that if she was worth a thousand gold pieces to him she was worth all the gold in the world to his people, and they to him more than that.

SCREAMING at the top of her voice, Tira threw herself at her father's chest with her two fists.

"Oh! To have sold me to a man I do not want! Oh! Oh! Oh! Against my will. Against my will. He should have spoken to me first. To me. To me."

She tore her hair and clawed her breasts and face. That a daughter should dare so to behave toward her father! But Sava's whip will cow her into a dutiful wife!

They looked at Sava, expecting to see the joy of the prospective taming of such a woman. But he stood with his eyes closed, and his face became sadder and sadder as Tira's rage grew.

His mind climbed over the mountains to that other woman, to the young widow whose love for him was so intense, who made him feel so sure of himself. She was always waiting for him.

What sort of woman would be waiting for him on his return from a dangerous journey if he were to marry Tira? True, he could beat Tira into submission. But he could not force love from her; not the kind of love the other woman had for him. And he weighed and measured. Was the nearness of the one who loves you not dearer than the nearness of the one who does not?

Meanwhile Tira's rage grew and grew. She clawed and cried and cursed. Oh, it would be pleasant to tame her! The desire to tame her was growing in him every second. He would have liked to begin right then and there. But she was still Mincu's daughter. She was not yet his wife.

She did not love him. He could see that. What kind of woman would await his return from the other side of the mountains? He would come to her with a heart full of love, tired, hungry, wounded. How would she receive him? Marga, the widow, would be waiting for him—expecting him.

The poet of the tribe, old Jorga, was chanting: "A thousand gold pieces Sava pays for the woman he desires! That is the kind of men we have. They pay everything they possess for the women they love. That is the kind of men we are. When a man does not have all the money, all the gold, we give it to him, that he purchase his heart's desire."

They had meanwhile dragged Tira to the wedding rug. She had suddenly quieted down and was awaiting Sava in the center of the weave. She had dried her tears and was straightening her hair while the men and women shouted and laughed.

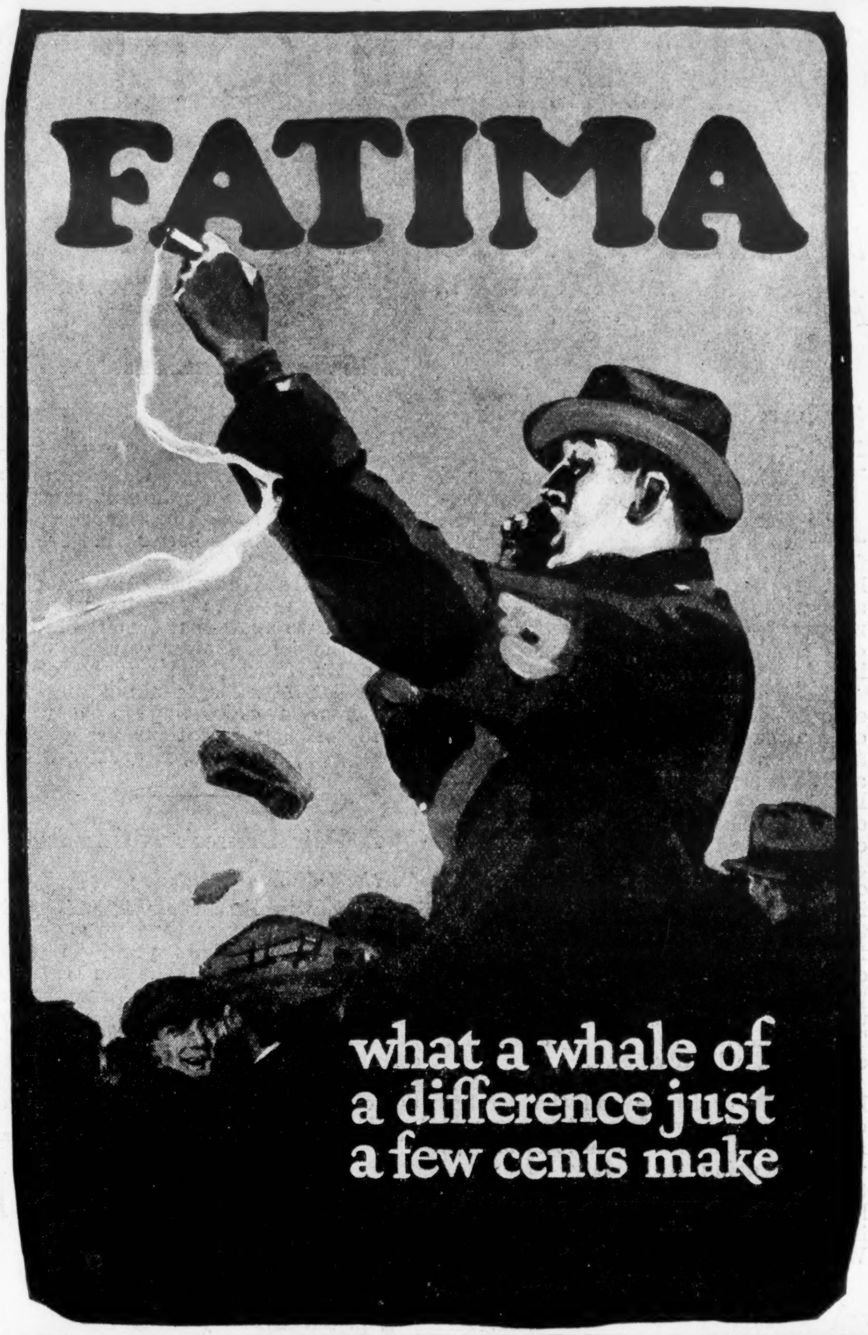
"Sava, give Mincu your purse that he give you the hand of his daughter," Jorga asked, fumbling for Sava's hand.

Sava remained silent. His eyes had a far-away look. . . . Suddenly he looked with searching eyes into the face of Tira.

"Bring me my horse," he called to one of his men. "Let her marry the man she loves. I am going to fetch here the woman who loves me!"

And, throwing the purse into Jorga's hands, he turned to Mincu and called: "It is a bad bargain you have driven, Mincu. A woman like her is worth ten times a thousand gold pieces—to the man she loves. But she will only be anguish and death to the man she does not love! If you hate the Cherkess, sell her to him."

And Sava sped his way across the mountains to the woman who was ever waiting for him.


FATIMA
what a whale of a difference just a few cents make

"THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE"

"I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when I first kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, 'as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump,' she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine."

IT'S James Whitcomb Riley, of course. No other American poet ever touched simple human experience with the same wonderful sympathy and charm. He wrote a verse for every mood; he stirs every kindly emotion with his deeply sincere humor and pathos.

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The publishers cannot undertake to send this book free to children.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

If you'd rather write than be President, here's the place to send your letter

More Work for Main Street

To the Editor of Collier's:

EVERY state in the Union should respond to the challenge in Collier's editorial of October 17th, to accept its true responsibility for local enforcement of the prohibition law. New York, Maryland and Nevada are without enforcement codes and many cities refuse to aid in enforcement of either federal or state prohibition laws.

There can be no local option on law enforcement. Over 300,000 public officers in the states and their subdivisions are sworn to support the Constitution and have a positive duty to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment. An intensive campaign should be opened in every county to hold all officials to their duty.

The federal government has few officers and courts, compared with the total in the states. Its chief responsibility is to shut off supply sources through enforcement of customs and revenue laws, control of industrial alcohol and other possible sources of bootleg liquor and the prosecution of conspiracy cases. This would leave bootlegging and minor cases to the local officers.

Keep the light turned on the bootlegger, the consumer and the derelict officials, but do not forget the army of faithful federal, state and local officers who are doing their duty. More of them, in proportion to their number, have died at their posts than fell wearing the American uniform in the Great War.

WAYNE B. WHEELER,
Washington, D. C.

The Inquiring Philologist

To the Editor of Collier's:

Anybody happen to know origin of the word "Hoosier"? The dictionaries pass it up.

BILL MATCHES,
New York.

Bart Doesn't Believe It

To the Editor of Collier's:

Down here in Arkansas they know me as just Bart Parker. I want to say that I don't agree with Captain Anton Heinen's daring declaration that you'll "feel safer afloat in an airship than afloat in a liner." Neither do I believe the captain has such a faith and feeling.

I'm like the Negro who was asked whether he preferred being blown up on a steamboat or caught in a railroad wreck. He replied, "Boss, I favors de railroad wreck. Dere you know whar you am, but is you caught in a steamboat explosion whar am you?"

And furthermore the records of deaths through airplanes falling and blowing up, and likewise the loss of life in submarines and steamboats, kind of tumble down Captain Heinen's boast as to safety.

J. B. PARKER,
Conway, Arkansas.

George M. Cohan Stuff

To the Editor of Collier's:

There has been considerable discussion about our national bird. Mr. Nelson suggests the dove, which would be too sweet for anything! We might also have the modest and shrinking violet for our national flower. Furthering the idea that we'd run before we'd do anything so naughty as hit back.

He prefers anything to the eagle. Well, how about the wren? It's a nice, peaceful little thing. Or perhaps a cute little canary would suit him. If he insists on something that is proof against a fall he'd better vote for the worm.

Personally I'm rather attached to the eagle. We can afford to feel peaceful when we know that cranky old bird is on the job. However, if it would make Mr. Nelson feel any better we might let Mr. Eagle wave an olive branch or a white flag to show the world that our intentions are good.

U. S. A., Ferguson, Mo.

A Hair Dresser's Nightmare

To the Editor of Collier's:

Mr. Edwin E. Slosson tells in Collier's of a Moscow professor who claims that if you give dried thyroid glands to red, brown or black hens the feathers on these hens will come off and soon a new crop will appear, all pure white feathers. Wouldn't it be fine if biological chemistry could furnish some compound that, mixed with this same dried thyroid gland and fed to dissatisfied humans, would change the color of a "chicken's" hair as it will do an old hen's feathers?

Just as soon as this new crop of hair begins to sprout the chemist could add another compound and have the hair grow out in a ready-made marcel or permanent wave.

My! but wouldn't this be a boon to matrimony? And just think what a time and money saver all this would be?

W. G. COX, Burlington, N. C.

Who Said Bogey Man?

To the Editor of Collier's:

Let me make a prediction:

If we do not stop the coddling of criminals—if we do not immediately do something to speed up legal procedure and render it certain that crime will be punished in this country—then we may as well realize that we are wholly at the mercy of the murderers and stick-up artists.

What is to prevent criminals from using aëroplanes and poison gas? Why should they not commit crime on a wholesale rather than a retail scale? That is what may come next.

GUY HAYTHORN, Wichita, Kan.

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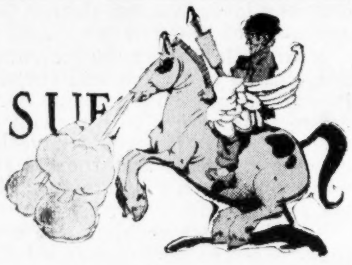

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Where Men Play Football

To the Editor of Collier's:

I notice that the Michigan-Illinois football game mentioned in your issue of October 24th was under the heading "Important Games in the West."

Do you birds ever get out of New York? Who ever heard of Michigan called West? Say, we got football teams in the West—I mean west of the Mississippi. Most Eastern people think the western boundary of the U. S. A. is the Mississippi. It would do Rice a lot of good to look up the records of our Western football teams. How about California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho? I can remember when the cream of the East came out to the West and were beaten. Why didn't Rice mention the Idaho-Oregon game at Spokane? This is a Northwest conference game and is the West, not the Middle West, but out in God's country.

A. LESTER WOOD, Spokane, Wash.

Kids and Clergymen

To the Editor of Collier's:

What the recent writer in Collier's says about the clergy would apply to editors, reporters, physicians, lawyers, business men, scientists and others.

What do you want in a clergyman? A man who looks like an Apollo, with a mind like a Plato, who can preach like an archangel, who is as good a mixer as a ward politician, who can administer the business of a church with the skill of a captain of industry and who is as good as God—all in one man and for the price of a hod carrier?

If you want better preachers raise better "kids."

VERNON WADE WAGAR,
Warren, Ohio.

To the Editor of Collier's:

I am reminded of an old bishop who, when asked by a layman why the clergy weren't a better lot, replied, "Because we haven't anything better than laymen to make them of."

CHARLES W. HINTON,
Locust Valley, N. Y.

Des Moines Must be Crowded

To the Editor of Collier's:

David Starr Jordan in a recent letter to Collier's revives the old sob about how purchasers of Liberty Bonds were "forced to sell at 10 to 20 per cent discount," etc.

Records of the New York Stock Exchange reveal the interesting fact that transactions in Liberty issues were greater in 1919 than they have been in any year since—1919, when employment was more general, wages higher, and the necessity for selling less than at any time since.

As for the farmer "watching prosperity fly by in high-powered motors"—witness the state of Iowa with one motor car registered for each 3.90 inhabitants as against 7.35 for New York State; Des Moines 4.07, as against 13.76 for New York City, the home of the "bloated bondholder."

J. B. A., Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. Heaton Knows the Answer

To the Editor of Collier's:

Comrade Frank W. Smith of the U. S. Soldiers Home, Sawtelle, Cal., asks why totally disabled veterans of the World War receive five times as much compensation as totally disabled veterans of the Spanish-American War.

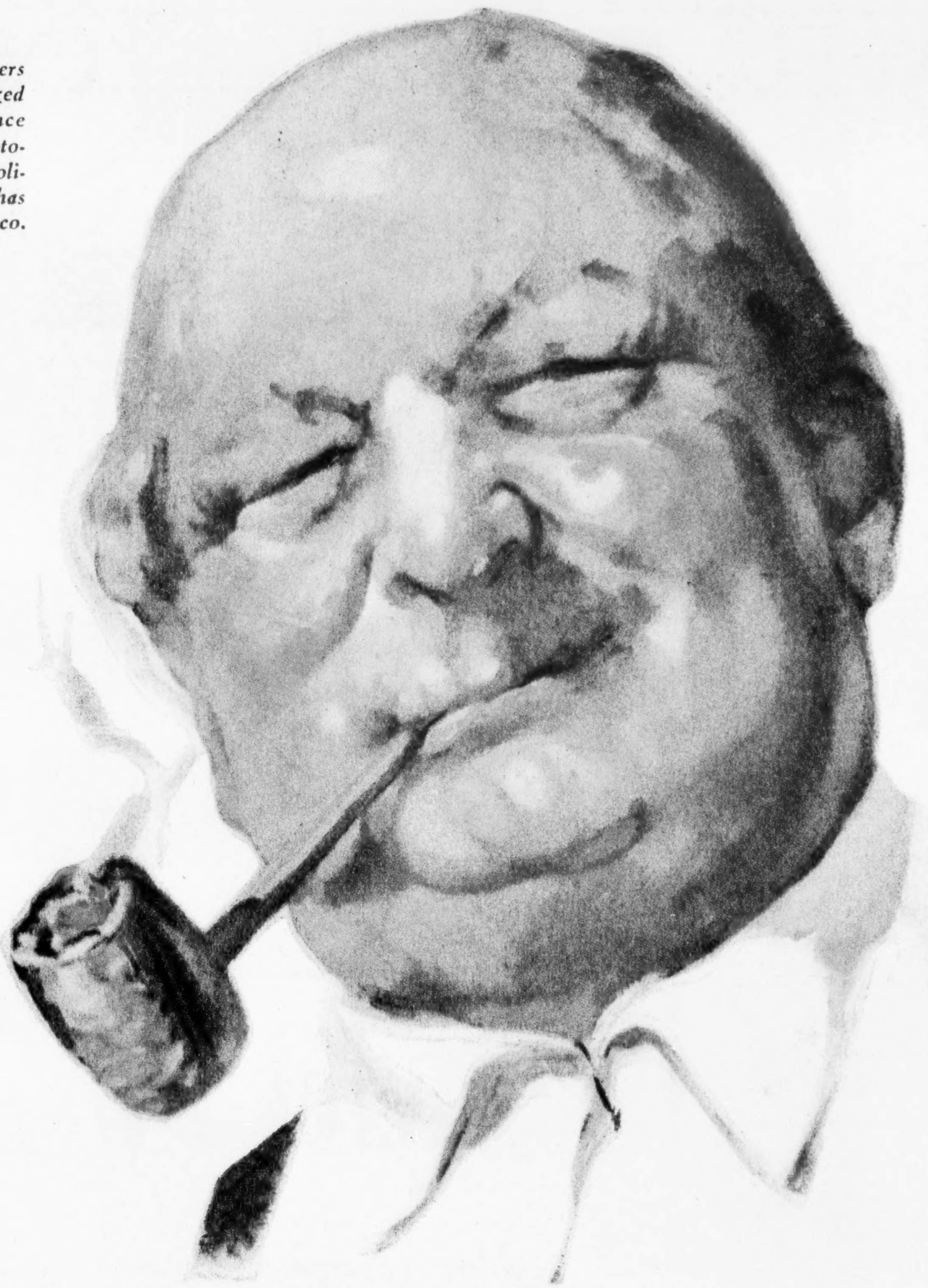
The answer is: VOTES.

HUGH HEATON,
Willard Parker Hospital, N. Y.

This is "HUNCH"

—one of the most famous characters in advertising history. Recognized all over the world as the Prince Albert man. You can find his prototype in any town. He's up on politics, baseball and horses, and has the real low-down on pipe tobacco. Name's "HUNCH."

Play this hunch and you *can't* lose



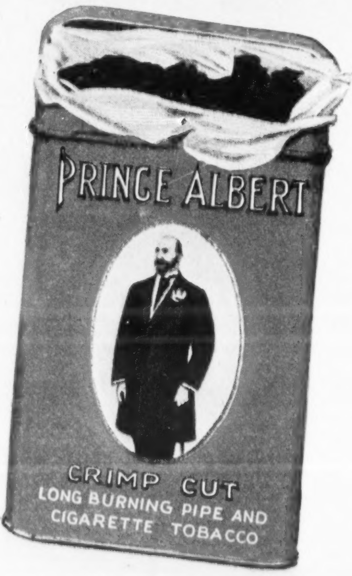
GET out that little old jimmy-pipe. Fill the bowl to the brim with Prince Albert and light up! Will you *like* it? Man, *man!* Does a kid like ice cream? Can a bullfrog dive? You bet you *will* like it, like you never liked anything before.

Because, what a man's smoke-appetite hankers for, Prince Albert's got nothing else except! Yes, *sir,* you can bet your life on that. You'll fire-up right after breakfast and stay with it till the little blue stars wig-wag "Good night."

Never was a pipe tobacco like good old P. A. Cool and sweet and soothing, the smoke zooms up the stem, bowling over pet peeves and filling your system with a new kind of joy. And how kind it is to your tongue and throat. That's because the Prince Albert process cuts out bite and parch ab-so-lute-ly!

So, slip into top-speed and head for the nearest store where they hand out jimmy-pipe joy in tidy red tins. If you haven't got a jimmy-pipe, get one now. Then borrow a match and you're all set for a smoke *experience!*

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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